THE HISTORY OF THE RENOWNED DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

Written in SPANISH by

MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

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Who has likewiſe added EXPLANATORY NOTES from *Jervas*, *Oudin*, *Sobrino*, *Pineda*, *Gregorio*, and the *Royal Academy Dictionary* of *Madrid*.

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THE LIFE AND ATCHIEVEMENTS OF THE RENOWN'D DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

PART I. BOOK IV.

CHAP. I.

The pleaſant new adventure the curate and barber met with in Sierra Morena, or Black Mountain.

MOST fortunate and happy was the age that uſher'd into the world that moſt daring knight Don Quixote de la Mancha! for from his generous reſolution to revive and reſtore the ancient order of knight-errantry, that was not only wholly neglected, but almoſt loſt and aboliſh'd, our age, barren in itſelf of pleaſant recreations, derives the pleaſure it reaps from his true hiſtory, and the various tales and epiſodes thereof, in ſome reſpects, no leſs pleaſing, artful and authentic, than the hiſtory itſelf. We told you that as the curate was preparing to give Cardenio ſome ſeaſonable conſolation, he was prevented by a voice,

whoſe doleful complaints reach'd his ears. O heavens, cry'd the unſeen mourner, is it poſſible I have at laſt found out a place that will afford a private grave to this miſerable body, whoſe load I ſo repine to bear? Yes, if the ſilence and ſolitude of theſe deſarts do not deceive me, here I may die conceal'd from human eyes. Ah me! ah wretched creature! to what extremity has affliction driven me, reduc'd to think theſe hideous woods and rocks a kind retreat! 'Tis true indeed, I may here freely complain to heaven, and beg for that relief which I might aſk in vain of falſe mankind: for 'tis vain, I find, to ſeek below either counſel, eaſe, or remedy. The curate and his company, who heard all this diſtinctly, juſtly conjectur'd they were very near the perſon who thus expreſs'd his grief, and therefore roſe to find him out. They had not gone about twenty paces, before they ſpy'd a youth in a country habit, ſitting at the foot of a rock behind an aſh-tree; but they could not well ſee his face, being bow'd almoſt upon his knees, as he ſat waſhing his feet in a rivulet that glided by. They approach'd him ſo ſoftly that he did not perceive them: and, as he was gently padling in the clear water, they had time to diſcern that his legs were as white as alabaſter, and ſo taper, ſo curiouſly proportion'd, and ſo fine, that nothing of the kind could appear more beautiful. Our obſervers were amazed at this diſcovery, rightly imagining that ſuch tender feet were not us'd to trudge in rugged ways, or meaſure the ſteps of oxen at the plough, the common employments of people in ſuch apparel; and therefore

the curate, who went before the reſt, whoſe curioſity was heighten'd by this ſight, beckon'd to them to ſtep aſide, and hide themſelves behind ſome of the little rocks that were by; which they did, and from thence making a ſtricter obſervation, they found he had on a grey double-ſkirted jerkin, girt tight about his body with a linen towel. He wore alſo a pair of breeches, and gamaſhes of grey cloth, and a grey huntſman's cap on his head. His gamaſhes were now pull'd up to the middle of his leg, which really ſeem'd to be of ſnowy alabaſter. Having made an end of waſhing his beauteous feet, he immediately wip'd them with a handkerchief, which he pull'd out from under his cap; and with that, looking up, he diſcover'd ſo charming a face, ſo accompliſh'd a beauty, that Cardenio could not forbear ſaying to the curate, that ſince this was not Lucinda, 'twas certainly no human form, but an angel. And then the youth taking off his cap, and ſhaking his head, an incredible quantity of lovely hair flow'd down upon his ſhoulders, and not only cover'd 'em, but almoſt all his body; by which they were now convinced, that what they at firſt took to be a country lad, was a young woman, and one of the moſt beautiful creatures in the world. Cardenio was not leſs ſurpriz'd than the other two, and once more declar'd, that no face could vie with her's but Lucinda's. To part her diſhevel'd treſſes, ſhe only us'd her ſlender fingers, and at the ſame time diſcover'd ſo fine a pair of arms, and hands, ſo white and lovely, that our three admiring gazers grew more impatient to know who ſhe was, and mov'd forwards to accoſt her.

At the noiſe they made, the pretty creature ſtarted; and peeping thro' her hair, which ſhe haſtily removed from before her eyes with both her hands, ſhe no ſooner ſaw three men coming towards her, but in a mighty fright ſhe ſnatch'd up a little bundle that lay by her, and fled as faſt as ſhe could, without ſo much as ſtaying to put on her ſhoes, or do up her hair. But alas! ſcarce had ſhe gone ſix ſteps, when her tender feet not being able to endure the rough encounter of the ſtones, the poor affrighted fair fell on the hard ground; ſo that thoſe from whom ſhe fled, haſt'ning to help her; Stay, madam, cry'd the curate, whoever you be, you have no reaſon to fly; we have no other deſign but to do you ſervice. With that, approaching her, he took her by the hand, and perceiving ſhe was ſo diſorder'd with fear and confuſion, that ſhe could not anſwer a word; he ſtrove to compoſe her mind with kind expreſſions. Be not afraid, madam, continu'd he; tho' your hair has betray'd what your diſguiſe conceal'd from us, we are but the more diſpos'd to aſſiſt you, and do you all manner of ſervice. Then pray tell us how we may beſt do it. I imagine it was no ſlight occaſion that made you obſcure your ſingular beauty under ſo unworthy a diſguiſe, and venture into this deſart, where it was the greateſt chance in the world that e'er you met with us. However, we hope it is not impoſſible to find a remedy for your misfortunes; ſince there are none which reaſon and time will not at laſt ſurmount: and therefore, madam, if you have not abſolutely renounc'd all human comfort, I beſeech you tell us the cauſe of

your affliction, and aſſure yourſelf we do not aſk this out of mere curioſity, but a real deſire to ſerve you, and either to condole or aſſwage your grief.

While the curate endeavour'd thus to remove the trembling fair-one's apprehenſion, ſhe ſtood amaz'd, ſtaring, without ſpeaking a word, ſometimes upon one, ſometimes upon another, like one ſcarce well awake, or like an ignorant clown who happens to ſee ſome ſtrange ſight. But at laſt the curate having given her time to recollect herſelf, and perſiſting in his earneſt and civil intreaties, ſhe fetch'd a deep ſigh, and then uncloſing her lips, broke ſilence in this manner. Since this deſart has not been able to conceal me, and my hair has betray'd me, it would be needleſs now for me to diſſemble with you; and ſince you deſire to hear the ſtory of my misfortunes, I cannot in civility deny you, after all the obliging offers you have been pleas'd to make me: but yet, gentlemen, I am much afraid, what I have to ſay will but make you ſad, and afford you little ſatisfaction; for you will find my diſaſters are not to be remedy'd. There is one thing that troubles me yet more; it ſhocks my nature to think I muſt be forced to reveal to you ſome ſecrets which I had a deſign to have bury'd in my grave: but yet conſidering the garb and the place you have found me in, I fancy it will be better for me to tell you all, than to give occaſion to doubt of my paſt conduct and my preſent deſigns by an affected reſervedneſs. The diſguis'd lady having made this anſwer, with a modeſt bluſh and extraordinary diſcretion, the curate and his company, who

now admir'd her the more for her ſenſe, renew'd their kind offers and preſſing ſolicitations; and then they modeſtly let her retire a moment to ſome diſtance to put herſelf in decent order. Which done, ſhe return'd, and being all ſeated on the graſs, after ſhe had us'd no ſmall violence to ſmother her tears, ſhe thus began her ſtory.

I was born in a certain town of Andaluzia, from which a duke takes his title, that makes him a grandee of Spain. This duke has two ſons, the eldeſt heir to his eſtate, and as it may be preſum'd, of his virtues; the youngeſt heir to nothing I know of, but the treachery of Vellido *, and the deceitfulneſs of Galalon †. My father, who is one of his vaſſals, is but of low degree; but ſo very rich, that had fortune equall'd his birth to his eſtate, he could have wanted nothing more, and I, perhaps, had never been ſo miſerable; for I verily believe, my not being of noble blood is the chief occaſion of my ruin. True it is my parents are not ſo meanly born, as to have any cauſe to be aſham'd of their original, nor ſo high as to alter the opinion I have that my misfortune proceeds from their lowneſs. 'Tis true, they have been farmers from father to ſon, yet without any mixture or ſtain of infamous or ſcandalous blood. They are old ruſty ‡ Chriſtians (as we call our

* Who murder'd Sancho king of Caſtile, as he was eaſing himſelf, at the ſiege of Zamora.

† Who betray'd the French army at Roncevalles.

‡ Rancioſos in the original: a metaphor taken from ruſty

true primitive Spaniards) and the antiquity of their family, together with their large poſſeſſions, and the port they live in, raiſes them much above their profeſſion, and has by little and little almoſt univerſally gain'd them the name of gentlemen, ſetting them, in a manner, equal to many ſuch in the world's eſteem. As I am their only child, they ever lov'd me with all the tenderneſs of indulgent parents; and their great affection made them eſteem themſelves happier in their daughter, than in the peaceable enjoyment of their large eſtate. Now as it was my good fortune to be poſſeſs'd of their love, they were pleas'd to truſt me with their ſubſtance. The whole houſe and eſtate was left to my management, and I took ſuch care not to abuſe the truſt repos'd in me, that I never forfeited their good opinion of my diſcretion. The time I had to ſpare from the care of the family, I commonly employ'd in the uſual exerciſes of young women, ſometimes making bone-lace, or at my needle, and now and then reading ſome good book, or playing on the harp; having experienced that muſic was very proper to recreate the wearied mind: and this was the innocent life I led. I have not deſcended to theſe particulars out of vain oſtentation, but merely that when I come to relate my misfortunes, you may obſerve I do not owe them to my ill conduct. While I thus liv'd the life of a nun, unſeen, as I thought, by any body but our own family, and never

bacon, yellow and mouldy, as it were with age. 'Tis a farmer's daughter ſpeaks this.

leaving the houſe but to go to church, which was commonly betimes in the morning, and always with my mother, and ſo cloſe hid in a veil that I could ſcarce find my way; notwithſtanding all the care that was taken to keep me from being ſeen, 'twas unhappily rumour'd abroad that I was handſome, and to my eternal diſquiet, love intruded into my peaceful retirement. Don Ferdinand, ſecond ſon to the duke I have mention'd, had a ſight of me—Scarce had Cardenio heard Don Ferdinand nam'd, but he chang'd colour, and betray'd ſuch a diſorder of body and mind, that the curate and the barber were afraid he would have fallen into one of thoſe frantic fits that often uſed to take him; but by good fortune it did not come to that, and he only ſet himſelf to look ſtedfaſtly on the country maid, preſently gueſſing who ſhe was; while ſhe continued her ſtory, without taking any notice of the alteration of his countenance.

No ſooner had he ſeen me, ſaid ſhe, but as he ſince told me, he felt in his breaſt that violent paſſion of which he afterwards gave me ſo many proofs. But not to tire you with a needleſs relation of every particular, I will paſs over all the means he us'd to inform me of his love: he purchas'd the good-will of all our ſervants with private gifts: he made my father a thouſand kind offers of ſervice: every day ſeem'd a day of rejoicing in our neighbourhood, every evening uſher'd in ſome ſerenade, and the continual muſic was even a diſturbance in the night. He got an infinite number of love-letters tranſmitted to me, I don't know by what means,

every one full of the tendereſt expreſſions, promiſes, vows and proteſtations. But all this aſſiduous courtſhip was ſo far from inclining my heart to a kind return, that it rather mov'd my indignation; inſomuch that I look'd upon Don Ferdinand as my greateſt enemy, and one wholly bent on my ruin: not but that I was well enough pleas'd with his gallantry, and took a ſecret delight in ſeeing myſelf thus courted by a perſon of his quality. Such demonſtrations of love are never altogether diſpleaſing to women, and the moſt diſdainful, in ſpight of all their coyneſs, reſerve a little complaiſance in their hearts for their admirers. But the diſproportion between our qualities was too great to ſuffer me to entertain any reaſonable hopes, and his gallantry too ſingular not to offend me. Beſides, my father, who ſoon made a right conſtruction of Don Ferdinand's pretenſions, with his prudent admonitions concurr'd with the ſenſe I ever had of my honour, and baniſh'd from my mind all favourable thoughts of his addreſſes. However, like a kind parent, perceiving I was ſomewhat uneaſy, and imagining the flattering proſpect of ſo advantageous a match might ſtill amuſe me, he told me one day he repos'd the utmoſt truſt in my virtue, eſteeming it the ſtrongeſt obſtacle he could oppoſe to Don Ferdinand's diſhonourable deſigns; yet if I would marry, to rid me at once of his unjuſt purſuit, and prevent the ruin of my reputation, I ſhou'd have liberty to make my own choice of a ſuitable match, either in our own town or the neighbourhood; and that he would do for me whatever could be expected

from a loving father. I humbly thank'd him for his kindneſs, and told him, that as I had never yet had any thoughts of marriage, I wou'd try to rid myſelf of Don Ferdinand ſome other way. Accordingly I reſolv'd to ſhun him with ſo much precaution, that he ſhou'd never have the opportunity to ſpeak to me: but all my reſervedneſs, far from tiring out his paſſion, ſtrengthened it the more. In ſhort, Don Ferdinand, either hearing or ſuſpecting I was to be marry'd, thought of a contrivance to croſs a deſign that was likely to cut off all his hopes. One night therefore, when I was in my chamber, no body with me but my maid, and the door double lock'd and bolted, that I might be ſecur'd againſt the attempts of Don Ferdinand, whom I took to be a man who wou'd ſtick at nothing to compaſs his deſigns, unexpectedly I ſaw him juſt before me; which amazing ſight ſo ſurpriz'd me, that I was ſtruck dumb, and fainted away with fear. So I had not power to call for help, nor do I believe he would have given me time to have done it, had I attempted it; for he preſently ran to me, and taking me in his arms, while I was ſinking with the fright, he ſpoke to me in ſuch endearing terms, and with ſo much addreſs, and pretended tenderneſs and ſincerity, that I did not dare to cry out when I came to myſelf. His ſighs, and yet more his tears, ſeem'd to me undeniable proofs of his vow'd integrity; and I being but young, bred up in perpetual retirement, from all ſociety but my virtuous parents, and unexperienc'd in thoſe affairs, in which even the moſt knowing are apt to be miſtaken, my reluctancy

abated by degrees, and I began to have ſome ſenſe of compaſſion, yet none but what was conſiſtent with my honour. However, when I was pretty well recover'd from my firſt fright, my former reſolution return'd; and then, with more courage than I thought I ſhou'd have had, My lord, ſaid I, if at the ſame time that you offer me your love, and give me ſuch ſtrange demonſtrations of it, you wou'd alſo offer me poiſon, and leave to take my choice, I would ſoon reſolve which to accept, and convince you by my death, that my honour is dearer to me than my life. To be plain, I can have no good opinion of a preſumption that endangers my reputation; and unleſs you leave me this moment, I will ſo effectually make you know how much you are miſtaken in me, that if you have but the leaſt ſenſe of honour left, you'll repent the driving me to that extremity as long as you live. I was born your vaſſal, but not your ſlave; nor does the greatneſs of your birth privilege you to injure your inferiors, or exact from me more than the duties which all vaſſals pay; that excepted, I do not eſteem myſelf leſs in my low degree, than you have reaſon to value yourſelf in your high rank. Do not then think to awe or dazzle me with your grandeur, or fright or force me into a baſe compliance; I am not to be tempted with titles, pomp and equipage; nor weak enough to be moved with vain ſighs and falſe tears. In ſhort, my will is wholly at my father's diſpoſal, and I will not entertain any man as a lover, but by his appointment. Therefore, my lord, if you would have me believe you ſo ſincerely love me,

give over your vain and injurious purſuit; ſuffer me peaceably to enjoy the benefits of life in the free poſſeſſion of my honour, the loſs of which for ever imbitters all life's ſweets; and ſince you cannot be my huſband, do not expect from me that affection which I cannot pay to any other. What do you mean, charming Dorothea? cry'd the perfidious lord. Cannot I be yours by the ſacred title of huſband? Who can hinder me, if you'll but conſent to bleſs me on thoſe terms? Too happy if I have no other obſtacle to ſurmount. I am yours this moment, beautiful Dorothea: ſee, I give you here my hand to be yours, and yours alone for ever: and let all-ſeeing heaven, and this holy image here on your oratory, witneſs the ſolemn truth.

Cardenio hearing her call herſelf Dorothea, was now fully ſatisfied ſhe was the perſon whom he took her to be: however, he would not interrupt her ſtory, being impatient to hear the end of it; only addreſſing himſelf to her, is then your name Dorothea, madam, cry'd he? I have heard of a lady of that name, whoſe misfortunes have a great reſemblance with yours. But proceed I beſeech you, and when you have done, I may perhaps ſurpriſe you with an account of things that have ſome affinity with thoſe you relate. With that Dorothea made a ſtop to ſtudy Cardenio's face, and his wretched attire; and then earneſtly deſir'd him, if he knew any thing that concern'd her, to let her know it preſently; telling him, that all the happineſs ſhe had left, was only the courage to bear with reſignation all the diſaſters that might befall her, well aſſur'd that no

new one cou'd make her more unfortunate than ſhe was already. Truly, madam, reply'd Cardenio, I would tell you all I know, were I ſure my conjectures were true; but ſo far as I may judge by what I have heard hitherto, I don't think it material to tell it you yet, and I ſhall find a more proper time to do it. Then Dorothea reſuming her diſcourſe, Don Ferdinand, ſaid ſhe, repeated his vows of marriage in the moſt ſerious manner; and giving me his hand, plighted me his faith in the moſt binding words, and ſacred oaths. But before I would let him engage himſelf thus, I advis'd him to have a care how he ſuffer'd an unruly paſſion to get the aſcendant over his reaſon, to the endangering of his future happineſs. My lord, ſaid I, let not a few tranſitory and imaginary charms, which cou'd never excuſe ſuch an exceſs of love, hurry you to your ruin: ſpare your noble father the ſhame and diſpleaſure of ſeeing you marry'd to a perſon ſo much below your birth; and do not raſhly do a thing of which you may repent, and that may make my life uncomfortable. I added ſeveral other reaſons to diſſuade him from that haſty match, but they were all unregarded. Don Ferdinand, deaf to every thing but to his deſires, engag'd and bound himſelf like an inconſiderate lover, who ſacrifices all things to his paſſion, or rather like a cheat, who does not value a breach of vows. When I ſaw him ſo obſtinate, I began to conſider what I had to do. I am not the firſt, thought I to myſelf, whom marriage has rais'd to unhop'd for greatneſs, and whoſe beauty alone has ſupply'd her want of birth and merit: thou-

ſands beſides Don Ferdinand have married merely for love, without any regard to the inequality of wealth or birth. The opportunity was fair and tempting; and as fortune is not always favourable, I thought it an imprudent thing to let it ſlip. Thought I to myſelf, while ſhe kindly offers me a huſband who aſſures me of an inviolable affection, why ſhould I by an unreaſonable denial make myſelf an enemy of ſuch a friend? and then there was one thing more; I apprehended it wou'd be dangerous to drive him to deſpair by an ill-tim'd refuſal: nor could I think myſelf ſafe alone in his hands, leſt he ſhould reſolve to ſatisfy his paſſion by force; which done, he might think himſelf free from performing a promiſe which I would not accept, and then I ſhould be left without either honour or an excuſe; for it would be no eaſy matter to perſuade my father, and the cenſorious world, that this nobleman was admitted into my chamber without my conſent. All theſe reaſons, which in a moment offer'd themſelves in my mind, ſhook my former reſolves; and Don Ferdinand's ſighs his tears, his vows, and the ſacred witneſſes by which he ſwore, together with his graceful mien, his extraordinary accompliſhments, and the love which I fancy'd I read in all his actions, help'd to bring on my ruin, as I believe they would have prevail'd with any one's heart as free and as well guarded as was mine. Then I call'd my maid to be witneſs to Don Ferdinand's vows and ſacred engagements, which he reiterated to me, and confirm'd with new oaths and ſolemn promiſes; he call'd again on heaven, and on many par-

ticular ſaints, to witneſs his ſincerity, wiſhing a thouſand curſes might fall on him, in caſe he ever violated his word. Again he ſigh'd, again he wept, and mov'd me more and more with freſh marks of affection; and the treacherous maid having left the room, the perfidious lord preſuming on my weakneſs, compleated his pernicious deſign. The day which ſucceeded that unhappy night, had not yet begun to dawn, when Don Ferdinand, impatient to be gone, made all the haſte he cou'd to leave me. For after the gratifications of brutiſh appetite are paſt, the greateſt pleaſure then is, to get rid of that which entertain'd it. He told me, though not with ſo great a ſhew of affection, nor ſo warmly as before, that I might rely on his honour and on the ſincerity of his vows and promiſes; and as a further pledge, he pull'd off a ring of great value from his finger, and put it upon mine. In ſhort, he went away; and my maid, who, as ſhe confeſs'd it to me, let him in privately took care to let him out into the ſtreet by break of day, while I remain'd ſo ſtrangely concern'd at the thoughts of all theſe paſſages, that I cannot well tell whether I was ſorry or pleaſed I was in a manner quite diſtracted, and either forgot, or had not the heart to chide my maid for her treachery, not knowing yet whether ſhe had done me good or harm. I had told Don Ferdinand before he went, that ſeeing I was now his own, he might make uſe of the ſame means to come again to ſee me, till he found it convenient to do me the honour of owning me publickly for his wife: but he came to me only the next night, and from that

time I never cou'd ſee him more, neither at church nor in the ſtreet, though for a whole month together I tir'd myſelf endeavouring to find him out; being credibly inform'd he was ſtill near us, and went a hunting almoſt every day, I leave you to think with what uneaſineſs I paſs'd thoſe tedious hours, when I perceiv'd his neglect, and had reaſon to ſuſpect his breach of faith. So unexpected a ſlight which I looked upon as the moſt ſenſible affliction that cou'd befal me, had like to have quite overwhelm'd me. Then it was that I found my maid had betray'd me; I broke out into ſevere complaints of her preſumption, which I had ſmother'd till that time. I exclaim'd againſt Don Ferdinand, and exhauſted my ſighs and tears without aſſwaging my ſorrow. What was worſe, I found myſelf oblig'd to ſet a guard upon my very looks, for fear my father and mother ſhou'd inquire into the cauſe of my diſcontent, and ſo occaſion my being guilty of ſhameful lies and evaſions to conceal my more ſhameful diſaſter. But at laſt I perceiv'd 'twas in vain to diſſemble, and I gave a looſe to my reſentments; for I could no longer hold when I heard that Don Ferdinand was marry'd in a neighbouring town to a young lady of rich and noble parentage, and extremely handſome, whoſe name is Lucinda. Cardenio hearing Lucinda nam'd, felt his former diſorder, but by good fortune it was not ſo violent as it us'd to be, and he only ſhrug'd up his ſhoulders, bit his lips, knit his brows, and a little while after let fall a ſhower of tears, which did not hinder Dorothea from going on. This news, continued ſhe,

inſtead of freezing up my blood with grief and aſtoniſhment, fill'd me with burning rage. Deſpair took poſſeſſion of my ſoul, and in the tranſports of my fury I was ready to run raving through the ſtreets, and publiſh Don Ferdinand's diſloyalty, tho' at the expence of my reputation. I don't know whether a remainder of reaſon ſtopp'd theſe violent motions, but I found myſelf mightily eas'd as ſoon as I had pitch'd upon a deſign that preſently came into my head. I diſcover'd the cauſe of my grief to a young country fellow that ſerv'd my father, and deſir'd him to lend me a ſuit of man's apparel, and to go along with me to the town where I heard Don Ferdinand was. The fellow us'd the beſt arguments he had to hinder me from ſo ſtrange an undertaking; but finding I was inflexible in my reſolution, he aſſur'd me he was ready to ſerve me. Thereupon I put on this habit which you ſee, and taking with me ſome of my own cloaths, together with ſome gold and jewels, not knowing but I might have occaſion for them, I ſet out that very night, attended with that ſervant and many anxious thoughts, without ſo much as acquainting my maid with my deſign. To tell you the truth, I did not well know myſelf what I went about; for as there could be no remedy, Don Ferdinand being actually marry'd to another, what could I hope to get by ſeeing him, unleſs it were the wretched ſatisfaction of upbraiding him with his infidelity? in two days and a half we got to the town; where the firſt thing I did was to inquire where Lucinda's father liv'd. That ſingle queſtion produc'd a great

deal more than I deſir'd to hear; for the firſt man I addreſs'd myſelf to, ſhew'd me the houſe, and inform'd me of all that happen'd at Lucinda's marriage; which it ſeems was grown ſo public, that it was the talk of the whole town. He told me how Lucinda had ſwoon'd away as ſoon as ſhe had anſwer'd the prieſt, that ſhe was contented to be Don Ferdinand's wife; and how after he had approach'd to open her ſtays to give her more room to breathe, he found a letter under her own hand, wherein ſhe declar'd ſhe could not be Don Ferdinand's wife, becauſe ſhe was already contracted to a conſiderable gentleman of the ſame town, whoſe name was Cardenio; and that ſhe had only conſented to that marriage in obedience to her father. He alſo told me, that it appear'd by the letter, and a dagger which was found about her, that ſhe deſign'd to have kill'd herſelf after the ceremony was over: and that Don Ferdinand, enrag'd to ſee himſelf thus deluded, would have kill'd her himſelf with that very dagger, had he not been prevented by thoſe that were preſent. He added, 'twas reported, that upon this Don Ferdinand immediately left the town; and that Lucinda did not come to herſelf till the next day; and then ſhe told her parents, that ſhe was really Cardenio's wife, and that he and ſhe were contracted before ſhe had ſeen Don Ferdinand. I heard alſo that this Cardenio was preſent at the wedding; and that as ſoon as he ſaw her married, which was a thing he never could have believed, he left the town in deſpair, leaving a letter behind him full of complaints of Lucinda's breach of faith, and to

inform his friends of his reſolution to go to ſome place where they ſhould never hear of him more. This was all the diſcourſe of the town when I came thither, and ſoon after we heard that Lucinda alſo was miſſing, and that her father and mother were grieving almoſt to diſtraction, not being able to learn what was become of her. For my part, this news revived my hopes, having reaſon to be pleas'd to find Don Ferdinand unmarry'd, I flatter'd myſelf that heaven had perhaps prevented this ſecond marriage to make him ſenſible of his violating the firſt, and to touch his conſcience, in order to his acquitting himſelf of his duty like a Chriſtian, and a man of honour. So I ſtrove to beguile my cares with an imaginary proſpect of a far diſtant change of fortune, amuſing myſelf with vain hopes that I might not ſink under the load of affliction, but prolong life; tho' this was only a lengthening of my ſorrows, ſince I have now but the more reaſon to wiſh to be eas'd of the trouble of living. But while I ſtaid in that town, not knowing what I had beſt to do, ſeeing I cou'd not find Don Ferdinand, I heard a crier publicly deſcribe my perſon, my cloaths, and my age, in the open ſtreet, promiſing a conſiderable reward to any that cou'd bring tidings of Dorothea. I alſo heard that 'twas rumour'd I was run away from my father's houſe with the ſervant who attended me; and that report touch'd my ſoul as much as Don Ferdinand's perfidiouſneſs; for thus I ſaw my reputation wholly loſt, and that too for a ſubject ſo baſe and ſo unworthy of my nobler thoughts. Thereupon I made all the haſte I

could to get out of the town with my ſervant, who even then, to my thinking, began by ſome tokens to betray a faultering in the fidelity he had promis'd me. Dreading to be diſcovered, we reach'd the moſt deſart part of this mountain that night: but, as 'tis a common ſaying, that misfortunes ſeldom come alone, and the end of one diſaſter is often the beginning of a greater, I was no ſooner got to that place, where I thought myſelf ſafe, but the fellow, whom I had hitherto found to be modeſt and reſpectful, now rather incited by his own villany, than my beauty, and the opportunity which that place offered, than by any thing elſe, had the impudence to talk to me of love; and ſeeing I anſwer'd him with anger and contempt, he would no longer loſe time in clowniſh courtſhip, but reſolv'd to uſe violence to compaſs his wicked deſign. But juſt heaven, which ſeldom or never fails to ſuccour juſt deſigns, ſo aſſiſted mine, and his brutiſh paſſion ſo blinded him, that not perceiving he was on the brink of a ſteep rock, I eaſily puſh'd him down; and then without looking to ſee what was become of him, and with more nimbleneſs than cou'd be expected from my ſurprize and wearineſs, I ran into the thickeſt part of the deſart to ſecure myſelf. The next day I met a countryman, who took me to his houſe amidſt theſe mountains, and employed me ever ſince in quality of his ſhepherd. There I have continu'd ſome months, making it my buſineſs to be as much as poſſible in the fields, the better to conceal my ſex: but notwithſtanding all my care and induſtry, he at laſt diſcover'd I was a woman; which made him

preſume to importune me with beaſtly offers: ſo that fortune not favouring me with the former opportunity of freeing myſelf, I left his houſe, and choſe to ſeek a ſanctuary among theſe woods and rocks, there with ſighs and tears to beſeech heaven to pity me, and to direct and relieve me in this forlorn condition; or at leaſt to put an end to my miſerable life, and bury in this deſart the very memory of an unhappy creature, who, more thro' ill fortune than ill intent, has given the idle world occaſion to be too buſy with her fame.

CHAP. II.

An account of the beautiful Dorothea's diſcretion, with other pleaſant paſſages.

THIS, gentlemen, continued Dorothea, is the true ſtory of my tragical adventure; and now be you judges whether I had reaſon to make the complaint you overheard, and whether ſo unfortunate and hopeleſs a creature be in a condition to admit of comfort. I have only one favour to beg of you; be pleas'd to direct me to ſome place where I may paſs the reſt of my life ſecure from the ſearch and inquiry of my parents; not but their former affection is a ſufficient warrant for my kind reception, could the ſenſe I have of the thoughts they muſt have of my paſt conduct permit me to return to them; but when I think they muſt believe me guilty, and can now have nothing but my bare word to aſſure them of my innocence, I can never reſolve to ſtand their ſight. Here Dorothea ſtopt, and the bluſhes that over-

ſpread her cheeks were certain ſigns of the diſcompoſure of her thoughts, and the unfeign'd modeſty of her ſoul. Thoſe who had heard her ſtory were deeply mov'd with compaſſion for her hard fate, and the curate would not delay any longer to give her ſome charitable comfort and advice. But ſcarce had he begun to ſpeak, when Cardenio, addreſſing himſelf to her, interrupted him; how madam, ſaid he, taking her by the hand, are you then the beautiful Dorothea, the only daughter of the rich Cleonardo? Dorothea was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to hear her father nam'd, and by one in ſo tatter'd a garb. And pray who are you, friend ‡, ſaid ſhe to him, that know ſo well my father's name? for I think I did not mention it once throughout the whole relation of my afflictons? I am Cardenio, reply'd the other, that unfortunate perſon, whom Lucinda, as you told us, declar'd to be her huſband: I am that miſerable Cardenio, whom the perfidiouſneſs of the man who has reduc'd you to this deplorable condition, has alſo brought to this wretched ſtate, to rags, to nakedneſs, to deſpair, nay to madneſs itſelf, and all hardſhips and want of human comforts; only enjoying the privilege of reaſon by ſhort intervals, to feel and bemoan my miſeries the more. I am the man, fair Dorothea, who was the unhappy eye-witneſs of Don Ferdinand's unjuſt nuptials, and who heard my Lucinda give her conſent to be his wife; that heartleſs wretch, who,

‡ *Y quien ſois vos, hermano*, i. e. *and pray who are you, brother?* It is the Spaniſh way of ſpeaking. We ſay, friend; the French the ſame, *Mon Amy*.

unable to bear ſo ſtrange a diſappointment, loſt in amazement and trouble, flung out of the houſe, without ſtaying to know what would follow her trance, and what the paper that was taken out of her boſom would produce. I abandon'd myſelf to deſpair, and having left a letter with a perſon whom I charg'd to deliver it into Lucinda's own hands, I haſten'd to hide myſelf from the world in this deſart, reſolv'd to end there a life, which from that moment I had abhorr'd as my greateſt enemy. But fortune has preſerv'd me, I ſee, that I may venture it upon a better cauſe; for from what you have told us now, which I have no reaſon to doubt, I am embolden'd to hope that providence may yet reſerve us both to a better fate than we durſt have expected; heaven will reſtore you Don Ferdinand, who cannot be Lucinda's, and to me Lucinda, who cannot be Don Ferdinand's. For my part, tho' my intereſts were not link'd with yours, as they are, I have ſo deep a ſenſe of your misfortunes, that I would expoſe myſelf to any dangers to ſee you righted by Don Ferdinand: and here, on the word of a gentleman, and a Chriſtian, I vow and promiſe not to forſake you till he has done you juſtice, and to oblige him to do it at the hazard of my life, ſhould reaſon and generoſity prove ineffectual to force him to be bleſt with you. Dorothea, raviſh'd with joy, and not knowing how to expreſs a due ſenſe of Cardenio's obliging offers, would have thrown herſelf at his feet, had he not civilly hinder'd it. At the ſame time the curate diſcreetly ſpeaking for them both, highly applauded Cardenio for his generous reſolution, and

comforted Dorothea. He alſo very heartily invited them to his houſe, where they might furniſh themſelves with neceſſaries, and conſult together how to find out Don Ferdinand, and bring Dorothea home to her father; which kind offer they thankfully accepted. Then the barber, who had been ſilent all this while, put in for a ſhare, and handſomely aſſur'd them, he would be very ready to do them all the ſervice that might lie in his power. After theſe civilities, he acquainted them with the deſign that had brought the curate and him to that place; and gave them an account of Don Quixote's ſtrange kind of madneſs, and of their ſtaying there for his ſquire. Cardenio hearing him mentioned, remember'd ſomething of the ſcuffle he had with them both, but only as if it had been a dream; ſo that tho' he told the company of it, he could not let them know the occaſion. By this time they heard ſome body call, and by the voice they knew it was Sancho Pança, who not finding them where he had left them, tore his very lungs with hollowing. With that they all went to meet him; which done, they aſk'd him what was become of Don Quixote? Alas, anſwer'd Sancho, I left him yonder, in an ill plight: I found him in his ſhirt, lean, pale, and almoſt ſtarv'd, ſighing and whining for his lady Dulcinea. I told him, how that ſhe'd have him come to her preſently to Toboſo, where ſhe look'd for him out of hand; yet for all this he would not budge a foot, but even told me he was reſolv'd he would never ſet eyes on her ſweet face again, till he had done ſome feats that might make him wor-

thy of her goodneſs: ſo that, added Sancho, if he leads this life any longer, I fear me my poor maſter is never like to be an emperor, as he is bound in honour to be, nay not ſo much as an archbiſhop, which is the leaſt thing he can come off with; therefore, good Sir, ſee and get him away by all means I beſeech you. The curate bid him be of good cheer, for they would take care to make him leave that place whether he would or not; and then turning to Cardenio and Dorothea, he inform'd them of the deſign which he and the barber had laid in order to his cure, or at leaſt to get him home to his houſe. Dorothea, whoſe mind was much eas'd with the proſpect of better fortune, kindly undertook to act the diſtreſs'd lady herſelf, which ſhe ſaid ſhe thought would become her better than the barber, having a dreſs very proper for that purpoſe; beſides ſhe had read many books of chivalry, and knew how the diſtreſs'd ladies uſed to expreſs themſelves when they came to beg ſome knight-errant's aſſiſtance. This is obliging, madam, ſaid the curate, and we want nothing more: ſo let's to work as faſt as we can; we may now hope to ſucceed, ſince you thus happily facilitate the deſign. Preſently Dorothea took out of her bundle a petticoat of very rich ſtuff, and a gown of very fine green ſilk; alſo a necklace, and ſeveral other jewels out of a box; and with theſe in an inſtant ſhe ſo adorn'd herſelf, and appear'd ſo beautiful and glorious, that they all ſtood in admiration that Don Ferdinand ſhould be ſo injudicious to ſlight ſo accompliſh'd a beauty. But he that admir'd her moſt was Sancho Pança; for he

thought he had ne'er ſet eyes on ſo fine a creature, and perhaps he thought right: which made him earneſtly aſk the curate, who that fine dame was, and what wind had blown her thither among the woods and rocks? who that fine lady, Sancho? anſwer'd the curate; ſhe's the only heireſs in a direct line to the vaſt kingdom of Micomicon: mov'd by the fame of your maſter's great exploits, that ſpreads itſelf over all Guinea, ſhe comes to ſeek him out, and beg a boon of him; that is, to redreſs a wrong which a wicked giant has done her. Why that's well, quoth Sancho: a happy ſeeking and a happy finding. Now if my maſter be but ſo lucky as to right that wrong, by killing that ſon of a whore of a giant you tell me of, I'm a made man: yes he will kill him, that he will, if he can but come at him, and he ben't a hobgoblin; for my maſter can do no good with hobgoblins. But Mr. Curate, an't pleaſe you, I have a favour to aſk of you, I beſeech you put my maſter out of conceit with all archbiſhoprics, for that's what I dread; and therefore to rid me of my fears, put it into his head to clap up a match with this ſame princeſs; for by that means 'twill be paſt his power to make himſelf archbiſhop, and he'll come to be emperor, and I a great man as ſure as a gun. I have thought well of the matter, and I find it is not at all fitting he ſhou'd be an archbiſhop for my good; for what ſhould I get by it? I an't fit for church preferment, I am a married man; and now for me to go trouble my head with getting a licence to hold church-livings, it would be an endleſs piece of buſineſs: therefore it will be better for him to marry out of hand this

ſame princeſs, whoſe name I can't tell, for I never heard it. They call her the princeſs Micomicona, ſaid the curate; for her kingdom being called Micomicon, it is a clear caſe ſhe muſt be call'd ſo. Like enough, quoth Sancho; for I have known ſeveral men in my time go by the names of the places where they were born, as Pedro de Alcala, Juan de Ubeda, Diego de Valladolid; and mayhap the like is done in Guinea, and the queens go by the name of their kingdoms. It is well obſerv'd, reply'd the curate: as for the match, I'll promote it to the utmoſt of my power. Sancho was heartily pleas'd with this promiſe; and on the other ſide, the curate was amazed to find the poor fellow ſo ſtrangely infected with his maſter's mad notions, as to rely on his becoming an emperor. By this time Dorothea being mounted on the curate's mule, and the barber having clapp'd on his ox-tail beard, nothing remain'd but to order Sancho to ſhew them the way, and to renew their admonitions to him, leſt he ſhould ſeem to know them, and to ſpoil the plot, which if he did, they told him it would be the ruin of all his hopes and his maſter's empire. As for Cardenio, he did not think fit to go with them, having no buſineſs there; beſides, he could not tell but that Don Quixote might remember their late fray. The curate likewiſe not thinking his preſence neceſſary, reſolv'd to ſtay to keep Cardenio company; ſo after he had once more given Dorothea her cue, ſhe and the barber went before with Sancho, while the two others followed on foot at a diſtance.

Thus they went on for about three quarters of a

league, and then among the rocks they ſpy'd Don Quixote, who had by this time put on his cloaths, tho' not his armour. Immediately Dorothea, underſtanding he was the perſon, whipp'd her palfry, and when ſhe drew near Don Quixote, her ſquire alighted and took her from her ſaddle. When ſhe was upon her feet, ſhe gracefully advanc'd towards the knight, and, with her ſquire, falling on her knees before him, in ſpite of his endeavours to hinder her; Thrice valorous and invincible knight, ſaid ſhe, never will I riſe from this place, till your generoſity has granted me a boon, which ſhall redound to your honour, and the relief of the moſt diſconſolate and moſt injur'd damſel that the ſun ever ſaw: and indeed if your valour and the ſtrength of your formidable arm be anſwerable to the extent of your immortal renown, you are bound by the laws of honour, and the knighthood which you profeſs, to ſuccour a diſtreſs'd princeſs, who, led by the reſounding fame of your marvellous and redoubted feats of arms, comes from the remoteſt regions, to implore your protection. I cannot, ſaid Don Quixote, make you any anſwer, moſt beautiful lady, nor will I hear a word more, unleſs you vouchſafe to riſe. Pardon me, noble knight, reply'd the petitioning damſel; my knees ſhall firſt be rooted here, unleſs you will courteouſly condeſcend to grant me the boon which I humbly requeſt. I grant it then, lady, ſaid Don Quixote, provided it be nothing to the diſſervice of my king, my country, and that beauty who keeps the key of my heart and liberty. It ſhall not tend to the prejudice or

detriment of any of theſe, cry'd the lady. With that Sancho cloſing up to his maſter, and whiſpering him in the ear, Grant it, Sir, quoth he, grant it, I tell ye; it is but a trifle next to nothing, only to kill a great looby of a giant; and ſhe that aſks this, is the high and mighty princeſs Micomicona, queen of the huge kingdom of Micomicon in Ethiopia. Let her be what ſhe will, reply'd Don Quixote, I will diſcharge my duty, and obey the dictates of my conſcience, according to the rules of my profeſſion. With that turning to the damſel, Riſe, lady, I beſeech you, cry'd he; I grant you the boon which your ſingular beauty demands. Sir, ſaid the lady, the boon I have to beg of your magnanimous valour, is, that you will be pleaſed to go with me inſtantly whither I ſhall conduct you, and promiſe me not to engage in any other adventure, till you have reveng'd me on a traitor who uſurps my kingdom, contrary to all laws both human and divine. I grant you all this, lady, quoth Don Quixote; and therefore from this moment ſhake off all deſponding thoughts that ſit heavy upon your mind, and ſtudy to revive your drooping hopes; for by the aſſiſtance of heaven, and my ſtrenuous arm, you ſhall ſee yourſelf reſtor'd to your kingdom, and ſeated on the throne of your anceſtors, in ſpite of all the traitors that dare oppoſe your right. Let us then haſten our performance; delay always breeds danger; and to protract a great deſign is often to ruin it. The thankful princeſs, to ſpeak her grateful ſenſe of his generoſity, ſtrove to kiſs the knight's hand; however, he who was in every thing the moſt

gallant and courteous of all knights, would, by no means, admit of ſuch a ſubmiſſion; but having gently raiſed her up, he embraced her with an awful grace and civility, and then call'd to Sancho for his arms. Sancho went immediately, and having fetch'd them from a tree, where they hung like trophies, arm'd his maſter in a moment. And now the champion being compleatly accoutred, Come on, ſaid he, let us go and vindicate the rights of this diſpoſſeſſed princeſs. The barber was all this while upon his knees, and had enough to do to keep himſelf from laughing, and his beard from falling, which, if it had dropp'd off, as it threaten'd, wou'd have betray'd his face and their whole plot at once. But being reliev'd by Don Quixote's haſte to put on his armour, he roſe up, and taking the princeſs by the hand, they both together ſet her upon her mule. Then the knight mounted his Rozinante, and the barber got on his beaſt. Only poor Sancho was forced to foot it, which made him fetch many a heavy ſigh for the loſs of his dear dapple: however, he bore his croſſes patiently, ſeeing his maſter in ſo fair a way of being next door to an emperor; for he did not queſtion but he would marry that princeſs, and ſo be, at leaſt, king of Micomicon. But yet it griev'd him, to think his maſter's dominions were to be in the land of the negroes, and that, conſequently, the people, over whom he was to be governor, were all to be black. But he preſently bethought himſelf of a good remedy for that: What care I, quoth he, though they be blacks? beſt of all; it is but loading a ſhip with them, and having them

into Spain, where I ſhall find chapmen enow to take them off my hands, and pay me ready money for them; and ſo I'll raiſe a good round ſum, and buy me a title or an office to live upon frank and eaſy all the days of my life. Hang him that has no ſhifts, ſay I; it is a ſorry gooſe that will not baſte herſelf. Why what if I am not ſo book-learn'd as other folks, ſure I've a head-piece good enough to know how to ſell thirty or ten thouſand ſlaves in the turn of a hand*. Let them e'en go higgledy-piggledy, little and great. What tho' they be as black as the devil in hell, let me alone to turn them into white and yellow boys: I think I know how to lick my own fingers. Big with theſe imaginations, Sancho trudg'd along ſo pleas'd and light-hearted, that he forgot his pain of travelling a-foot. Cardenio and the curate had beheld the pleaſant ſcene thro' the buſhes, and were at a loſs what they ſhould do to join companies. But the curate, who had a contriving head, at laſt bethought himſelf of an expedient; and pulling out a pair of ſciſſars, which he us'd to carry in his pocket, he ſnipp'd off Cardenio's beard in a trice; and having pull'd off his black cloak and a ſad-coloured riding-coat which he had on, he equipp'd Cardenio with 'em, while he himſelf remained in his doublet and breeches. In which new garb Cardenio was ſo ſtrangely alter'd, that he would not have known himſelf in a looking-glaſs. This done, they made to

* Literally, While one may ſay, take away theſe ſtraws; *en quitam alla eſſas pajas*, i. e. *in a moment.*

the high-way, and there ſtaid till Don Quixote and his company were got clear of the rocks and bad ways, which did not permit horſemen to go ſo faſt as thoſe on foot. When they came near, the curate look'd very earneſtly upon Don Quixote, as one that was in a ſtudy whether he might not know him; and then, like one that had made a diſcovery, he ran towards the knight with open arms, crying out, Mirrour of chivalry, my noble countryman Don Quixote de la Mancha! the cream and flower of gentility! the ſhelter and relief of the afflicted, and quinteſſence of knight-errantry! how overjoy'd am I to have found you! at the ſame time he embrac'd his left leg. Don Quixote admiring what adorer of his heroic worth this ſhould be, look'd on him earneſtly; and at laſt calling him to mind, would have alighted to have paid him his reſpects, not a little amaz'd to meet him there. But the curate hindring him, Reverend Sir, cry'd the knight, I beſeech you let me not be ſo rude as to ſit on horſeback, while a perſon of your worth and character is on foot. Sir, reply'd the curate, you ſhall by no means alight: let your excellency be pleas'd to keep your ſaddle, ſince thus mounted you every day atchieve the moſt ſtupendous feats of arms and adventures that were ever ſeen in our age. It will be honour enough for an unworthy prieſt, like me, to get up behind ſome of your company, if they will permit me; and I will eſteem it as great a happineſs as to be mounted upon Pegaſus, or the Zebra *, or the fleet-mare of the famous moor Muſaraque,

* *Zebra*, Steven ſays, is a beaſt in Africk, ſhap'd like a

who to this hour lies enchanted in the dreary cavern of Zulema, not far diſtant from the great Compluto*. Truly, good Sir, I did not think of this, anſwer'd Don Quixote; but I ſuppoſe my lady the princeſs will be ſo kind as to command her ſquire to lend you his ſaddle, and to ride behind himſelf, if his mule be us'd to carry double. I believe it will, cry'd the princeſs; and my ſquire, I ſuppoſe, will not ſtay for my commands to offer his ſaddle, for he is too courteous and well-bred to ſuffer an eccleſiaſtical perſon to go a-foot, when we may help him to a mule. Moſt certainly, cry'd the barber; and with that diſmounting, he offer'd the curate his ſaddle, which was accepted without much intreaty. By ill-fortune the mule was a hir'd beaſt, and conſequently unlucky; ſo as the barber was getting up behind the curate, the reſty jade gave two or three jerks with her hinder legs, that had they met with maſter Nicholas's ſcull or ribs, he would have bequeath'd his rambling after Don Quixote to the devil. However, he flung himſelf nimbly off, and was more afraid than hurt; but yet as he fell his beard drop'd off, and being preſently ſenſible of that accident he cou'd not think of any better ſhift than to clap both his hands before his cheeks, and cry out he had broke his jaw-bone. Don Quixote was amaz'd to ſee ſuch an overgrown buſh of beard lie on the ground without jaws and bloodleſs. Bleſs me, cry'd he, what an amazing miracle is this!

horſe, hard to be tam'd, wonderful fleet, and will hold its courſe all day.

* An univerſity of Spain, now called Alcala de Henares.

here's a beard as cleverly taken off by accident, as if a barber had mow'd it. The curate perceiving the danger they were in of being diſcover'd, haſtily caught up the beard, and running to the barber, who lay all the while roaring and complaining, he pull'd his head cloſe to his own breaſt, and then muttering certain words, which he ſaid were a charm appropriated to the faſtning on of fall'n beards, he fix'd it on again ſo handſomely, that the ſquire was preſently then as bearded and as well as ever he was before; which rais'd Don Quixote's admiration, and made him engage the curate to teach him the charm at his leiſure, not doubting but its virtue extended further than to the faſtning on of beards, ſince it was impoſſible that ſuch a one cou'd be torn off without fetching away fleſh and all; and conſequently ſuch a ſudden cure might be beneficial to him upon occaſion. And now every thing being ſet to rights, they agreed that the curate ſhou'd ride firſt by himſelf, and then the other two by turns relieving one another, ſometimes riding, ſometimes walking, till they came to their inn, which was about two leagues off. So Don Quixote, the princeſs and the curate being mounted, and Cardenio, the barber, and Sancho ready to move forwards on foot, the knight addreſſing himſelf to the diſtreſs'd damſel, Now, lady, ſaid he, let me intreat your greatneſs to tell me which way we muſt go, to do you ſervice. The curate, before ſhe cou'd anſwer, thought fit to aſk her a queſtion, that might the better enable her to make a proper reply. Pray madam, ſaid he, towards

what country is it your pleaſure to take your progreſs? Is it not towards the kingdom of Micomicon? I am very much miſtaken if that be not the part of the world whither you deſire to go. The lady having got her cue, preſently underſtood the curate, and anſwer'd that he was in the right. Then, ſaid the curate, your way lies directly through the village where I live, from whence we have a ſtrait road to Carthagena, where you may conveniently take ſhipping; and if you have a fair wind and good weather, you may in ſomething leſs than nine years reach the vaſt lake Meona, I mean the Palus Maeotis, which lies ſomewhat more than a hundred days journey from your kingdom. Surely, Sir, reply'd the lady, you are under a miſtake; for 'tis not quite two years ſince I left the place; and beſides, we have had very little fair weather all the while, and yet I am already got hither, and have ſo far ſucceeded in my deſigns, as to have obtain'd the ſight of the renown'd Don Quixote de la Mancha, the fame of whoſe atchievements reach'd my ears as ſoon as I landed in Spain, and mov'd me to find him out, to throw myſelf under his protection, and commit the juſtice of my cauſe to his invincible valour. No more, madam, I beſeech you, cry'd Don Quixote; ſpare me the trouble of hearing myſelf prais'd, for I mortally hate whatever may look like adulation; and tho' your compliments may deſerve a better name, my ears are too modeſt to be pleas'd with any ſuch diſcourſe; it is my ſtudy to deſerve and to avoid applauſe. All I will venture to ſay, is, that whether I have any valour or no, I am

wholly at your ſervice, even at the expence of the laſt drop of my blood; and therefore waving all theſe matters till a fit opportunity, I would gladly know of this reverend clergyman what brought him hither, unattended by any of his ſervants, alone, and ſo ſlenderly cloath'd, for I muſt confeſs I am not a little ſurpriz'd to meet him in this condition. To tell you the reaſon in few words, anſwer'd the curate, you muſt know, that Mr. Nicholas, our friend and barber, went with me to Sevile, to receive ſome money which a relation of mine ſent me from the Indies, where he has been ſettled theſe many years; neither was it a ſmall ſum, for it was no leſs than ſeventy thouſand pieces of eight, and all of due weight, which is no common thing, you may well judge: but upon the road hereabouts we met four highwaymen that robb'd us of all we had, even to our very beards, ſo that the poor barber was forced to get him a chin-periwig. And for that young gentleman whom you ſee there (continued he, pointing to Cardenio) after they had ſtripp'd him to his ſhirt, they tranſfigured him as you ſee *. Now every body hereabouts ſays, that thoſe who robb'd us were certainly a pack of rogues condemn'd to the gallies, who as they were going to puniſhment, were reſcu'd by a ſingle man, not far from this place, and that with ſo much courage, that in ſpight of the king's officer and his guards, he alone ſet them all at liberty. Certainly that man was either mad, or as great a rogue as any of them; for

* The prieſt had clipped off Cardenio's beard in haſte.

wou'd any one that had a grain of ſenſe or honeſty, have let looſe a company of wolves among ſheep, foxes among innocent poultry, and waſps among the honey-pots? he has hinder'd public juſtice from taking its courſe, broke his allegiance to his lawful ſovereign, diſabled the ſtrength of his gallies, rebelled againſt him, and oppos'd his officers in contempt of the law, and alarm'd the holy brotherhood, that had lain quiet ſo long; nay, what is yet worſe, he has endanger'd his life upon earth, and his ſalvation hereafter. Sancho had given the curate an account of the adventure of the galley-ſlaves, and this made him lay it on thick in the relation, to try how Don Quixote would bear it. The knight chang'd colour at every word, not daring to confeſs he was the pious knight-errant who had deliver'd thoſe worthy gentlemen out of bondage. Theſe, ſaid the curate, by way of concluſion, were the men that reduced us to this condition; and may heaven in mercy forgive him that freed them from the puniſhment they ſo well deſerv'd.

CHAP. III.

The pleaſant ſtratagems us'd to free the enamour'd knight from the rigorous penance which he had undertaken.

SCARCE had the curate made an end, when Sancho addreſſing himſelf to him, Faith and troth, quoth he, maſter curate, he that did that rare jobb was my maſter his nown ſelf, and that not for want of

fair warning; for I bid him have a care what he did, and told him over and over, it would be a grievous ſin to put ſuch a gang of wicked wretches out of durance, and that they all went to the gallies for their roguery. You buffle-headed clown, cry'd Don Quixote, is it for a knight-errant when he meets with people laden with chains, and under oppreſſion, to examine whether they are in thoſe circumſtances for their crimes, or only thro' misfortune? We are only to relieve the afflicted, to look on their diſtreſs, and not on their crimes. I met a company of poor wretches, who went along ſorrowful, dejected and link'd together like the beads of a roſary; thereupon I did what my conſcience and my profeſſion oblig'd me to. And what has any man to ſay to this? If any one dares ſay otherwiſe, ſaving this reverend clergyman's preſence and the holy character he bears, I ſay, he knows little of knight-errantry, and lies like a ſon of a whore, and a baſe-born villain; and this I will make him know more effectually, with the convincing edge of my ſword! This ſaid, with a grim look, he fix'd himſelf in his ſtirrups, and pull'd his helm over his brows; for the baſon, which he took to be Mambrino's helmet, hung at his ſaddle-bow, in order to have the damage repair'd which it had receiv'd from the galley-ſlaves. Thereupon Dorothea, by this time well acquainted with his temper, ſeeing him in ſuch a paſſion, and that every body, except Sancho Pança, made a jeſt of him, reſolv'd with her native ſprightlineſs and addreſs, to carry on the humour. I beſeech you, Sir, cry'd ſhe, remember the

promiſe you have made me, and that you cannot engage in any adventure whatſoever, till you have perform'd that we are going about. Therefore pray aſſwage your anger; for had maſter curate known the galley-ſlaves were reſcu'd by your invincible arm, I am ſure he would rather have ſtitch'd up his lips, or bit off his tongue, than have ſpoken a word, that ſhould make him incur your diſpleaſure. Nay, I aſſure you, cry'd the curate, I would ſooner have twitch'd off one of my muſtachoes into the bargain. I am ſatisfy'd, madam, cry'd Don Quixote, and for your ſake the flame of my juſt indignation is quench'd; nor will I be induced to engage in any quarrel, till I have fulfill'd my promiſe to your highneſs. Only in recompence of my good intentions, I beg you would give us the ſtory of your misfortunes, if this will not be too great a trouble to you; and let me know who and what, and how many are the perſons of whom I muſt have due and full ſatisfaction on your behalf. I am very willing to do it, reply'd Dorothea; but yet I fear a ſtory like mine, conſiſting wholly of afflictions and diſaſters, will prove but a tedious entertainment. Never fear that, madam, cry'd Don Quixote. Since then it muſt be ſo, ſaid Dorothea, be pleas'd to lend me your attention. With that Cardenio and the barber gather'd up to her, to hear what kind of ſtory ſhe had provided ſo ſoon; Sancho alſo hung his ears upon her ſide-ſaddle, being no leſs deceived in her than his maſter; and the lady having ſeated herſelf well on her mule, after coughing once or

twice, and other preparations, very gracefully began her ſtory.

Firſt, gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, you muſt know my name is—here ſhe ſtopp'd ſhort, and could not call to mind the name the curate had given her; whereupon finding her at a nonplus, he made haſte to help her out. 'Tis not at all ſtrange, ſaid he, madam, that you ſhould be ſo diſcompoſed by your diſaſters, as to ſtumble at the very beginning of the account you are going to give of them; extreme affliction often diſtracts the mind to that degree, and ſo deprives us of memory, that ſometimes we for a while can ſcarce think on our very names: no wonder then, that the princeſs Micomicona, lawful heireſs to the vaſt kingdom of Micomicon, diſorder'd with ſo many misfortunes and perplex'd with ſo many various thoughts for the recovery of her crown, ſhould have her imagination and memory ſo incumber'd; but I hope you will now recollect yourſelf, and be able to proceed. I hope ſo too, ſaid the lady, and I will try to go thro' with my ſtory, without any further heſitation. Know then, gentlemen, that the king, my father, who was call'd Tinacrio the ſage, having great ſkill in the magic art, underſtood by his profound knowledge in that ſcience, that queen Xaramilla, my mother, ſhould die before him, that he himſelf ſhould not ſurvive her long, and I ſhould be left an orphan. But he often ſaid, that this did not ſo much trouble him, as the foreſight he had by his ſpeculations, of my being threaten'd with great misfortunes, which would be occaſion'd by a certain giant, lord of a great iſland near the confines

of my kingdom; his name Pandafilando, firnam'd of the gloomy ſight; becauſe though his eye-balls are ſeated in their due place, yet he affects to ſquint and look aſkew on purpoſe to fright thoſe on whom he ſtares. My father, I ſay, knew that this giant, hearing of his death, would one day invade my kingdom with a powerful army, and drive me out of my territories, without leaving me ſo much as the leaſt village for a retreat; though he knew withal that I might avoid that extremity, if I would but conſent to marry him; but, as he found out by his art, he had reaſon to think I never would incline to ſuch a match. And indeed I never had any thoughts of marrying this giant, nor really any other giant in the world, how unmeaſurably great and mighty ſoever he were. My father therefore charged me patiently to bear my misfortunes, and abandon my kingdom to Pandafilando for a time, without offering to keep him out by force of arms, ſince this would be the beſt means to prevent my own death and the ruin of my ſubjects, conſidering the impoſſibility of withſtanding the deviliſh force of the giant. But withal, he order'd me to direct my courſe towards Spain, where I ſhould be ſure to meet with a powerful champion, in the perſon of a knight-errant, whoſe fame ſhould at that time be ſpread over all the kingdom; and his name, my father ſaid, ſhould be, if I forget not, Don Azote *, or Don Gigote. An't pleaſe

* Don Azote, is Don Horſe-whip; and Don Gigote Don Haſh or Minced Meat: wilful miſtakes upon likeneſs of the words.

you, forſooth, quoth Sancho, you would ſay Don Quixote, otherwiſe call'd the knight of the woeful figure. You are right, anſwer'd Dorothea, and my father alſo deſcrib'd him, and ſaid he ſhould be a tall thin-faced man, and that on his right ſide, under the left ſhoulder, or ſomewhere thereabouts, he ſhould have a tawny mole over-grown with a tuft of hair, not much unlike that of a horſe's mane. With that Don Quixote calling for his ſquire to come to him; here, ſaid he, Sancho, help me off with my cloaths, for I'm reſolv'd to ſee whether I be the knight of whom the necromantic king has propheſy'd. Pray, Sir, why would you pull off your cloaths, cry'd Dorothea? To ſee whether I have ſuch a mole about me as your father mention'd, reply'd the knight. Your worſhip need not ſtrip to know that, quoth Sancho; for to my knowledge, you've juſt ſuch a mark as my lady ſays, on the ſmall of your back, which betokens you to be a ſtrong-body'd man. That's enough, ſaid Dorothea; friends may believe one another without ſuch a ſtrict examination; and whether it be on the ſhoulder or on the backbone, it is not very material. In ſhort, I find my father aim'd right in all his predictions, and ſo do I in recommending myſelf to Don Quixote, whoſe ſtature and appearance ſo well agree with my father's deſcription, and whoſe renown is ſo far ſpread, not only in Spain, but over all La Mancha*, that I had no ſooner

* This whimſical anti-climax, ſays Jervas, puts one in mind of the inſtances of that figure in the Art of Sinking in Poetry, eſpecially this:

landed at Oſſuna, but the fame of his proweſs reach'd my ears; ſo that I was ſatisfy'd in myſelf he was the perſon in queſt of whom I came. But pray, madam, cry'd Don Quixote, how did you do to land at Oſſuna, ſince it is no ſea-port town? Doubtleſs, Sir, (ſaid the curate, before Dorothea could anſwer for herſelf) the princeſs would ſay, that after ſhe landed at Malaga, the firſt place where ſhe heard of your feats of arms was Oſſuna. That is what I would have ſaid, reply'd Dorothea. It is eaſily underſtood, ſaid the curate; then pray let your majeſty be pleas'd to go on with your ſtory. I have nothing more to add, anſwer'd Dorothea, but that fortune has at laſt ſo far favour'd me, as to make me find the noble Don Quixote, by whoſe valour I look upon myſelf as already reſtor'd to the throne of my anceſtors; ſince he has ſo courteouſly, and magnanimouſly vouchſafed to grant me the boon I begged, to go with me whereſoever I ſhould guide him. For all I have to do is, to ſhew him this Pandafilando of the gloomy ſight, that he may ſlay him, and reſtore that to me of which he has ſo unjuſtly depriv'd me. For all this will certainly be done with the greateſt eaſe in the world, ſince it was foretold by Tinacrio the ſage, my good and royal father, who has alſo left a prediction written either in Chaldean or Greek characters (for I

'Under the Tropics is our language ſpoke,
'And part of Flanders has receiv'd our yoke.'

Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, vol. iii. p. 57.

Shelton taking it perhaps for an error of the preſs, has put Ethiopia for La Mancha.

cannot read them) which denotes, that after the knight of the prophecy has cut off the giant's head, and reſtor'd me to the poſſeſſion of my kingdom, if he ſhould aſk me to marry him, I ſhould by no means refuſe him, but inſtantly put him in poſſeſſion of my perſon and kingdom. Well friend Sancho (ſaid Don Quixote hearing this, and turning to the ſquire) what think'ſt thou now? Doſt thou not hear how matters go? Did not I tell thee as much before! See now, whether we have not a kingdom which we may command, and a queen whom we may eſpouſe. Ah marry have you, reply'd Sancho, and a pox take the ſon of a whore, I ſay, that will not wed and bed her majeſty's grace as ſoon as maſter Pandafilanda's wind-pipes are ſlit. Look what a dainty bit ſhe is! Ha! would I never had a worſe flea in my bed! With that to ſhew his joy, he cut a couple of capers in the air; and turning to Dorothea, laid hold on her mule by the bridle, and flinging himſelf down on his knees, begged ſhe would be graciouſly pleas'd to let him kiſs her hand, in token of his owning her for his ſovereign lady. There was none of the beholders, but was ready to burſt for laughter, having a ſight of the maſter's madneſs, and the ſervant's ſimplicity. In ſhort, Dorothea was obliged to comply with his intreaties, and promis'd to make him a grandee, when fortune ſhould favour her with the recovery of her loſt kingdom. Whereupon Sancho gave her his thanks, in ſuch a manner as obliged the company to a freſh laughter. Then going on with her relation, gentlemen, ſaid ſhe, this is my hiſtory; and among all my

misfortunes, this only has eſcap'd a recital, That not one of the numerous attendants I brought from my kingdom has ſurviv'd the ruins of my fortune, but this good ſquire with the long beard: the reſt ended their days in a great ſtorm, which daſh'd our ſhip to pieces in the very ſight of the harbour; and he and I had been ſharers in their deſtiny, had we not laid hold of two planks, by which aſſiſtance we were driven to land, in a manner altogether miraculous, and agreeable to the whole ſeries of my life, which ſeems, indeed, but one continu'd miracle. And if in any part of my relation I have been tedious, and not ſo exact as I ſhould have been, you muſt impute it to what maſter curate obſerv'd to you, in the beginning of my ſtory, that continual troubles oppreſs the ſenſes, and weaken the memory. Thoſe pains and afflictions, be they ever ſo intenſe and difficult, ſaid Don Quixote, ſhall never deter me (moſt virtuous and high-born lady) from adventuring for your ſervice, and enduring whatever I ſhall ſuffer in it; and therefore I again ratify the aſſurances I have given you, and ſwear that I will bear you company, though to the end of the world, in ſearch of this implacable enemy of yours, till I ſhall find him; whoſe inſulting head, by the help of heaven, and my own invincible arm, I am reſolv'd to cut off, with the edge of this (I will not ſay good) ſword; a curſe on Gines de Paſſamonte, who to k away my own! This he ſpoke murmuring to himſelf, and then proſecuted his diſcourſe in this manner: and after I have divided it from the body, and left you quietly poſſeſs'd of your

throne, it ſhall be left at your own choice to diſpoſe of your perſon, as you ſhall think convenient: for as long as I ſhall have my memory full of her image, my will captivated, and my underſtanding wholly ſubjected to her, whom I now forbear to name, it is impoſſible I ſhould in the leaſt deviate from the affection I bear to her, or be induced to think of marrying, though it were a phenix.

The cloſe of Don Quixote's ſpeech, which related to his not marrying, touch'd Sancho ſo to the quick, that he could not forbear bawling out his reſentments: Body o' me, Sir Don Quixote, cry'd he, you are certainly out of your wits, or how is it poſſible you ſhould ſtick at ſtriking a bargain with ſo great a lady as this is? D' you think, Sir, fortune will put ſuch dainty bits in your way at every corner? Is my lady Dulcinea handſomer, d' ye think? No marry is ſhe not half ſo handſome: I could almoſt ſay ſhe's not worthy to tie this lady's ſhoe-lachets. I am likely indeed to get the earldom I have fed myſelf with hopes of, if you ſpend your time in fiſhing for muſhrooms in the bottom of the ſea. Marry, marry out of hand, or Old Nick take you for me; lay hold of the kingdom which is ready to leap into your hands; and as ſoon as you are a king, e'en make me a marquis, or a peer of the land, and afterwards let things go at ſixes and ſevens, it will be all a caſe to Sancho. Don Quixote, quite diveſted of all patience, at the blaſphemies which were ſpoken againſt his lady Dulcinea, could bear with him no longer; and therefore, without ſo much as a word to give him no-

tice of his diſpleaſure, gave him two ſuch blows with his lance, that poor Sancho meaſur'd his length on the ground, and had certainly there breath'd his laſt, had not the knight deſiſted, through the perſuaſions of Dorothea. Think'ſt thou, (ſaid he, after a conſiderable pauſe) moſt infamous peaſant, that I ſhall always have leiſure and diſpoſition to put up thy affronts; and that thy whole buſineſs ſhall be to ſtudy new offences, and mine to give thee new pardons? Doſt thou not know, excomunicated traitor (for certainly excommunication is the leaſt puniſhment can fall upon thee, after ſuch profanations of the peerleſs Dulcinea's name) and art thou not aſſur'd, vile ſlave and ignominious vagabond, that I ſhould not have ſtrength ſufficient to kill a flea, did not ſhe give ſtrength to my nerves, and infuſe vigour into my ſinews? Speak, thou villain with the viper's tongue; who do'ſt thou imagine has reſtor'd the queen to her kingdom, cut off the head of a giant, and made thee a marquis (for I count all this is done already) but the power of Dulcinea, who makes uſe of my arm, as the inſtrument of her act in me? She fights and overcomes in me; and I live and breath in her, holding life and being from her. Thou baſe-born wretch! art thou not poſſeſs'd of the utmoſt ingratitude, thou who ſeeſt thyſelf exalted from the very dregs of the earth, to nobility and honour, and yet doſt repay ſo great a benefit with obloquies againſt the perſon of thy benefactreſs.

Sancho was not ſo mightily hurt, bur he could hear what his maſter ſaid well enough; wherefore getting

upon his legs in all haſte, he ran for ſhelter behind Dorothea's palfry, and being got thither, Hark you, Sir, cry'd he to him, if you have no thought of marrying this ſame lady, 'tis a clear caſe that the kingdom will never be yours; and if it be not, what good can you be able to do me? Then let any one judge whether I have not cauſe to complain. Therefore, good your worſhip, marry her once for all, now we have her rain'd down, as it were, from heaven to us, and you may after keep company with my lady Dulcinea; for I gueſs you'll not be the only king in the world, that has kept a miſs or two in a corner. As for beauty, d'you ſee, I'll not meddle nor make; for (if I muſt ſay the truth) I like both the gentlewomen well enough in conſcience; though now I think on't, I have never ſeen the lady Dulcinea. How, not ſeen her, blaſphemous traitor, reply'd Don Quixote, when juſt now thou broughteſt me a meſſage from her! I ſay, anſwer'd Sancho, I have not ſeen her ſo leiſurely as to take notice of her features and good parts one by one; but yet, as I ſaw them at a bluſh, and all at once, methought I had no reaſon to find fault with them. Well, I pardon thee now, quoth Don Quixote, and thou muſt excuſe me for what I have done to thee; for the firſt motions are not in our power. I perceive that well enough, ſaid Sancho, and that's the reaſon my firſt motions are always in my tongue; and I can't for my life help ſpeaking what comes uppermoſt. However, friend Sancho, ſaid Don Quixote, thou had'ſt beſt think before thou ſpeakeſt; for the pitcher never goes

ſo oft to the well—I need ſay no more. Well, what muſt be muſt be, anſwer'd Sancho, there's ſomebody above who ſees all, and will one day judge which haſt moſt to anſwer for, whether I for ſpeaking amiſs, or you for doing ſo. No more of this Sancho, ſaid Dorothea, but run, and kiſs your lord's hands, and beg his pardon; and for the time to come, be more advis'd and cautious how you run into the praiſe or diſpraiſe of any perſon; but eſpecially take care you do not ſpeak ill of that lady of Toboſo, whom I do not know, though I am ready to do her any ſervice; and for your own part, truſt in heaven; for you ſhall infallibly have a lordſhip, which ſhall enable you to live like a prince. Sancho ſhrugg'd up his ſhoulders, and in a ſneaking poſture went and aſk'd his maſter for his hand, which he held out to him with a grave countenance; and after the ſquire had kiſs'd the back of it, the knight gave him his bleſſing, and told him he had a word or two with him, bidding him come nearer, that he might have the better convenience of ſpeaking to him. Sancho did as his maſter commanded, and going a little from the company with him; Since thy return, ſaid Don Quixote, applying himſelf to him, I have neither had time nor opportunity to enquire into the particulars of thy embaſſy, and the anſwer thou haſt brought; and therefore ſince fortune has now befriended us with convenience and leiſure, deny me not the ſatisfaction thou may'ſt give me by the rehearſal of thy news. Aſk what you will, cry'd Sancho, and you ſhall not want for an anſwer; but good your worſhip, for the time to

come, I beſeech you don't be too haſty. What occaſion haſt thou, Sancho, to make this requeſt, reply'd Don Quixote? Reaſon good enough truly, ſaid Sancho; for the blows you gave me e'en now, were rather given me on account of the quarrel which the devil ſtirr'd up between your worſhip and me t'other night, than for your diſlike of any thing which was ſpoken againſt my lady Dulcinea. Pr'ythee, Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote, be careful of falling again into ſuch irreverent expreſſions; for they provoke me to anger, and are highly offenſive. I pardon'd thee then for being a delinquent, but thou art ſenſible that a new offence muſt be attended with a new puniſhment. As they were going on in ſuch diſcourſe as this, they ſaw at a diſtance a perſon riding up to them on an aſs, who, as he came near enough to be diſtinguiſh'd, ſeem'd to be a gipſy by his habit. But Sancho Pança, who, whenever he got ſight of any aſſes, follow'd them with his eyes and his heart, as one whoſe thoughts were ever fix'd on his own, had ſcarce given him half an eye, but he knew him to be Gines de Paſſamonte, and by the looks of the gipſy found out the viſage of his aſs; as really it was the very ſame which Gines had got under him; who, to conceal himſelf from the knowledge of the public, and have the better opportunity of making a good market of his beaſt, had cloth'd himſelf like a gipſy; the cant of that ſort of people, as well as the languages of other countries, being as natural and familiar to them as their own. Sancho ſaw him and knew him; and ſcarce had he ſeen and taken notice of him,

when he cried out as loud as his tongue would permit him: Ah; thou thief Geneſillo, leave my goods and chattels behind thee; get off from the back of my own dear life: thou haſt nothing to do with my poor beaſt, without whom I can't enjoy a moment's eaſe: away from my dapple, away from my comfort; take to thy heels thou villain; hence thou hedge-bird, leave what is none of thine. He had no occaſion to uſe ſo many words; for Gines diſmounted as ſoon as he heard him ſpeak, and taking to his heels, got from them, and was out of ſight in an inſtant. Sancho ran immediately to his aſs, and embraced him: How haſt thou done, cry'd he, ſince I ſaw thee, my darling and treaſure, my dear dapple, the delight of my eyes, and my deareſt companion? And then he ſtroak'd and ſlabber'd him with kiſſes, as if the beaſt had been a rational creature. The aſs, for his part, was as ſilent as cou'd be, and gave Sancho the liberty of as many kiſſes as he pleas'd, without the return of ſo much as one word to the many queſtions he had put to him. At ſight of this the reſt of the company came up with him, and paid their compliments of congratulation to Sancho, for the recovery of his aſs, eſpecially Don Quixote, who told him, that though he had found his aſs again, yet would not he revoke the warrant he had given him for the three aſſes; for which favour Sancho return'd him a multitude of thanks.

While they were travelling together, and diſcourſing after this manner, the curate addreſs'd himſelf to Dorothea, and gave her to underſtand, that ſhe had

excellently discharged herself of what she had undertaken, as well in the management of the history itself, as in her brevity, and adapting her stile to the particular terms made use of in books of knight-errantry. She return'd for answer, that she had frequently convers'd with such romances, but that she was ignorant of the situation of the provinces, and the sea-ports, which occasion'd the blunder she had made, by saying that she landed at Ossuna. I perceive it, reply'd the curate, and therefore I put in what you heard, which brought matters to rights again. But is it not an amazing thing, to see how ready this unfortunate gentleman is to give credit to these fictitious reports, only because they have the air of the extravagant stories in books of knight-errantry? Cardenio said, that he thought this so strange a madness, that he did not believe the wit of man, with all the liberty of invention and fiction, capable of hitting so extraordinary a character. The gentleman, reply'd the curate, has some qualities in him, ev'n as surprizing in a madman, as his unparallel'd frenzy: for, take him but off from his romantic humour, discourse with him of any other subject, you will find him to handle it with a great deal of reason, and shew himself, by his conversation, to have very clear and entertaining conceptions: insomuch that if knight-errantry bears no relation to his discourse, there is no man but will esteem him for his vivacity of wit, and strength of judgment. While they were thus discoursing, Don Quixote, prosecuting his converse with his squire; Sancho, said he, let us lay aside all manner of animosity, let us

forget and forgive injuries *; and anſwer me as ſpeedily as thou can'ſt, without any remains of thy laſt diſpleaſure, how, when, and where didſt thou find my lady Dulcinea? What was ſhe doing when thou firſt pay'dſt thy reſpects to her? How didſt thou expreſs thyſelf to her? What anſwer was ſhe pleas'd to make thee? What countenance did ſhe put on at the peruſal of my letter? Who tranſcrib'd it fairly for thee? And every thing elſe which has any relation to this affair, without addition, lies or flattery. On the other ſide, take care thou loſeſt not a title of the whole matter, by abbreviating it, leſt thou rob me of part of that delight, which I propoſe to myſelf from it. Sir, anſwer'd Sancho, if I muſt ſpeak the truth, and nothing but the truth, no body copy'd out the letter for me; for I carry'd none at all. That is right, cry'd Don Quixote, for I found the pocket-book, in which it was written, two days after thy departure, which occaſion'd exceeding grief in me, becauſe I knew not what thou couldſt do, when thou found'ſt thyſelf without the letter; and I could not but be induced to believe that thou would'ſt have return'd, in order to take it with thee. I had cer-

* In the original Spaniſh it is—— *Echemos pelilos a la mar:* i. e. literally, let us throw ſmall little hairs into the ſea; but figuratively, let us renew our friendſhip and forget paſt differences: *Renouons* &c. ſays Sobrino, in his French expoſition of that phraſe. And Oudin tranſlates it in French——*Mettons toutes nos Diſputes ſous le pied*, Let us put all diſputes under our feet; though he owns it cannot be tranſlated properly into French, unleſs by ſaying *jettons à vau l'eau*, Let us make a wreck of all diſputes, i. e. drown them.

tainly done ſo, reply'd Sancho, were it not for this head of mine, which kept it in remembrance ever ſince your worſhip read it to me, and help'd me to ſay it over to a pariſh-clerk, who writ it out for me word for word ſo purely, that he ſwore, though he had written out many a letter of excommunication in his time, he never in all the days of his life had read or ſeen any thing ſo well ſpoken as it was. And do'ſt thou ſtill retain the memory of it, my dear Sancho, cry'd Don Quixote? Not I, quoth Sancho; for as ſoon as I had giv'n it her, and your turn was ſerv'd, I was very willing to forget it. But if I remember any thing, it is what was on the top; and it was thus; high and ſubterrene, I would ſay ſovereign lady: and at the bottom, yours until death, the knight of the woeful figure; and I put between theſe two things, three hundred ſouls and lives and pigſnyes.

CHAP. IV.

The pleaſant dialogue between Don Quixote and his ſquire, continued, with other adventures.

ALL this is mighty well, ſaid Don Quixote, proceed therefore: you arriv'd, and how was that queen of beauty then employ'd? On my conſcience thou found'ſt her ſtringing of orient pearls, or embroidering ſome curious device in gold for me her captive knight; was it not ſo, my Sancho? No faith, anſwer'd the ſquire, I found her winnowing a parcel of wheat very ſeriouſly in the back yard. Then, ſaid the Don,

you may reſt aſſur'd, that every corn of that wheat was a grain of pearl, ſince ſhe did it the honour of touching it with her divine hand. Didſt thou obſerve the quality of the wheat, was it not of the fineſt ſort? Very indifferent, I thought, ſaid the ſquire. Well, this, at leaſt, you muſt allow; it muſt make the fineſt whiteſt bread, if ſifted by her white hands: but go on; when you deliver'd my letter, did ſhe kiſs it? Did ſhe treaſure it in her boſom, or what ceremony did ſhe uſe worthy ſuch a letter? How did ſhe behave herſelf? Why truly, Sir, anſwer'd Sancho, when I offer'd her the letter, ſhe was very buſy handling her ſieve; and, pr'ythee honeſt friend, ſaid ſhe, do ſo much as lay that letter down upon the ſack there; I cannot read it till I have winnow'd out what is in my hands. O unparallel'd diſcretion! cry'd Don Quixote, ſhe knew that a peruſal requir'd leiſure, and therefore deferr'd it, for her more pleaſing and private hours. But oh! my ſquire; while ſhe was thus employ'd, what conferences paſt? What did ſhe aſk about her knight, and what did you reply? Say all, ſay all, my deareſt Sancho, let not the ſmalleſt circumſtance eſcape the tongue; ſpeak all that thought can frame, or pen deſcribe. Her queſtions were eaſily anſwer'd, Sir, ſaid Sancho, for ſhe aſk'd me none at all: I told her indeed, in what a ſad pickle I had left you for her ſake, naked to the waſte; that you eat and ſlept like the brute beaſts; that you would let a razor as ſoon touch your throat as your beard; that you were ſtill blubbering and crying, or ſwearing and curſing your fortune. There you miſ-

took, reply'd Don Quixote, I rather bleſs my fortune, and always ſhall, while life affords me breath, ſince I am thought to merit the eſteem of ſo high a lady as Dulcinea del Toboſo. There you hit it, ſaid Sancho, ſhe is a high lady indeed, Sir, for ſhe's taller than I am by a foot and half *. Why, how now, Sancho, ſaid the knight, haſt thou meaſur'd with her! Ah marry did I, Sir, ſaid the ſquire; for you muſt know that ſhe deſir'd me to lend her a hand in lifting a ſack of wheat on an aſs; ſo we buckl'd about it, and I came ſo cloſe to her, that I found ſhe was taller than I by a full ſpan at leaſt. Right, anſwer'd Don Quixote, but thou art alſo conſcious that the uncommon ſtature of her perſon is adorn'd with innumerable graces and endowments of ſoul! But, Sancho, when you approach'd the charming ſhe, did not an aromatic ſmell ſtrike thy ſenſe, a ſcent ſo odoriferous, pleaſing and ſweet, that I want a name for it; ſweet as———you underſtand me, as the richeſt fragrancy diffus'd around a perfumer's magazine of odours? This, at leaſt, you muſt grant me. I did indeed feel a ſort of ſcent a little unſavoury, ſaid Sancho, ſomewhat vigorous or ſo; for I ſuppoſe ſhe had wrought hard, and ſweat ſomewhat plentifully. It is falſe, anſwer'd the knight, thy ſmelling has been debauch'd by thy own ſcent, or ſome canker in thy noſe; if thou could'ſt tell the ſcent of opening roſes, fra-

* *Coto* in Spaniſh. which Sobrino ſays is but a handful, ſo ſays Stevens in his Dictionary, though he tranſlates it in this place a cubit. Oudin ſays it is the breadth of four fingers, and the height of the thumb when rais'd up in clenching the fiſt.

grant lillies, or the choiceſt amber, then thou might'ſt gueſs at her's. Cry mercy, Sir, ſaid Sancho, it may be ſo indeed, for I remember that I myſelf have ſmelt very oft juſt as madam Dulcinea did then, and that ſhe ſhould ſmell like me, is no ſuch wondrous thing neither, ſince there's never a barrel the better herring of us. But now, ſaid the knight, ſuppoſing the corn winnow'd and diſpatch'd to the mill; what did ſhe after ſhe had read my letter? Your letter, Sir, anſwer'd Sancho, your letter was not read at all, Sir; as for her part, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could neither read nor write, and ſhe would truſt no body elſe, leſt they ſhould tell tales, and ſo ſhe cunningly tore your letter. She ſaid, that what I told her by word of mouth of your love and penance was enough: to make ſhort now, ſhe gave her ſervice to you, and ſaid ſhe had rather ſee you than hear from you; and ſhe pray'd you, if ever you lov'd her, upon ſight of me, forthwith to leave your madneſs among the buſhes here, and come ſtrait to Toboſo (if you be at leiſure) for ſhe has ſomething to ſay to you, and has a huge mind to ſee you: ſhe had like to burſt with laughing, when I call'd you the knight of the woful figure. She told me the Biſcayan whom you maul'd ſo was there, and that he was a very honeſt fellow; but that ſhe heard no news at all of the galley-ſlaves.

Thus far all goes well, ſaid Don Quixote; but tell me, pray, what jewel did ſhe preſent you at your departure, as a reward for the news you brought? for it is a cuſtom of ancient ſtanding among knights and la-

dies errant, to beſtow on ſquires, dwarfs, or damſels, who bring them good news of their ladies or ſervants, ſome precious jewel as a grateful reward of their welcome tidings. Ah, Sir, ſaid Sancho, that was the faſhion in the days of yore; and a very good faſhion I take it: but all the jewels Sancho got, was a luncheon of bread, and a piece of cheeſe, which ſhe handed to me over the wall, when I was taking my leave, by the ſame token (I hope there is no ill luck in it) the cheeſe was made of ſheep's milk. It is ſtrange, ſaid Don Quixote, for ſhe is liberal, ev'n to profuſeneſs; and if ſhe preſented thee not a jewel ſhe certainly had none about her at that time; but what is deferr'd is not loſt, ſleeves are good after Eaſter‡. I ſhall ſee her, and matters ſhall be accommodated. Know'ſt thou, Sancho, what raiſes my aſtoniſhment? it is thy ſudden return; for proportioning thy ſhort abſence to the length of thy journey, Toboſo being, at leaſt, thirty leagues diſtant, thou muſt have ridden on the wind; certainly the ſagacious enchanter, who is my guardian and friend (for doubtleſs ſuch a one there is and ought to be, or I ſhou'd not be a true knight-errant) certainly, I ſay, that wiſe magician has further'd thee on thy journey unawares: for there are ſages of ſuch incredible power, as to take up a knight-errant ſleeping in his bed, and waken him next morning a thouſand leagues from the place where he fell

‡ A proverbial expreſſion, ſignifying that *a good thing is always ſeaſonable*. The Spaniards, for the ſake of warmth, wear ſleeves in winter, 'till about Eaſter: But if the weather continues cold, ſleeves may be proper after Eaſter.

aſleep. By this power knights-errant ſuccour one another in their moſt dangerous exigents, when and where they pleaſe; for inſtance, ſuppoſe me fighting in the mountains of Armenia, with ſome helliſh monſter, ſome dreadful ſpright, or fierce gigantic knight, where perhaps I am like to be worſted (ſuch a thing may happen) when juſt in the very criſis of my fate, when I leaſt expect it, behold on the top of a flying cloud, or riding in a flaming chariot, another knight, my friend, who but a minute before was in England perhaps; he ſuſtains me, delivers me from death, and returns that night to his own lodging, where he ſups with a very good appetite after his journey, having rid you two or three thouſand leagues that day: and all this perform'd by the induſtry and wiſdom of theſe knowing magicians, whoſe only buſineſs and charge is glorious knight-errantry. Some ſuch expeditious power, I believe, Sancho, though hidden from you, has promoted ſo great a diſpatch in your late journey. I believe, indeed (anſwer'd Sancho) that there was witchcraft in the caſe, for Rozinante went without ſpur all the way, and was as mettleſome as though he had been a gypſy's aſs with quickſilver in his ears. Quickſilver! you coxcomb, ſaid the knight, ay, and a troop of devils beſides; and they are the beſt horſe courſers in nature, you muſt know, for they muſt needs go whom the devil drives; but no more of that. What is thy advice as to my lady's commands to viſit her? I know her power ſhould regulate my will; but then my honour, Sancho, my ſolemn promiſe has engag'd me to the princeſs's ſervice that comes

with us, and the law of arms confines me to my word: love draws my one and glory the other way; on this ſide Dulcinea's ſtrict commands, on the other my promis'd faith; but——it is reſolv'd. I will travel night and day, cut off this giant's head, and having ſetti'd the princeſs in her dominions, will preſently return to ſee that ſun which enlightens my ſenſes: ſhe will eaſily condeſcend to excuſe my abſence, when I convince her it was for her fame and glory; ſince the paſt, preſent, and future ſucceſs of my victorious arms depends wholly on the gracious influences of her favour, and the honour of being her knight. Oh ſad, oh ſad! ſaid Sancho, I doubt your worſhip's head is much the worſe for wearing: are you mad, Sir, to take ſo long a voyage for nothing? why do not you catch at this preferment that now offers, where a fine kingdom is the portion, twenty thouſand leagues round, they ſay; nay, bigger than Portugal and Caſtile both together—Good your worſhip! hold your tongue, I wonder you are not aſham'd——take a fool's counſel for once, marry her by the firſt prieſt you meet, here's our own curate can do the job moſt curiouſly‡: Come maſter, I have hair enough in my beard to make a counſellor, and my advice is as fit for you, as your ſhoe for your foot; a bird in hand is worth two in the buſh, and

He that will not when he may,
When he wou'd, he ſhall have nay.

‡ As if it was done with pearl, in the original: *lo harà de perlas*, i. e. *to a nicety*.

Thou adviſeſt me thus, anſwer'd Don Quixote, that I may be able to promote thee according to my promiſe: but that I can do without marrying this lady: for I ſhall make this the condition of entring into battle: that after my victory, without marrying the princeſs, ſhe ſhall leave part of her kingdom at my diſpoſal, to gratify whom I pleaſe; and who can claim any ſuch gratuity but thyſelf? That's plain, anſwer'd Sancho; but pray, Sir, take care that you reſerve ſome part near the ſea-ſide for me; that if the air does not agree with me, I may tranſport my black-ſlaves, make my profit of them, and go live ſomewhere elſe; ſo that I would have you reſolve upon it preſently, leave the lady Dulcinea for the preſent, and go kill this fame giant, and make an end of that buſineſs firſt; for I dare ſwear 'twill yield you a good market. I am fix'd in thy opinion (ſaid Don Quixote) but I admoniſh thee not to whiſper to any perſon the leaſt hint of our conference; for ſince Dulcinea is ſo cautious and ſecret, it is proper that I and mine ſhould follow her example. Why the devil then, ſaid Sancho, ſhould you ſend every body you overcome packing to madam Dulcinea, to fall down before her, and tell her, they came from you to pay their obedience, when this tells all the world that ſhe's your miſtreſs as much as if they had it under your own hand? How dull of apprehenſion and ſtupid thou art, ſaid the knight; haſt thou not ſenſe to find that all this redounds to her greater glory? know that in proceedings in chivalry, a lady's honour is calculated from the number of her ſervants, whoſe ſervices muſt not tend to

any reward, but the favour of her acceptance, and the pure honour of performing them for her ſake, and being call'd her ſervants. I have heard our curate, anſwer'd Sancho, preach up this doctrine of loving for love's ſake, and that we ought to love our Maker for his own ſake, without either hope of good, or fear of pain: though for my part I would love and ſerve him for what I could get. Thou art an unaccountable fellow, cry'd Don Quixote: thou talk'ſt ſometimes with ſo much ſenſe, that one would imagine thee to be ſomething of a ſcholar. A ſcholard, Sir, anſwer'd Sancho, lack a-day, I don't know, as I'm an honeſt man, a letter in the book. Maſter Nicholas ſeeing them ſo deep in diſcourſe, call'd to them to ſtop and drink at a little fountain by the road: Don Quixote halted, and Sancho was very glad of the interruption, his ſtock of lies being almoſt ſpent, and he ſtood in danger beſides of being trapp'd in his words, for he had never ſeen Dulcinea, though he knew ſhe liv'd at Toboſo. Cardenio by this had changed his cloaths for thoſe Dorothea wore, when they found her in the mountains; and though they made but an ordinary figure, they look'd much better than thoſe he had put off *. They all ſtopp'd at the fountain, and fell aboard the curate's proviſion, which was but a ſnap among ſo many, for they were all very hungry. While they ſat refreſhing themſelves, a young lad, travelling that way, obſerv'd

* Theſe muſt be the ragged apparel Cardenio wore before he was dreſs'd in the prieſt's ſhort caſſock and cloak.

them, and looking earneſtly on the whole company, ran ſuddenly and fell down before Don Quixote, addreſſing him in a very doleful manner. Alas, good Sir, ſaid he, don't you know me? don't you remember poor Andrew, whom you caus'd to be unty'd from the tree? With that the knight knew him; and raiſing him up, turn'd to the company, that you may all know, ſaid he, of how great importance, to the redreſſing of injuries, puniſhing vice, and the univerſal benefit of mankind, the buſineſs of knight-errantry may be, you muſt underſtand, that riding through a deſart ſome days ago, I heard certain lamentable ſhrieks and outcries: prompted by the miſery of the afflicted, and borne away by the zeal of my profeſſion I follow'd the voice, and found this boy, whom you all ſee, bound to a great oak; I am glad he is preſent, becauſe he can atteſt the truth of my relation. I found him as I told you, bound to an oak; naked from the waiſt upwards, and a bloody-minded peaſant ſcourging his back unmercifully with the reins of a bridle. I preſently demanded the cauſe of his ſevere chaſtiſement? The rude fellow anſwer'd, that he had liberty to puniſh his own ſervant, whom he thus us'd for ſome faults that argu'd him more knave than fool. Good Sir, ſaid the boy, he can lay nothing to my charge, but demanding my wages. His maſter made ſome reply, which I would not allow as a juſt excuſe, and order'd him immediately to unbind the youth, and took his oath that he would take him home and pay him all his wages upon the nail, in good and lawful coin. Is not this literally true, An-

drew? Did you not mark beſides, with what face of authority I commanded, and with how much humility he promis'd to obey all I impos'd, commanded and deſir'd? Anſwer me, boy, and tell boldly all that paſs'd to this worthy company, that it may appear how neceſſary the vocation of knights-errant is up and down the high roads.

All you have ſaid is true enough, anſwer'd Andrew, but the buſineſs did not end after that manner you and I hop'd it would. How? ſaid the knight, has not the peaſant paid you? Ay, he has paid me with a vengeance, ſaid the boy, for no ſooner was your back turn'd, but he ty'd me again to the ſame tree, and laſh'd me ſo curſedly, that I look'd like St. Bartholomew flea'd alive; and at every blow he had ſome joke or another to laugh at you; and had he not laid me on as he did, I fancy I could not have help'd laughing myſelf. At laſt he left me in ſo pitiful a caſe, that I was forced to crawl to an hoſpital, where I have lain ever ſince to get cur'd, ſo wofully the tyrant had laſh'd me. And now I may thank you for this, for had you rid on your journey, and neither meddled nor made, ſeeing no body ſent for you, and it was none of your buſineſs, my maſter, perhaps, had been ſatisfy'd with giving me ten or twenty laſhes, and after that would have paid me what he ow'd me; but you was ſo huffy, and call'd him ſo many names, that it made him mad, and ſo he vented all his ſpight againſt you upon my poor back as ſoon as yours was turn'd, inſomuch that I fear, I ſhall never be my own man again. The

miſcarriage, anſwer'd the knight, is only chargeable on my departure before I ſaw my orders executed; for I might by experience, have remembered, that the word of a peaſant is regulated, not by honour, but profit. But you remember, Andrew, how I ſwore if he diſobey'd, that I would return and ſeek him through the univerſe, and find him, though hid in a whale's belly. Ah Sir, anſwer'd Andrew, but that's no cure for my ſore ſhoulders. You ſhall be redreſs'd, anſwer'd the knight, ſtarting fiercely up, and commanding Sancho immediately to bridle Rozinante, who was baiting as faſt as the reſt of the company. Dorothea aſk'd what he intended to do? He anſwer'd, that he intended to find out the villain and puniſh him ſeverely for his crimes, then force him to pay Andrew his wages to the laſt * maravedi, in ſpight of all the peaſants in the univerſe. She then deſir'd him to remember his engagements to her, which with-held him from any new atchievement till that was finiſh'd; that he muſt therefore ſuſpend his reſentments till his return from her kingdom. It is but juſt and reaſonable, ſaid the knight, and therefore Andrew muſt wait with patience my return: but when I do return, I do hereby ratify my former oath and promiſe, never to reſt till he be fully ſatisfy'd and paid. I dare not truſt to that, anſwer'd Andrew; but if you'll beſtow on me as much money as will bear my charges to Sevile, I ſhall thank your worſhip more than for all the revenge you tell me of: give

* Near the value of a farthing.

me a ſnap to eat, and a bit in my pocket, and ſo heaven be wi'ye and all other knights-errant, and may they prove as arrant fools in their own buſineſs as they have been in mine.

Sancho took a cruſt of bread and a ſlice of cheeſe, and reaching it to Andrew, There friend, ſaid he, there's ſomething for thee; on my word, we have all of us a ſhare of thy miſchance. What ſhare? ſaid Andrew. Why the curſt miſchance of parting with this bread and cheeſe to thee; for my head to a halfpenny, I may live to want it; for thou muſt know, friend of mine, that we, the ſquires of knights-errant, often pick our teeth without a dinner, and are ſubject to many other things, which are better felt than told. Andrew ſnatch'd at the provender, and ſeeing no likelihood of any more, he made his leg and march'd off. But looking over his ſhoulder at Don Quixote, hark ye, you Sir knight-errant, cry'd he, if ever you meet me again in your travels, which I hope you never ſhall; though I were torn in pieces, don't trouble me with your plaguy help, but mind your own buſineſs; and ſo fare you well, with a curſe upon you and all the knights-errant that ever were born. The knight thought to chaſtiſe him, but the lad was too nimble for any there, and his heels carry'd him off; leaving Don Quixote highly incenſed at his ſtory, which mov'd the company to hold their laughter, leſt they ſhould raiſe his anger to a dangerous height.

CHAP. V.

What befel Don Quixote and his company at the inn.

WHEN they had eaten plentifully, they left that place, and travell'd all that day and the next, without meeting any thing worth notice, till they came to the inn, which was ſo frightful a ſight to poor Sancho, that he would willingly not have gone in, but could by no means avoid it. The inn-keeper, the hoſteſs, her daughter, and Maritornes, met Don Quixote and his ſquire with a very hearty welcome: the knight receiv'd them with a face of gravity and approbation, bidding them prepare him a better bed than their laſt entertainment afforded him. Sir, ſaid the hoſteſs, pay us better than you did then, and you ſhall have a bed for a prince; and upon the knight's promiſe that he would, ſhe promiſed him a tolerable bed, in the large room where he lay before: he preſently undreſs'd, and being heartily craz'd in body, as well as in mind, he went to bed. He was ſcarcely got to his chamber, when the hoſteſs flew ſuddenly at the barber, and catching him by the beard, On my life, ſaid ſhe, you ſhall uſe my tail no longer for a beard; pray, Sir, give me my tail, my huſband wants it to ſtick his thing into, his comb I mean, and my tail I will have, Sir. The barber held tug with her till the curate adviſ'd him to return it, telling him that he might now undiſguiſe himſelf, and tell Don Quixote, that after the gally-ſlaves had pillag'd him, he fled to that inn; and if he ſhould

aſk for the princeſs's ſquire, he ſhould pretend that he was diſpatch'd to her kingdom before her, to give her ſubjects an account of her arrival, and of the power ſhe brought to free them all from ſlavery. The barber thus ſchool'd, gave the hoſteſs her tail, with the other trinkets which he had borrow'd to decoy Don Quixote out of the deſart. Dorothea's beauty, and Cardenio's handſome ſhape ſurpriz'd every body. The curate beſpoke ſupper, and the hoſt, being pretty ſecure of his reckoning, ſoon got them a tolerable entertainment. They would not diſturb the knight, who ſlept very ſoundly, for his diſtemper wanted reſt more than meat; but they diverted themſelves with the hoſteſs's account of his encounter with the carriers, and of Sancho's being toſs'd in a blanket. Don Quixote's unaccountable madneſs was the principal ſubject of their diſcourſe, upon which the curate inſiſting, and arguing it to proceed from his reading romances, the inn-keeper took him up. Sir, ſaid he, you can't make me of your opinion: for in my mind, it is the pleaſanteſt reading that ever was. I have now in the houſe two or three books of that kind, and ſome other pieces, that really have kept me, and many others, alive. In harveſt-time, a great many of the reapers come to drink here in the heat of the day, and he that can read beſt among us takes up one of theſe books; and all the reſt of us ſometimes thirty or more, ſit round about him, and liſten with ſuch pleaſure, that we think neither of ſorrow nor care; as for my own part, when I hear the mighty blows and dreadful battles of thoſe knights-errant, I have half a

mind to be one myſelf, and am rais'd to ſuch a life and briſkneſs, that I frighten away old age; I could ſit and hear them from morning till night. I wiſh you would, huſband, ſaid the hoſteſs, for then we ſhould have ſome reſt; for at all other times you are ſo out of humour, and ſo ſnappiſh, that we lead a helliſh life with you. That is true enough, ſaid Maritornes; and for my part, I think there are mighty pretty ſtories in thoſe books, eſpecially that one about the young lady who is hugg'd ſo ſweetly by her knight under the orange-tree, when the damſel watches leſt ſomebody comes, and ſtands with her mouth watering all the while; and a thouſand ſuch ſtories, which I would often forego my dinner and ſupper to hear. And what think you of this matter, young miſs, ſaid the curate to the inn-keeper's daughter? Alack-a-day, Sir, ſaid ſhe, I do not underſtand thoſe things, and yet I love to hear them: but I do not like that frightful ugly fighting that ſo pleaſes my father. Indeed the ſad lamentations of the poor knights, for the loſs of their miſtreſſes, ſometimes makes me cry like any thing. I ſuppoſe then, young gentlewoman, ſaid Dorothea, you will be tender-hearted, and will never let a lover die for you. I do not know what may happen, as to that, ſaid the girl; but this I know, that I will never give any body reaſon to call me tigreſs and lioneſs, and I do not know how many other ugly names, as thoſe ladies are often call'd, and I think they deſerve yet worſe, ſo they do; for they can never have ſoul nor conſcience to let ſuch fine gentlemen die or run mad for a ſight of them?

What ſignifies all their fiddling and coyneſs? If they are civil women why do not they marry them, for that is all their knights would be at? Hold your prating, miſtreſs, ſaid the hoſteſs, how came you to know all this? It is not for ſuch as you to talk of theſe matters. The gentleman only aſk'd me a queſtion, ſaid ſhe, and it would be uncivil not to anſwer him. Well, ſaid the curate, do me the favour, good landlord, to bring out theſe books that I may have a ſight of them.

With all my heart, ſaid the inn-keeper; and with that ſtepping to his chamber, he open'd a little portmantle that ſhut with a chain, and took out three large volumes, with a parcel of manuſcripts in a fair legible letter: the title of the firſt was Don Cirongilio of Thrace; the ſecond Felixmarte of Hircania; and the third was the hiſtory of the great captain Gonçalo Hernandez de Corduba, and the life of Diego Garcia de Paredes, bound together ‡. The curate reading the titles, turn'd to the barber, and told him, they wanted now Don Quixote's houſe-keeper and his niece. I ſhall do as well with the books, ſaid the barber, for I can find the way to the back-yard, or the chimney, there is a good fire that will do their buſineſs. Buſineſs! ſaid

‡ There were ſuch famous leaders, as the great captain, who conqu r'd Naples for king Ferdinand of Spain, and Diego Garcia before him; but authors have added ſuch monſtrous fables to their true actions, that there is no more believing any of them, than the fables of Guy of Warwick, or the like romantic heroes, as may appear by what the curate ſpeaks in their praiſe.

the inn-keeper, I hope you would not burn my books. Only two of them, ſaid the curate, this ſame Don Cirongilio and his friend Felixmarte. I hope, Sir, ſaid the hoſt, they are neither heretics nor flegmatics. Schiſmatics you mean, ſaid the barber; I mean ſo, ſaid the inn-keeper; and if you muſt burn any, let it be this of Gonçalo Hernandez and Diego Garcia, for you ſhould ſooner burn one of my children than the others. Theſe books, honeſt friend, ſaid the curate, that you appear ſo concern'd for, are ſenſeleſs rhapſodies of falſhoods and folly; and this which you ſo deſpiſe is a true hiſtory, and contains a true account of two celebrated men; the firſt by his bravery and courage purchas'd immortal fame, and the name of the great general, by the univerſal conſent of mankind. The other, Diego Garcia de Paredes, was of noble extraction, and born in Truxillo a town of Eſtremadura, and was a man of ſingular courage, and ſuch mighty ſtrength, that with one of his hands he could ſtop a mill-wheel in its moſt rapid motion; and with his ſingle force defended the paſſage of a bridge againſt a great army. Several other great actions are related in the memoirs of his life, but all with ſo much modeſty and unbiaſs'd truth, that they eaſily pronounce him his own hiſtoriographer; and had they been written by any one elſe, with freedom and impartiality, they might have eclips'd your Hectors, Achilles's and Orlando's, with all their heroic exploits. That is a fine jeſt, faith ſaid the inn-keeper; my father could have told you another tale, Sir. Holding a mill-wheel? why, is that ſuch a mighty

matter! odds fiſh, do but turn over a leaf of Felixmarte there; you'll find how with one ſingle backſtroke, he cut five ſwingeing giants off by the middle, as if they had been ſo many bean-cods, of which the children make little puppet-friars*; and read how at another time he charg'd a moſt mighty and powerful army of above a million and ſix hundred thouſand fighting men, all arm'd cap-a-pee, and routed them all like ſo many ſheep. And what can you ſay of the worthy Cirongilio of Thrace? who, as you may read there, going by water one day, was aſſaulted by a fiery ſerpent in the middle of the river; he preſently leap'd nimbly upon her back, and hanging by her ſcaly neck, graſp'd her throat faſt with both his arms, ſo that the ſerpent finding herſelf almoſt ſtrangled, was forced to dive into the water to ſave herſelf, and carry'd the knight, who would not quit his hold, to the very bottom, where he found a ſtately palace, and ſuch pleaſant gardens, that it was a wonder; and ſtraight the ſerpent turn'd into a very old man, and told him ſuch things as were never heard nor ſpoken.———Now a fig for your great captain, and your Diego Garcia. Dorothea hearing this, ſaid ſoftly to Cardenio, that the hoſt was capable of making a ſecond part to Don Quixote. I think ſo too, cry'd Cardenio, for it is plain he believes every tittle contain'd in thoſe books, nor can

* Children, in Spain, we are told, make puppets, reſembling friars, out of bean cods, by breaking as much of the upper end as to diſcover part of the firſt bean, which is to repreſent the bald head, and letting the broken cod hang back like a cowl.

all the Carthuſian friars in the world perſuade him otherwiſe. I tell thee friend, (ſaid the curate) there were never any ſuch perſons, as your books of chivalry mention, upon the face of the earth; your Felixmarte of Hircania, and your Cirongilio of Thrace, are all but chimeras and fictions of idle and luxuriant wits, who wrote them for the ſame reaſon that you read them, becauſe they had nothing elſe to do. 'Sir, (ſaid the 'inn-keeper) you muſt angle with another bait, or 'you'll catch no fiſh*; I know what's what, as well 'as another; I can tell where my own ſhoe pinches 'me; and you muſt not think, Sir, to catch old birds 'with chaff;' a pleaſant jeſt, faith, that you ſhould pretend to perſuade me now that theſe notable books are lies and ſtories; why, Sir, are they not in print? are they not publiſh'd according to order? licens'd by authority from the privy-council? and do you think that they would permit ſo many untruths to be printed, and ſuch a number of battles and enchantments to ſet us all a madding? I have told you already, (friend) reply'd the curate, that this is licens'd for our amuſement in our idle hours; for the ſame reaſon that tennis, billiards, cheſs, and other recreations are tolerated, that men may find a paſtime for thoſe hours they cannot find employment for. Neither could the go-

* In the original, what is in Italic runs thus, *A otro perro con eſſo hueſſo, &c* i. e. To another dog, with this bone; as if I did not know how many make five, nor where my own ſhoe pinches; do not think, ir, to feed me with pap; for, before God, I am no ſuckling.

vernment foreſee this inconvenience from ſuch books, that you urge, becauſe they could not reaſonably ſuppoſe any rational perſon would believe their abſurdities. And were this a proper time, I could ſay a great deal in favour of ſuch writings, and how with ſome regulations, they might be made both inſtructive and diverting; but I deſign, upon the firſt opportunity, to communicate my thoughts on this head to ſome that may redreſs it: in the mean time, honeſt landlord, you may put up your books, and believe them true if you pleaſe, and much good may do you. And I wiſh you may never halt of the ſame foot as your gueſt Don Quixote. There is no fear of that, ſaid the inn-keeper, for I never deſign to turn knight-errant, becauſe I find the cuſtoms that ſupported that noble order are quite out of doors.

About the middle of their diſcourſe enter'd Sancho, who was very uneaſy at hearing that knights-errant were out of faſhion, and books of chivalry full of nothing but folly and fiction; he reſolv'd, however, (in ſpight of all their contempt of chivalry) ſtill to ſtick by his maſter; and if his intended expedition fail'd of ſucceſs, then to return to his family and plough. As the inn-keeper was carrying away the books, the curate deſir'd his leave to look over thoſe manuſcripts which appear'd in ſo fair a character; he reach'd them to him, to the number of eight ſheets, on one of which there was written in a large hand, 'The novel of the curious impertinent.' The title, ſaid the curate promiſes ſomething, perhaps it may be worth reading

rough: your reverence, ſaid the inn-keeper, may be worſe employ'd; for that novel has receiv'd the approbation of ſeveral ingenious gueſts of mine who have read it, and who would have begg'd it of me; but I would by no means part with it, till I deliver it to the owner of this portmantle, who left it here with theſe books and papers; I may, perhaps, ſee him again, and reſtore them honeſtly; for I am as much a Chriſtian as my neighbours, though I am an inn-keeper. But I hope (ſaid the curate) if it pleaſes me you will not deny me a copy of it. Nay, as to that matter, ſaid the hoſt, we ſhall not fall out. Cardenio having by this perus'd it a little, recommended it to the curate, and intreated him to read it for the entertainment of the company. The curate would have excus'd himſelf, by urging the unſeaſonable time of night, and that ſleep was then more proper, eſpecially for the lady; A pleaſant ſtory, ſaid Dorothea, will prove the beſt repoſe for ſome hours to me; for my ſpirits are not compos'd enough to allow me to reſt, though I want it. Mr. Nicholas and Sancho join'd in the requeſt. To pleaſe ye then, and ſatisfy my own curioſity, ſaid the curate, I'll begin, if you'll but give your attention.

CHAP. VI.

The novel of the curious impertinent.

ANSELMO and Lothario, conſiderable gentlemen of Florence, the capital city of Tuſcany in Italy, were ſo eminent for their friendſhip, that they

were called nothing but the Two Friends. They were both young and unmarried, of the ſame age and humour, which did not a little concur to the continuance of their mutual affection, though, of the two, Anſelmo was the moſt amorouſly inclin'd, and Lothario the greater lover of hunting; yet they lov'd one another above all other conſiderations; and mutually quitted their own pleaſure for their friend's; and their very wills, like the different motions of a well regulated watch, were always ſubſervient to their unity, and ſtill kept time with one another. Anſelmo, at laſt, fell deſperately in love with a beautiful lady of the ſame city; ſo eminent for her fortune and family, that he reſolv'd, by the conſent of his friend (for he did nothing without his advice) to demand her in marriage. Lothario was the perſon employ'd in this affair, which he manag'd with that addreſs, that in few days he put his friend into poſſeſſion of Camilla, for that was the lady's name; and this ſo much to their ſatisfaction, that he receiv'd a thouſand ackowledgments from both, for the equal happineſs they deriv'd from his endeavours. Lothario, as long as the nuptials laſted, was every day at Anſelmo's, and did all he could to add to the ſports and diverſions of the occaſion. But as ſoon as the new-marry'd pair had receiv'd the congratulation of their friends, and the nuptial ceremonies were over, Lothario retir'd, with the reſt of their acquaintance, and forbore his viſits, becauſe he prudently imagin'd that it was not at all proper to be ſo frequent at his friend's houſe after marriage as before; for though true friend-

hip entirely baniſhes all ſuſpicion and jealouſy, yet the honour of a married man is of ſo nice and tender a nature, that it has been ſometimes ſully'd by the converſation of the neareſt relations, and therefore more liable to ſuffer from that of a friend. Anſelmo obſerv'd this remiſſneſs of Lothario; and, fond as he was of his wife, ſhew'd by his tender complaints how much it affected him. He told him, that if he could have believ'd he muſt alſo have left ſo dear a correſpondence by marriage; as much as he lov'd, he would never have paid ſo great a price for the ſatisfaction of his paſſion; and that he would never for the idle reputation of a cautious huſband, ſuffer ſo tender and agreeable a name to be loſt, as that of the Two Friends, which before his marriage, they had ſo happily obtain'd, and therefore he begg'd him, if that were a term lawful to be us'd betwixt them two, to return to his former familiarity and freedom of converſation; aſſuring him, that his wife's will and pleaſure were entirely form'd by his; and that being acquainted with their ancient and ſtrict friendſhip, ſhe was equally ſurpriz'd at ſo unexpected a change. Lothario reply'd to theſe endearing perſuaſions of his friend, with ſuch prudence and diſcretion, that he convinced him of the ſincerity of his intentions in what he had done; and ſo in concluſion, they agreed that Lothario ſhould dine twice a week at his houſe, beſides holy-days. Yet Lothario's compliance with this reſolution being only not to diſoblige his friend, he deſign'd to obſerve it no farther than he ſhould find it conſiſtent with Anſelmo's honour, whoſe reputation was as

dear to him as his own; and he us'd to tell him, that the huſband of a beautiful wife ought to be as cautious of the friends whom he carry'd home to her himſelf, as other female acquaintance and viſitants. For a friend's or relation's houſe often renders the contrivance of thoſe things eaſy and not ſuſpected, which could not be compaſs'd either in the church, the markets, or at public entertainments and places of reſort, which no man can entirely keep a woman from frequenting. To this Lothario ſaid alſo, that every marry'd man ought to have ſome friend to put him in mind of the defects of his conduct; for a huſband's fondneſs many times makes him either not ſee, or at leaſt, for fear of diſpleaſing his wife, not command or forbid her what may be advantageous or prejudicial to his reputation. In all which, a friend's warning and advice might ſupply him with a proper remedy. But where ſhall we find a friend ſo qualify'd with wiſdom and truth as Anſelmo demands? I muſt confeſs I cannot tell, unleſs it were Lothario, whoſe care of his friend's honour made him ſo cautious as not to comply with his promis'd viſiting days, leſt the malicious obſervers ſhould give a ſcandalous cenſure of the frequent admiſſion of ſo well qualify'd a gentleman, both for his wit, fortune, youth and addreſs, to the houſe of a lady of ſo celebrated a beauty as Camilla: for though his virtue was ſufficiently known to check the growth of any malignant report, yet he would not ſuffer his friend's honour nor his own, to run the hazard of being call'd in queſtion; which made him ſpend the greateſt part of thoſe days,

he had by promiſe devoted to his friend's converſation, n other places and employments; yet excuſing his abence ſo agreeably, that Anſelmo could not deny the eaſonableneſs of what he alledg'd. And thus the time paſs'd away in pathetic accuſations of want of love and friendſhip on one ſide, and plauſible excuſes on the other.

I know very well, ſaid Anſelmo, walking one day in the fields with his friend, that of all the favours and benefits for which heaven commands my gratitude, as the advantage of my birth, fortune and nature; the greateſt and moſt obliging is the gift of ſuch a wife, and ſuch a friend; being both of you pledges of ſo great value, that though it is impoſſible for me to raiſe my eſteem and love equal to your deſerts, yet is no man capable of having a greater. And yet while I am in poſſeſſion of all that can, or uſually does, make a man happy, I live the moſt diſcontented life in the world. I am not able to tell you when my miſery began, which now inwardly torments me with ſo ſtrange, extravagant, and ſingular a deſire, that I never reflect on it, but I wonder at myſelf, and condemn and curb my folly, and would fain hide my deſires even from myſelf: and yet I have received no more advantage from this private confuſion, than if I had publiſh'd my extravagance to all the world. Since therefore it is evident that it will at laſt break out, dear Lothario, I would have it go no farther than thy known fidelity and ſecrecy; for that and my own induſtry (which as my friend thou wilt turn to my aſſiſtance) will quickly,

I hope, free me from the anguiſh it now gives me, and reſtore me that tranquillity of which my own folly has now depriv'd me.

Lothario ſtood in great ſuſpence, unable to gueſs at the conſequence of ſo ſtrange and prolix an introduction. In vain he rack'd his imagination for the cauſes of his friend's affliction, the truth was the laſt thing he could think of; but no longer to remain in doubt, he told Anſelmo, that he did his friendſhip a particular injury, in not coming directly to the point in the diſcovery of his thoughts to him, ſince his counſels might enable him to ſupport, and, perhaps, to loſe or compaſs ſuch importunate deſires.

It is very true, reply'd Anſelmo, and with that aſſurance I muſt inform you, that the deſire that gives me ſo much pain, is to know whether Camilla be really as virtuous as I think her. Nor can this be made evident but by ſuch a trial, that, like gold by the fire, the ſtandard and degree of her worth be diſcover'd. For, in my opinion, no woman has more virtue than ſhe retains, after the force of the moſt earneſt ſolicitations. *Caſta eſt quam nemo rogavit*†: and ſhe only may be ſaid to be chaſte, who has withſtood the force of tears, vows, promiſes, gifts, and all the importunities of a lover that is not eaſily deny'd: for where is the praiſe of a woman's virtue whom no body has ever endeavour'd to corrupt? Where is the wonder if a wife be reſerv'd, when ſhe has no temptation nor opportunity of being

† The nymph may be chaſte that has never been try'd.

otherwiſe, eſpecially if ſhe have a jealous huſband, with whom the leaſt ſuſpicion goes for a reality and who therefore puniſhes the leaſt appearance with death. Now I can never ſo much eſteem her who owes her virtue merely to fear or want of opportunity of being falſe, as I would one who victoriouſly ſurmounts all the aſſaults of a vigorous and watchful lover, and yet retains her virtue intire and unſhaken. Theſe, and many other reaſons, which I could urge to ſtrengthen my opinion, make me deſire that my Camilla's virtue may paſs through the fiery trial of vigorous ſolicitations and addreſſes, and theſe offer'd by a gallant, who may have merit enough to deſerve her good opinion; and if, as I am confident ſhe will, ſhe be able to reſiſt ſo agreeable a temptation, I ſhall think myſelf the moſt happy man in the world, and attain to the height and utmoſt aim of my deſires, and ſhall ſay, that a virtuous woman is fallen to my lot, of whom the wiſe man ſays, Who can find her? If ſhe yields, I ſhall, at leaſt, have the ſatisfaction of finding my opinion of women juſtify'd; and not be impos'd on by a fooliſh confidence, that abuſes moſt men; which conſideration will be ſufficient to make me ſupport the grief I ſhall derive from ſo expenſive an experiment. And aſſuring myſelf, that nothing which you can ſay can diſſwade me from my reſolution, I deſire that you yourſelf, my dear friend, would be the perſon to put my deſign in execution. I will furniſh you with opportunities enough of making your addreſſes, in which I would have you omit nothing you may ſuppoſe likely to prevail with, and work

upon a woman of quality, who is modeſt, virtuous, reſerv'd, and diſcreet by nature. The moſt prevailing reaſon that makes me chooſe you for this affair above all others, is, becauſe if ſhe ſhould prove ſo frail, as to be overcome by addreſſes and importunities, the victory will not coſt me ſo dear, ſince I am ſecur'd from your taking that advantage, of which another might make no ſcruple. And ſo my honour will remain untouch'd, and the intended injury a ſecret, in the virtue of thy ſilence; for I know my friend ſo well, that death and the grave will as ſoon divulge my affairs. Wherefore if you would give me life indeed, and deliver me from the moſt perplexing torment of doubt, you will immediately begin this amorous aſſault, with all that warmth, aſſiduity, and courage, I expect from that confidence I put in your friendſhip.

Lothario gave ſo great an attention to Anſelmo's reaſons, that he gave him no other interruption, than what we mention'd. But, now finding his diſcourſe was at an end, full of amazement at the extravagance of the propoſal, he thus reply'd, Could I, my dear Anſelmo, perſuade myſelf that what you have ſaid were any more than a piece of raillery, I ſhould not have been ſo long ſilent; no, I ſhould have interrupted you at the beginning of your ſpeech. Sure you know neither yourſelf nor me, Anſelmo, or you would never have employed me on ſuch an affair, if you had not thought me as much alter'd from what I was, as you ſeem to be; for, as the poet has it, *uſque ad aras;* a true friend ought to deſire nothing of his friend that is

offenſive to heaven. But ſhould a man ſo far exert his friendſhip, as to deviate a little from the ſeverity of religion, in compliance to his friend, no trifling motives can excuſe the tranſgreſſion, but ſuch only as concern, at leaſt, his friend's life and honour. Which therefore of theſe, Anſelmo, is in danger, to warrant my undertaking ſo deteſtable a thing as you deſire? Neither, I dare engage: on the contrary, you would make me the aſſaulter of both, in which my own is included; for to rob you of your reputation, is to take away your life, ſince an infamous life is worſe than death; and by making me the guilty inſtrument of this, as you would have me, you make me worſe than a dead man, by the murder of my reputation. Therefore I deſire you would hear with patience what I have to urge againſt your extravagant deſire, and I ſhall afterwards hear your reply, without interruption. Anſelmo having promis'd his attention, Lothario proceeded in this manner. In my opinion, you are not unlike the Moors, who are incapable of being convinced of the error of their religion, by ſcripture, ſpeculative reaſons, or thoſe drawn immediately from the articles of our faith; and will yield to nothing but demonſtrations, as evident as thoſe of the mathematics, and which can as little be deny'd, as when we ſay, if from two equal parts, we take away two equal parts, the parts that remain are alſo equal. And when they do not underſtand this propoſition, which they ſeldom do, we are obliged by operation, to make it yet more plain and obvious to their ſenſes: and yet all this labour will at laſt prove inef-

fectual to the convincing them of the verities of our religion. The ſame muſt be my method with you, ſince your ſtrange deſire is ſo very foreign to all manner of reaſon, that I very much fear I ſhall ſpend my time and labour in vain, in endeavouring to convince you of your own folly, for I can afford it no other name. Nay, did I not love you as I do, I ſhould leave you to the proſecution of your own odd humour, which certainly tends to your ruin. But to lay your folly a little more open, you bid me, Anſelmo, attempt a woman of honour, cautious of her reputation, and one who is not much inclin'd to love; for all theſe good qualifications you allow'd her. If therefore you already know your wife is poſſeſs'd of all theſe advantages of prudence, diſcretion, honour, and reſervedneſs, what have you more to enquire after? And if you believe, as I myſelf do, that ſhe will be impregnable to all my aſſaults; what greater and better names will you give her, than ſhe already deſerves? Either you pretend to think better of her, than really you do, or elſe you deſire you know not what yourſelf. But then if you do not believe her as virtuous as you pretend, why would you put it to the trial, why do you not rather uſe her as you think ſhe deſerves? On the other hand, if ſhe be as good as you profeſs you believe her, why would you go to tempt truth and goodneſs itſelf, without any reaſonable proſpect of advantage? For when the trial is over, ſhe will be but the ſame virtuous woman ſhe was before. Wherefore it is allowed that it is the effect of temerity, and want of reaſon, to attempt what is likely to pro-

duce nothing but danger and detriment to the undertaker, eſpecially, when there is no neceſſity for it, and when we may eaſily foreſee the folly of the undertaking. There are but theſe motives to incite us to difficult attempts, religion, intereſt, or both together. The firſt makes the ſaints endeavour to lead angelic lives in theſe frail bodies. The ſecond makes us expoſe ourſelves to the hazards of long voyages and travels in purſuit of riches. The third motive is compounded of both, and prompts us to act as well for the honour of God, as for our own particular glory and intereſts; as for example, the daring adventures of the valiant ſoldier, who, urg'd by his duty to God, his prince, and his country, fiercely runs into the midſt of a dreadful breach, unterrify'd with any conſiderations of the danger that threatens him. Theſe are things done every day, and let them be never ſo dangerous, they bring honour, glory, and profit, to thoſe that attempt them. But by the project you deſign to reduce to an experiment, you will never obtain either the glory of heaven, profit, or reputation: for ſhould the experiment anſwer your expectation, it will make no addition, either to your content, honour, or riches; but if it diſappoint your hopes, it makes you the moſt miſerable man alive. And the imaginary advantage of no man's knowing your diſgrace will ſoon vaniſh, when you conſider, that to know it yourſelf, will be enough to ſupply you perpetually with all the tormenting thoughts in the world. A proof of this is what the famous poet Ludovico Tan-

ſilo, at the end of his firſt part of * St. Peter's tears, ſays, in theſe words:

'Shame, grief, remorſe in Peter's breaſt increaſe,
'Soon as the bluſhing morn his crime betrays.
'When moſt unſeen, then moſt himſelf he ſees,
'And with due horror all his ſoul ſurveys.

'For a great ſpirit needs no cens'ring eyes
'To wound his ſoul, when conſcious of a fault;
'But ſelf-condemn'd and e'en ſelf-puniſh'd lies,
'And dreads no witneſs like upbraiding thought.

So that your boaſted ſecrecy, far from alleviating your grief, will only ſerve to increaſe it: and if your eyes do not expreſs it by outward tears, they will flow from your very heart in blood. So wept that ſimple doctor, who, as our poet tells us, made that experiment on the brittle veſſel, which the more prudent Reynoldus excus'd himſelf from doing. This, indeed, is but a poetical fiction, but yet the moral which it enforces is worthy being obſerv'd and imitated. And accordingly I hope you will diſcover the ſtrange miſtake into which you would run, principally when you have heard what I have farther to ſay to you.

Suppoſe, Anſelmo, you had a diamond, as valuable,

* This poem, written originally in Italian, is tranſlated into Spaniſh by Juan Sedeno, and into French by Malherbe.

in the judgment of the beſt jewellers, as ſuch a ſtone could be, would you not be ſatisfy'd with their opinion, without trying its hardneſs on the anvil? You muſt own, that ſhould it be proof againſt your blows, it would not be one jot the more valuable than really it was before your fooliſh trial; but ſhould it happen to break, as well it might, the jewel was then entirely loſt, as well as the ſenſe and reputation of the owner. This precious diamond, my friend, is your Camilla, for ſo ſhe ought to be eſteemed in all men's opinions as well as your own; why then would you imprudently put her in danger of falling, ſince your trial will add no greater value to her than ſhe has already? but if ſhe ſhould prove frail, reflect with yourſelf on the unhappineſs of your condition, and how juſtly you might complain of your being the cauſe of both her ruin and your own. Conſider, that as a modeſt and honeſt woman is the moſt valuable jewel in the world, ſo all women's virtue and honour conſiſt in the opinion and reputation they maintain with other people, and ſince that of your wife is perfect, both in your own and all other men's opinion, why will you go, to no purpoſe, to call the reality of it in queſtion? you muſt remember, my friend, that the nature of women is, at beſt, but weak and imperfect; and for that reaſon we ſhould be ſo far from caſting rubs in its way, that we ought, with all imaginable care, to remove every appearance that might hinder its courſe to that perfection it wants, which is virtue.

If you believe the naturaliſts, the Ermine is a very

white little creature; when the hunters have found its haunts, they ſurround it almoſt with dirt and mire, toward which the Ermine being forc'd to fly, rather than ſully its native white with dirt, it ſuffers itſelf to be taken, preferring its colour to its liberty and life. The virtuous woman is our Ermine, whoſe chaſtity is whiter than ſnow; but to preſerve its colour unſully'd, you muſt obſerve juſt a contrary method: the addreſſes and ſervices of an importunate lover, are the mire into which you ſhould never drive a woman; for it is ten to one ſhe will not be able to free herſelf and avoid it, being but too apt to ſtumble into it; and therefore that ſhould be always remov'd, and only the candour and beauty of virtue, and the charms of a good fame and reputation placed before her. A good woman is alſo not unlike a mirrour of cryſtal, which will infallibly be dimm'd and ſtain'd by breathing too much upon it: ſhe muſt rather be us'd like the reliques of ſaints, ador'd but not touch'd; or like a garden of curious tender flowers, that may at a diſtance gratify the eye, but are not permitted by the maſter to be trampled on or touch'd by every beholder. I ſhall add but a few verſes out of a late new play, very fit for our preſent purpoſe, where a prudent old man advis'd his neighbour, that had a daughter, to lock her up cloſe; and gives theſe reaſons for it, beſides ſeveral others:

'Since nothing is frailer than woman and glaſs,
'He that wou'd expoſe 'em to fall is an aſs;

And ſure the raſh mortal is yet more unwiſe,
Who on bodies ſo tickliſh experiments tries.
With eaſe both are damag'd; then keep that with care
Which no art can reſtore, nor no ſoder repair.
Fond man take my counſel, watch what is ſo frail;
For, where Danaes lie, golden ſhow'rs will prevail.

All I have hitherto urg'd relates only to you, I may now at laſt be allow'd to conſider what regards myſelf; and if I am tedious I hope you will pardon me; for to draw you out of the labyrinth into which you have run yourſelf; I am forc'd on that prolixity: you call me friend, yet, which is abſolutely inconſiſtent with friendſhip, you would rob me of my honour; nay, you ſtop not here, but would oblige me to deſtroy yours. Firſt, that you would rob me of mine is evident; for what will Camilla think, when I make a declaration of love to her, but that I am a perfidious villain, that makes no ſcruple of violating the moſt ſacred laws of friendſhip, and who ſacrifices the honour and reputation of my friend to a criminal paſſion: ſecondly, that I deſtroy yours is as evident; for when ſhe ſees me take ſuch a liberty with her, ſhe will imagine that I have diſcovered ſome weakneſs in her, that has given me aſſurance to make her ſo guilty a diſcovery, by which ſhe eſteeming herſelf injur'd in her honour, you being the principal part of her, muſt of neceſſity be affected with the affronts ſhe receives. For this is the reaſon why the huſband, tho' never ſo deſerving, cautious and careful, ſuffers the infamy of a ſcandalous name if his wife goes aſtray;

whereas in reaſon he ought rather to be an object of compaſſion than contempt, ſeeing the misfortune proceeds from the vice and folly of the wife, not his own defects. But ſince the reaſon and juſtice of the man's ſuffering for the wife's tranſgreſſion may be ſerviceable to you, I'll give you the beſt account of it I can; and pray do not think me tedious, ſince this is meant for your good. When woman was given to man, and marriage firſt ordain'd in paradiſe, man and wife were made and pronounc'd one fleſh; the huſband therefore being of a piece with the wife, whatever affects her affects him, as a part of her; tho', as I have ſaid, he has been no occaſion of it: for as the whole body is affected by the pain of any part, as the head will ſhare the pain of the foot, tho' it never caus'd that pain, ſo is the huſband touch'd with his wife's infamy, becauſe ſhe is part of him. And ſince all worldly honours and diſhonours are deriv'd from fleſh and blood, and the ſcandalous baſeneſs of an unfaithful wife proceeds from the ſame principle, it neceſſarily follows, that the huſband, tho' no party in the offence, and entirely ignorant and innocent of it, muſt have his ſhare of the infamy. Let what I have ſaid, my dear Anſelmo, make you ſenſible of the danger into which you would run, by endeavouring thus to diſturb the happy tranquillity and repoſe that your wife at preſent enjoys; and for how vain a curioſity, and extravagant a caprice, you would rouſe and awake thoſe peccant humours which are now lull'd aſleep by the power of an unattempted chaſtity. Reflect farther, how ſmall a return you can expect from ſo hazardous a

voyage, and ſuch valuable commodities as you venture; for the treaſure you will loſe is ſo great, and ought to be ſo dear, that all words are too inexpreſſive to ſhew how much you ought to eſteem it. But if all I have ſaid be too weak to deſtroy your fooliſh reſolve, employ ſome other inſtrument of your diſgrace and ruin: for, tho' I ſhould loſe your friendſhip, a loſs which I muſt eſteem the greateſt in the world, I will have no hand in an affair ſo prejudicial to your honour.

Lothario ſaid no more, and Anſelmo diſcovering a deſponding melancholy in his face, remain'd a great while ſilent and confounded. At laſt, I have, ſaid he, my friend, liſten'd to your diſcourſe, as you might obſerve, with all the attention in nature, and every part of what you have ſaid convinces me of the greatneſs of your wiſdom and friendſhip; and I muſt own, that if I ſuffer my deſires to prevail over your reaſons, I ſhun the good and purſue the evil. But yet, my friend, you ought, on the other ſide, to reflect, that my diſtemper is not much unlike that of thoſe women, who ſometimes long for coals, lime, nay, ſome things that are loathſome to the very ſight; and therefore ſome little arts ſhould be us'd to endeavour my cure, which might eaſily be effected, if you would but conſent to ſolicit Camilla, though it were but weakly and remiſsly; for I am ſure ſhe will not be ſo frail to ſurrender at the firſt aſſault, which yet will be ſufficient to give me the ſatisfaction I deſire; and in this you will fulfil the duty of our friendſhip, in reſtoring me to life, and ſecuring my honour, by your powerful and perſuaſive

reaſons. And you are indeed bound as my friend to d thus much to ſecure me from betraying my defects an follies to a ſtranger, which would hazard that reputa tion, which you have taken ſo much pains to preſerve; ſince I am ſo bent on this experiment, that if you re fuſe me, I ſhall certainly apply myſelf elſewhere: an though a while your reputation may ſuffer in Camilla' opinion, yet when ſhe has once prov'd triumphant, yo may cure that wound, and recover her good opinion, by a ſincere diſcovery of your deſign. Wherefore I conjure you to comply with my importunity, in ſpight of all the obſtacles that may preſent themſelves to you, ſince what I deſire is ſo little, and the pleaſure I ſhall derive from it ſo great, for as I have promis'd, your very firſt attempt ſhall ſatisfy me as much as if you had gone through the whole experiment.

Lothario plainly ſaw that Anſelmo's reſolution was too much fix'd for any thing he could ſay to alter it, and finding that he threaten'd to betray his folly to a ſtranger, if he perſiſted in a refuſal; to avoid greater inconveniencies, he reſolv'd to ſeem to comply with his deſires, privately deſigning to ſatisfy Anſelmo's caprice, without giving Camilla any trouble; and therefore he deſir'd him to break the matter to no body elſe, ſince he would himſelf undertake it, and begin as ſoon as he pleas'd. Anſelmo embraced him with all the love and tenderneſs imaginable, and was as prodigal of his thanks, as if the very promiſe had been the greateſt obligation that could be laid on him. They immediately agreed on the next day for the trial, at which time An-

ſelmo ſhould give him the opportunity of being alone with her, and gold and jewels to preſent her with. He adviſ'd him to omit no point of gallantry, as ſerenades and ſongs, and verſes in her praiſe; offering to make them himſelf, if Lothario would not be at the trouble. But Lothario promiſ'd him to do all himſelf, though his deſign was far different from Anſelmo's.

Matters being thus adjuſted, they return'd to Anſelmo's houſe, where they found the beautiful Camilla ſad with concern for the abſence of her huſband beyond his uſual hour. Lothario left him there, and retir'd home, as penſive how to come off handſomely in this ridiculous affair, as he had left Anſelmo pleas'd and contented with his undertaking it. But that night, he contriv'd a way of impoſing on Anſelmo to his ſatisfaction, without offending Camilla. So next day he goes to Anſelmo's, and was receiv'd by Camilla with a civility and reſpect anſwerable to the uncommon friendſhip ſhe knew was between him and her huſband. Dinner being over, Anſelmo deſir'd his friend to keep his lady company till his return from an extraordinary affair, that would require his abſence about an hour and half. Camilla deſir'd him not to go; Lothario offer'd to go with him; but he pleaded peculiar buſineſs, intreated his friend to ſtay, and injoin'd his wife not to leave him alone till his return. In ſhort, he knew ſo well how to counterfeit a neceſſity for his abſence, though that neceſſity proceeded only from his own folly, that no one could perceive it was feign'd. And ſo

he left them together, without any one to obſerve their actions all the ſervants being retired to dinner.

Thus Lothario found himſelf enter'd the liſts, his adverſary before him terribly arm'd with a thouſand piercing beauties, ſufficient to overcome all the men ſhe ſhould encounter, which gave him cauſe enough to fear his own fate. The firſt thing he did in this firſt onſet, was to lean his head careleſly on his hand, and beg her leave to take a nap in his chair, till his friend came back: Camilla told him ſhe thought he might reſt with more eaſe on the couch * in the next room; he declar'd himſelf ſatisfy'd with the place where he was, and ſo ſlept till his friend came back. Anſelmo finding his wife in her chamber, and Lothario aſleep at his return, concluded that he had given them time enough both for diſcourſe, and repoſe; and therefore waited with a great deal of impatience for his friend's awaking, that they might retire, and he might acquaint him with his ſucceſs. Lothario at laſt awak'd, and going out with his friend, he anſwer'd his enquiry to this purpoſe, that he did not think it convenient to proceed farther, at that time, than ſome general praiſe of her wit and beauty, which would beſt prepare his way for what he might do hereafter. and diſpoſe her to give a more eaſy and willing ear to what he ſhould ſay to her: as the devil, by laying a pleaſing and apparent good at

* *Eſtrado.* A ſpace of the viſiting rooms of ladies, rais'd a foot above the floor of the reſt of the room, cover'd with carpets or mats, on which the ladies ſit on cuſhions laid along by the wall, or low ſtools.

firſt before us, inſinuates himſelf into our inclinations ſo that he generally gains his point before we diſcover the cloven foot, if his diſguiſe paſs on us in the beginning. Anſelmo was extremely ſatisfy'd with what Lothario ſaid, and promis'd him every day as good an opportunity; and though he could not go every day abroad, yet he would manage his conduct ſo well, that Camilla ſhould have no cauſe of ſuſpicion. He took care to do as he ſaid. But Lothario wilfully loſt the frequent opportunities he gave him; however, he ſooth'd him ſtill with aſſurances, that his lady was inflexible, her virtue not to be ſurmounted, and that ſhe had threatned to diſcover his attempts to her huſband, if ever he preſum'd to be ſo inſolent again; ſo far was ſhe from giving the leaſt hope or encouragement. Thus far it is well, ſaid Anſelmo, but yet Camilla has reſiſted nothing but words, we muſt now ſee what proof ſhe is againſt more ſubſtantial temptations. To-morrow I will furniſh you with two thouſand crowns in gold, to preſent her with; and as a farther bait, you ſhall have as much more for jewels. For women, eſpecially if they are handſome, naturally love to go gayly and richly dreſs'd, be they never ſo chaſte and virtuous; and if ſhe have power to overcome this temptation, I'll give you no farther trouble. Since I have begun this adventure, reply'd Lothario, I will make an end of it, though I am ſure her repulſes will tire out my patience, and her virtue overcome any temptation, and baffle my endeavours.

The next day Anſelmo deliver'd him the four thou

ſand crowns, and with them as many perplexing thoughts, not knowing how to ſupply his invention with ſome new ſtory to amuſe his friend. However at laſt he reſolv'd to return the money, with aſſurance that Camilla was as unmov'd with preſents, as with praiſe, and as untouch'd with promiſes as with vows and ſighs of love; and therefore all farther attempts would be but a fruitleſs labour. This was his intention; but fortune that meddl'd too much in theſe affairs diſappointed his deſigns. For Anſelmo having left him alone with his wife one day as he us'd to do, privately convey'd himſelf into the cloſet, and through the chinks of the door ſet himſelf to obſerve what they did; he found that for one half hour Lothario ſaid not one word to Camilla, from whence he concluded that all the addreſſes, importunities and repulſes, with which he had amus'd him were pure fictions. But, that he might be fully ſatisfy'd in the truth of his ſurmiſe, coming from his covert he took his friend aſide, and enquired of him what Camilla had then ſaid to him, and how he now found her inclin'd? Lothario reply'd, that he would make no farther trial of her, ſince her anſwer had now been ſo ſevere and awful, that he durſt not for the future venture upon a diſcourſe ſo evidently her averſion.

Ah! Lothario, Lothario! cry'd Anſelmo, is it thus that you keep your promiſes? is this what I ſhould expect from your friendſhip? I obſerv'd you through that door, and found that you ſaid not a word to Camilla; and from thence I am very well ſatisfy'd, that you have

only impos'd on me all the anſwers and relations you have made. Why did you hinder me from employing ſome other, if you never intended to ſatisfy my deſire? Anſelmo ſaid no more, but this was enough to confound Lothario, and cover him with ſhame for being found in a lye. Therefore to appeaſe his friend, he ſwore to him, from that time forward, to ſet in good earneſt about the matter, and that ſo effectually, that he himſelf, if he would again give himſelf the trouble of obſerving him, ſhould find proof enough of his ſincerity. Anſelmo believ'd him; and to give him the better opportunity, he engaged a friend of his to ſend for him, with a great deal of importunity, to come to his houſe at a village near the city, where he meant to ſpend eight days, to take away all apprehenſion and fear from both his friend and his wife.

Was ever man ſo unhappy as Anſelmo, who induſtriouſly contriv'd the plot of his own ruin and diſhonour? He had a very good wife, and poſſeſs'd her in quiet, without any other man's mingling in his pleaſures; her thoughts were bounded with her own houſe, and her huſband, the only earthly good ſhe hoped or thought on, and her only pleaſure and deſire, his will the rule of her's, and meaſure of her conduct. When he poſſeſs'd love, honour, beauty and diſcretion, without pain or toil, what ſhould provoke him to ſeek with ſo much danger and hazard of what he had already, that which was not to be found in nature! He that aims at things impoſſible, ought juſtly to loſe thoſe ad-

vantages which are within the bounds of poſſibility, as the poet ſings:

I.

'In death I ſeek for life,
'In a diſeaſe for health,
'For quietneſs in ſtrife,
'In poverty for wealth,
'And conſtant truth in an inconſtant wife.

II.

'But ſure the fates diſdain
'My mad deſires to pleaſe,
'Nor ſhall I e'er obtain
'What others get with eaſe,
'Since I demand what no man e'er cou'd gain.'

The next day Anſelmo went out of town; having firſt inform'd Camilla, that his friend Lothario would look after his affairs, and keep her company in his abſence, and deſir'd her to make as much of him as of himſelf. His lady, like a diſcreet woman, begged him to conſider how improper a thing it was for any other to take his place in his abſence; and told him, that if he doubted her ability in managing her houſe, he ſhould try her but this time, and ſhe queſtion'd not but he would find ſhe had capacity to acquit herſelf to his ſatisfaction in greater matters. Anſelmo reply'd, that it was her duty not to diſpute, but obey his command: to which ſhe return'd, that ſhe would comply, though much againſt her will. In ſhort, her huſband left the town: Lothario, the next day, was receiv'd at her

houſe with all the reſpect that could be paid a friend ſo dear to her huſband; but yet with ſo much caution, that ſhe never permitted herſelf to be left alone with him, but kept perpetually ſome of her maids in the room, and chiefly Leonela, for whom ſhe had a particular love, as having been bred in her father's houſe with her from her infancy.

Lothario ſaid nothing to her the three firſt days, notwithſtanding he might have found an opportunity when the ſervants were gone to dinner; for though the prudent Camilla had order'd Leonela to dine before her, that ſhe might have no occaſion to go out of the room; yet ſhe, who had other affairs to employ her thoughts, more agreeable to her inclinations (to gratify which, that was uſually the only convenient time ſhe could find) was not ſo very punctually obedient to her lady's commands, but that ſhe ſometimes left them together. Lothario did not yet make uſe of theſe advantages, as I have ſaid, being aw'd by the virtue and modeſty of Camilla. But this ſilence which ſhe thus impos'd on Lothario, had at laſt a quite contrary effect. For though he ſaid nothing, his thoughts were active, his eyes were employ'd to ſee and ſurvey the outward charms of a form ſo perfect, that it was enough to fire the moſt cold, and ſoften the moſt obdurate heart. In theſe intervals of ſilence, he conſider'd how much ſhe deſerv'd to be belov'd; and theſe conſiderations by little and little undermin'd and aſſaulted the faith which he ow'd to his friend. A thouſand times he reſolv'd to leave the city and retire where Anſelmo

ſhould never ſee him, and where he ſhould never more behold the dangerous face of Camilla; but the extreme pleaſure he found in ſeeing her, ſoon deſtroyed ſo feeble a reſolve. When he was alone he wou'd accuſe his want of friendſhip and religion, and run into frequent compariſons betwixt himſelf and Anſelmo, which generally concluded that Anſelmo's folly and madneſs was greater than his breach of faith; and that, would heaven as eaſily excuſe his intentions as man, he had no cauſe to fear any puniſhment for the crime he was going to commit. In fine, Camilla's beauty, and the opportunity given him by the huſband himſelf, wholly vanquiſh'd his faith and friendſhip. And now having an eye only to the means of obtaining that pleaſure, to which he was prompted with ſo much violence; after he had ſpent the three firſt days of Anſelmo's abſence, in a conflict betwixt love and virtue, he attempted, by all means poſſible, to prevail with Camilla, and diſcover'd ſo much paſſion in his words and actions, that Camilla, ſurprized with the unexpected aſſault, flung from him out of the room, and retir'd with haſte to her chamber. Hope is always born with love, nor did this repulſe in the leaſt diſcourage Lothario from farther attempts on Camilla, who by this appear'd more charming, and more worthy his purſuit. She, on the other hand, knew not what to do upon the diſcovery of that in Lothario, which ſhe never could have imagin'd. The reſult of her reflections was this, that ſince ſhe could not give him any opportunity of ſpeaking to her again, without the hazard of her repu-

ation and honour, ſhe would ſend a letter to her huſband to ſolicit his return to his houſe. The letter ſhe ſent by a meſſenger that very night; and it was to this purpoſe.

CHAP. VII.

In which the hiſtory of the Curious Impertinent is purſued.

'AS it is very improper to leave an army without a general, and a garriſon without its gover-'nor; ſo to me it ſeems much more imprudent to leave 'a young marry'd woman without her huſband; eſpe-'cially when there are no affairs of conſequence to 'plead for his abſence. I find myſelf ſo ill in your's, 'and ſo impatient, and unable to endure it any longer, 'that if you come not home very quickly, I ſhall be 'oblig'd to return to my father's, though I leave your 'houſe without any one to look after it: for the per-'ſon to whom you have intruſted the care of your fa-'mily, has, I believe, more regard to his own plea-'ſure than your concerns. You are wiſe and prudent, 'and therefore I ſhall ſay no more, nor is it convenient 'I ſhould.

Anſelmo was not a little ſatisfy'd at the receipt of this letter, which aſſur'd him that Lothario had begun the attempt, which ſhe had repell'd according to his hopes; and therefore he ſent her word not to leave his houſe, aſſuring her it ſhould not be long before he return'd. Camilla was ſurpriz'd with his anſwer, and

more perplex'd than before, being equally afraid of going to her father, and of ſtaying at home; in the firſt ſhe diſobey'd her huſband, in the latter ran the riſk of her honour. The worſt reſolution prevail'd, which was to ſtay at her own houſe, and not avoid Lothario's company, leſt it ſhould give ſome cauſe of ſuſpicion to her ſervants. And now ſhe repented her writing to Anſelmo, leſt he ſhould ſuſpect that Lothario had obſerv'd ſome indiſcretion in her, that made him loſe the reſpect due to her, and gave him aſſurance to offer at the corrupting her virtue: but confiding in heaven and her own innocence, which ſhe thought proof againſt all Lothario's attempts, ſhe reſolv'd to make no anſwer to whatever he ſhould ſay to her, and never more to trouble her huſband with complaints, for fear of engaging him in diſputes and quarrels with his friend. For that reaſon ſhe conſider'd how ſhe might beſt excuſe him to Anſelmo, when he ſhould examine the cauſe of her writing to him in that manner. With a reſolution ſo innocent and dangerous, the next day ſhe gave ear to all that Lothario ſaid: and he gave the aſſault with ſuch force and vigour, that Camilla's conſtancy could not ſtand the ſhock unmov'd, and her virtue could do no more than guard her eyes from betraying that tender compaſſion, of which his vows and intreaties, and all his ſighs and tears had made her heart ſenſible. Lothario diſcover'd this with an infinite ſatisfaction, and no leſs addition to his flame; and found that he ought to make uſe of this opportunity, of Anſelmo's abſence, with all his force and importunity,

to win ſo valuable a fortreſs. He began with the powerful battery of the praiſe of her beauty, which being directly pointed on the weakeſt part of woman, her vanity, with the greateſt eaſe and facility in the world makes a breach as great as a lover would deſire. Lothario was not unſkilful or remiſs in the attack, but follow'd his fire ſo cloſe, that let Camilla's integrity be built on never ſo obdurate a rock, it muſt at laſt have fall'n. He wept, pray'd, flatter'd, promis'd, ſwore, vow'd, and ſhew'd ſo much paſſion and truth in what he ſaid, that beating down the care of her honour, he, at laſt, triumphed over what he ſcarce durſt hope, though what he moſt of all deſir'd; for ſhe, at laſt, ſurrender'd, even Camilla ſurrendered. Nor ought we to wonder if ſhe yielded, ſince even Lothario's friendſhip and virtue were not able to withſtand the terrible aſſault; an evident proof that love is a power too ſtrong to be overcome by any thing but flying, and that no mortal creature ought to be ſo preſumptuous as to ſtand the encounter, ſince there is need of ſomething more than human, and indeed a heavenly force, to confront and vanquiſh that human paſſion. Leonela was the only confident of this amour, which theſe new lovers and faithleſs friends could not by any means conceal from her knowledge. Lothario would not diſcover to Camilla, that her huſband, for her trial, had deſignedly given him this opportunity, to which he ow'd ſo extreme a happineſs; becauſe ſhe ſhould not think he wanted love to ſolicit her himſelf with importunity, or that ſhe was gain'd on too eaſy terms.

Anſelmo came home in a few days, but diſcover'd not what he had loſt, though it was what he moſt valu'd and eſteemed: from thence he went to Lothario, and embracing him, begg'd of him to let him know his fate. All I can tell you, my friend, anſwer'd Lothario, is that you may boaſt yourſelf of the beſt wife in the world, the ornament of her ſex, and the pattern which all virtuous women ought to follow. Words, offers, preſents, all is ineffectual, the tears I pretended to ſhed, mov'd only her laughter. Camilla is not only miſtreſs of the greateſt beauty, but of modeſty, diſcretion, ſweetneſs of temper, and every other virtue and perfection that add to the charms of a woman of honour. Therefore, my friend, here take back your money, I have had no occaſion to lay it out, for Camilla's integrity cannot be corrupted by ſuch baſe and mercenary things as gifts and promiſes. And now, Anſelmo, be at laſt content with the trial you have already made; and having ſo luckily got over the dangerous quick-ſands of doubts and ſuſpicions that are to be met with in the ocean of matrimony, do not venture out again, with another pilot, that veſſel, whoſe ſtrength you have ſufficiently experienc'd; but believe yourſelf, as you are, ſecurely anchor'd in a ſafe harbour, at pleaſure and eaſe, till death, from whoſe force, no title, power, nor dignity can ſecure us, does come and cut the cable. Anſelmo was extremely ſatisfy'd with Lothario's diſcourſe, and believ'd it as firmly as if it had been an oracle; yet deſir'd him to continue his purſuit, if it were but to paſs away the time: he did not require he

ſhould preſs Camilla with thoſe importunities he had before us'd, but only make ſome verſes in her praiſe, under the name of Cloris; and he would make Camilla believe he celebrated a lady he lov'd, under that name, to ſecure her honour and reputation from the cenſure which a more open declaration would expoſe her to: he added, that if Lothario would not be at the expence of ſo much trouble and time, as to compoſe them himſelf, he would do it for him with a great deal of pleaſure. Lothario told him there was no need of that, ſince he himſelf was ſometimes poetically given; do you but tell Camilla of my pretended love, as you ſay you will, and I'll make the verſes as well as I can, tho' not ſo well as the excellency of the ſubject requires. The curious impertinent, and his treacherous friend, having thus agreed the matter, Anſelmo went home, and then aſk'd Camilla on what occaſion ſhe ſent him the letter? Camilla, who wonder'd that this queſtion had not been aſk'd her before, reply'd, that the motive that prevail'd with her to write in that manner to him, was a jealouſy ſhe had entertain'd, that Lothario, in his abſence, look'd on her with more criminal and deſiring eyes than he us'd to do when he was at home; but that ſince ſhe had reaſon to believe that ſuſpicion but weakly grounded, ſeeing he diſcovered rather an averſion than love, as avoiding all occaſions of being alone with her. Anſelmo told her ſhe had nothing to apprehend from Lothario on that account, ſince he knew his affections engag'd on one of the nobleſt young ladies of the city, whoſe praiſe he writ under the name

of Cloris; but were he not thus engag'd, there was no reaſon to ſuſpect Lothario's virtue and friendſhip. Camilla, at this diſcourſe, without doubt, would have been very jealous of Lothario, had he not told her his deſign of abuſing her huſband, with the pretence of another love, that he might, with the greater liberty and ſecurity, expreſs her praiſe and his paſſion. The next day, at dinner, Anſelmo deſired him to read ſome of the verſes he had made on his belov'd Cloris; telling him, he might ſay any thing of her before Camilla, ſince ſhe did not know who the lady was. Did Camilla know her, reply'd Lothario, that ſhould not make me paſs over in ſilence any part of that praiſe which was her due; for if a lover complains of his miſtreſs's cruelty, while he is praiſing her perfections, ſhe can never ſuffer in her reputation. Therefore, without any fear, I ſhall repeat a ſonnet which I made yeſterday on the ingratitude of Cloris.

A SONNET.

'AT dead of night, when ev'ry troubl'd breaſt
'By balmy ſleep is eas'd of anxious pain,
'When ſlaves themſelves in pleaſing dreams are bleſt,
'Of heaven and Cloris, reſtleſs I complain.
'The roſy morn diſpels the ſhades of night,
'The ſun, the pleaſures, and the day return;
'All nature's chear'd with the reviving light;
'I, only I, can never ceaſe to mourn.

'At noon, in vain, I bid my ſorrow ceaſe,
'The heat encreaſes, and my pains increaſe,
'And ſtill my ſoul in the mild evening grieves:
'The night returns, and my complaints renew,
'No moment ſees me free; in vain I ſue,
'Heav'n ne'er relents, and Cloris ne'er relieves.

Camilla was mightily pleas'd with the ſonnet, but Anſelmo tranſported; he was laviſh of his commendation, and added, that the lady muſt be barbarouſly cruel that made no return to ſo much truth, and ſo violent a paſſion. What, muſt we then believe all that a poet in love tells us for truth? ſaid Camilla. Madam, reply'd Lothario, though the poet may exceed, yet the lover corrects his fondneſs for fiction, and makes him ſpeak truth. Anſelmo, to advance Lothario's credit with Camilla, confirm'd whatever he ſaid; but ſhe not minding her huſband's confirmations, was ſufficiently perſuaded, by her paſſion for Lothario, to an implicit faith in all he ſaid; and therefore pleas'd with this compoſition, and more ſatisfy'd in the knowledge ſhe had that all was addreſs'd to herſelf, as the true Cloris, ſhe deſired him to repeat ſome other verſes he had made on that ſubject, if he could remember any. I remember ſome, reply'd Lothario; but, madam, in my opinion, they are not ſo tolerable as the former; but you ſhall be judge yourſelf.

A SONNET.

I.

'I Die your victim, cruel fair;
'And die without reprieve,
'If you can think your ſlave can bear
'Your cruelty, and live.

II.

'Since all my hopes of eaſe are vain,
'To die I now ſubmit;
'And that you may not think I feign;
'It muſt be at your feet.

III.

'Yet when my bleeding heart you view,
'Bright nymph, forbear to grieve;
'For I had rather die for you,
'Than for another live.

IV.

'In death and dark oblivion's grave,
'Oh! let me lie forlorn,
'For my poor ghoſt would pine and rave,
'Shou'd you relent and mourn.

Anſelmo was not leſs profuſe in his praiſe of this ſonnet, than he had been of the other, and ſo added new fuel to the fire that was to conſume his reputation. He contributed to his own abuſe, in commending his falſe friend's attempts on his honour, as the moſt important ſervice he could do it; and this made him believe, that every ſtep Camilla made down to contempt

and diſgrace, was a degree ſhe mounted towards that perfection of virtue which he deſir'd ſhe ſhould attain.

Some time after, Camilla being alone with her maid, I am aſham'd, ſaid ſhe, my Leonela, that I gave Lothario ſo eaſy a conqueſt over me, and did not know my own worth enough to make him undergo ſome greater fatigues, before I made him ſo entire a ſurrender. I am afraid he will think my haſty conſent the effect of the looſeneſs of my temper, and not at all conſider that the force and violence he us'd, depriv'd me of the power of reſiſting. Ah! madam, return'd Leonela, let not that diſquiet you; for the ſpeedy beſtowing a benefit of an intrinſic value, and which you deſign to beſtow at laſt, can never leſſen the favour; for according to the old proverb, He that gives quickly gives twice. To anſwer your proverb with another, reply'd Camilla, That which coſts little is leſs valued. But this has nothing to do with you, anſwer'd Leonela, ſince it is ſaid of love that it ſometimes goes, ſometimes flies; runs with one, walks gravely with another; turns a third into ice, and ſets a fourth in a flame; it wounds one, another it kills: like lightning, it begins and ends in the ſame moment: it makes that fort yield at night which it beſieg'd but in the morning; for there is no force able to reſiſt it. Since this is evident, what cauſe have you to be ſurprized at your own frailty? And why ſhould you apprehend any thing from Lothario, who has felt the ſame irreſiſtible power, and yielded to it as ſoon? For love, to gain a conqueſt, took the ſhort opportunity of my maſter's abſence,

which being ſo ſhort and uncertain, love, that had before determin'd this ſhould be done, added force and vigour to the lover, not to leave any thing to time and chance, which might, by Anſelmo's return, cut off all opportunities of accompliſhing ſo agreeable a work. The beſt and moſt officious ſervant of love's retinue, is occaſion or opportunity: this it is that love improves in all its progreſs, but moſt in the beginning and firſt riſe of an amour. I truſt not in what I have ſaid to the uncertainty of report, but to experience, which affords the moſt certain and moſt valuable knowledge, as I will inform you, madam, ſome day or other; for I am like you, made of frail fleſh and blood, fir'd by youth and youthful deſires. But, madam, you did not ſurrender to Lothario till you had ſufficient proof of his love, from his eyes, his vows, his promiſes, and gifts; till you had ſeen the merit of his perſon, and the beauty of his mind; all which convinced you how much he deſerv'd to be lov'd. Then trouble yourſelf no more, madam, with theſe fears and jealouſies; but thank your ſtars, that, ſince you were doom'd a victim to love, you fell by the force of ſuch valour and merit that cannot be doubted. You yielded to one who has not only the four S's *, which are requir'd in every good lover, but even the whole alphabet; as for example, he is, in my opinion, agreeable, bountiful, conſtant, dutiful, eaſy, faithful, gallant, honourable, ingenious, kind, loyal, mild, noble, officious, prudent,

* As if we ſhould ſay, ſightly, ſprightly, ſincere, and ſecret.

quiet, rich, ſecret, true, valiant, wiſe; the X, indeed, is too harſh a letter to agree with him, but he is young and zealous for your honour and ſervice. Camilla laugh'd at her woman's alphabet, and thought her (as indeed ſhe was) more learn'd in the practical part of love, than ſhe had yet confeſs'd. She then inform'd her miſtreſs of an affair that had been betwixt her and a young man of the town. Camilla was not a little concern'd at what ſhe ſaid, being apprehenſive that her honour might ſuffer by her woman's indiſcretion; and therefore aſk'd her if the amour had paſs'd any farther than words? Leonela, without any fear or ſhame, own'd her guilty correſpondence with all the freedom in the world; for the miſtreſs's guilt gives the ſervant impudence; and generally they imitate their ladies frailties, without any fear of the public cenſure.

Camilla, finding her error paſt remedy, could only beg Leonela to diſcloſe nothing of her affair to her lover, and manage her amour with ſecrecy and diſcretion, for fear Lothario or Anſelmo ſhould hear of it. Leonela promis'd to obey her; but ſhe did it in ſuch a manner, that Camilla was perpetually in fear of the loſs of her reputation by her folly; for ſhe grew ſo confident on her knowledge of her lady's tranſgreſſion, that ſhe admitted the gallant into the houſe, not caring if her lady knew it, being certain that ſhe durſt not make any diſcovery to her maſter; for when once a miſtreſs has ſuffer'd her virtue to be vanquiſh'd, and admits of any criminal correſpondence, it ſubjects her to her own ſervants, and makes her ſubſervient to their lewd prac-

tices, which ſhe is ſlaviſhly bound to conceal. Thus it was with Camilla, who was forced to wink at the viſible rendezvous, which Leonela had with her lover, in a certain chamber of the houſe which ſhe thought proper for the occaſion; nor was that all, ſhe was conſtrain'd to give her the opportunity of hiding him, that he might not be ſeen by her huſband.

But all this caution did not ſecure him from being ſeen by Lothario one morning, as he was getting out of the houſe by break of day. His ſurpriſe had made him think it a ſpirit, had not his haſte away, and his muffling himſelf up as he did, that he might not be known convinced him of his error, and thrown him into a fit of jealouſy, that had certainly undone them all, had not Camilla's wit and addreſs prevented it. For Lothario concluded that Camilla, that had made no very obſtinate reſiſtance to him, had as eaſily ſurrender'd to ſome other; and he fancy'd that the perſon he ſaw come from her houſe was the new favour'd lover; never remembring there was ſuch a perſon as Leonela in the houſe, and that he might be a lover of her's. For when once a woman parts with her virtue, ſhe loſes the eſteem even of the man whoſe vows and tears won her to abandon it; and he believes ſhe will with as little, if not leſs difficulty, yield to another; he perverts the leaſt ſuſpicions into reality, and takes the ſlighteſt appearance for the moſt evident matter of fact.

Thus Lothario, diſtracted by the moſt violent jealouſy in the world, without allowing himſelf time to conſider, gave way to the tranſports of his rage and de-

re of revenge on Camilla, who had not injur'd him; e goes immediately to Anſelmo, and having found him -bed: I have, my friend ſaid he to him, theſe ſeveal days undergone a moſt ſevere conflict within my mind, and us'd all the force and violence I was capable of to conceal an affair from you, which I can no longer forbear diſcovering without an apparent wrong to juſtice, and my friendſhip. Know then that Camilla is now ready to do whatſoever I ſhall deſire of her; and the reaſon that moſt prevail'd with me to delay this diſcovery was, that I would be ſatisfy'd whether ſhe were in earneſt, or only pretended this compliance to try me; but had ſhe been ſo virtuous as you and I believ'd her, ſhe would, by this time, have inform'd you of that importunity which, by your deſire, I us'd; but finding that ſhe is ſilent, and takes no notice of that to you, I have reaſon to believe that ſhe is but too ſincere in thoſe guilty promiſes ſhe has made me, of meeting me to my ſatisfaction in the wardrobe, the next time your abſence from the town ſhould furniſh her with an opportunity. (This was true indeed, for that was the place of their common rendezvous.) Yet I would not have you, continued he, take a raſh and inconſiderate revenge, ſince it is poſſible, before the time of aſſignation, her virtue may rally, and ſhe repent her folly. Therefore, as you have hitherto taken my advice, be rul'd by me now, that you may not be impos'd on, but have a ſufficient conviction before you put your reſolves into execution. Pretend two or three days abſence, and then privately convey yourſelf behind the hangings in the wardrobe,

as you eaſily may, whence you may, without difficulty, be an eye-witneſs with me of Camilla's conduct; and if it be as criminal as we may juſtly fear, then you may with ſecrecy and ſpeed puniſh her, as the injury deſerves.

Anſelmo was extremely ſurpriz'd at ſo unexpected a misfortune, to find himſelf deceiv'd in thoſe imaginary triumphs he pleas'd himſelf with, in Camilla's ſuppos'd victory over all Lothario's aſſaults. A great while he was in a ſilent ſuſpence, with his eyes dejected, without force, and without ſpirit; but turning at laſt to his friend, You have done all, ſaid he, Lothario, that I could expect from ſo perfect a friendſhip, I will therefore be entirely guided by your advice; do therefore what you pleaſe, but uſe all the ſecrecy a thing of this nature requires. Lothario, aſſuring him of that, left him; but full of repentance for the raſhneſs he had been guilty of in telling him ſo much as he had, ſince he might have taken a ſufficient revenge, by a leſs cruel and diſhonourable way. He curs'd his want of ſenſe, and the weakneſs of his reſolution, but could not find out any way to produce a leſs fatal event of his treachery, than he could juſtly expect from the experiment. But at laſt he concluded to inform Camilla of all he had done; which his freedom of acceſs gave him opportunity to do that very day, when he found her alone; and ſhe began thus to him. I am ſo oppreſs'd, my Lothario, with a misfortune which I lie under, that it will certainly for ever deſtroy my quiet and happineſs, if there be not ſome ſpeedy remedy found for it: Leo-

nela is grown ſo preſumptuous, on her knowledge of my affairs, that ſhe admits her lover all night to her chamber, and ſo expoſes my reputation to the cenſure of any that ſhall ſee him go out at unſeaſonable hours from my houſe; and the greateſt and moſt remedileſs part of my grief is, that I dare not correct or chide her for her imprudence and impudence; for being conſcious of our correſpondence, ſhe obliges me to conceal her failings, which I am extremely apprehenſive will in the end be very fatal to my happineſs. Lothario was at firſt jealous that Camilla deſign'd cunningly thus to impoſe her own privado on him for Leonela's; but being convinced by her tears, and the apparent concern in her face, he began to believe her, and at the ſame time to be infinitely confounded and griev'd for what he had done. Yet he comforted Camilla, aſſuring her he would take effectual care for the future, that Leonela's impudence ſhould do her no prejudice, and therefore begged her not to torment herſelf any more about it. Then he told all the unhappy effects of his jealous rage, and that her huſband had agreed behind the arras to be witneſs of her weakneſs. He aſk'd her pardon for the folly, and her counſel how to redreſs and prevent the ill effect of it, and bring them out of thoſe difficulties into which his madneſs had plunged them.

Camilla expreſs'd her reſentment and her fears; and accus'd his treachery, baſeneſs, and want of conſideration; yet her anger and fears being appeas'd, and a woman's wit being always more pregnant in difficulties than a man's, ſhe immediately thought of a way to

deliver them from dangers that bore ſo diſmal and help-leſs a face. She therefore bid him engage Anſelmo to be there the next day, aſſuring him ſhe did not queſtion but by that means to get a more frequent and ſecure opportunity of enjoying one another than they hitherto had had. She would not make him privy to her whole deſign, but bid him be ſure to come after her huſband was hid, as ſoon as Leonela ſhou'd call him, and that he ſhou'd anſwer as directly to whatſoever ſhe ſhou'd aſk him, as if Anſelmo were not within hearing. Lothario ſpar'd no importunity to get from her her whole deſign, that he might act his part with the greater aſſurance, and the better to contribute to the impoſing on her huſband. All you have to do, reply'd Camilla, is to anſwer me directly what I ſhall demand; nor would ſhe diſcover any more, for fear he ſhould not acquieſce in her opinion (which ſhe was ſo well ſatisfy'd in) but raiſe difficulties, and by conſequence, obſtacles, that might hinder her deſign from having the deſir'd event, or run her upon ſome leſs ſucceſsful project. Lothario comply'd, and Anſelmo in appearance left the town to retire to his friend in the country, but ſecretly return'd to hide himſelf in the wardrobe, which he did with the greater eaſe, becauſe Camilla and Leonela wilfully gave him opportunity. We may eaſily imagine the grief with which Anſelmo hid himſelf, ſince it was to be a ſpectator of his own diſhonour, and the loſs of all that happineſs he poſſeſs'd in the embraces of his beautiful and belov'd Camilla. On the other hand, ſhe being now certain that Anſelmo was hid, enter'd the ward-

robe with Leonela, and fetching a deep and piteous ſigh, thus addreſs'd herſelf to her: Ah! my Leonela! would it not be much better that thou pierce this infamous boſom with Anſelmo's dagger, before I execute what I deſign, which I have kept from thee that thou might'ſt not endeavour to diſappoint me? Yet not ſo; for, where is the juſtice that I ſhould ſuffer for another's offence? No, I will firſt know of Lothario what action of mine has given him aſſurance to make me a diſcovery of a paſſion ſo injurious to his friend, and my honour. Go to the window, Leonela, and call the wicked man to me, who doubtleſs is waiting in the ſtreet the ſignal for his admiſſion to accompliſh his villainous deſign; yet firſt my reſolution ſhall be perform'd, which though it be cruel, is what my honour ſtrictly demands of me. Alas! my dear lady, cry'd the cunning Leonela, alas! what do you intend to do with that dagger? Is your fatal deſign againſt yourſelf or Lothario? Alas! you can attack neither without the ruin of your fame and reputation. You had better give no opportunity to that bad man by admitting him while we are thus alone in the houſe: conſider, madam, we are but two weak and helpleſs women, he a ſtrong and reſolute man, whoſe force is redoubled by the paſſion and deſire that poſſeſs him; ſo that before you may be able to accompliſh what you deſign, he may commit a crime that will be more injurious to you than the loſs of your life. We have reaſon to curſe my maſter Anſelmo, who gives ſuch frequent opportunities to impudence and diſhoneſty to pollute our houſe. But,

madam, ſuppoſe you ſhould kill him, as I believe you deſign, what ſhall we do with his dead body? What! ſaid Camilla, why we would leave him in this place to be buried by Anſelmo; for it muſt be a grateful trouble to him to bury with his own hand his own infamy and diſhonour. Call him therefore quickly, for methinks every moment my revenge is deferr'd, I injure that loyalty I owe to my huſband.

Anſelmo gave great attention to all that was ſaid, and every word of Camilla's made a ſtrange alteration in his ſentiments, ſo that he could ſcarce forbear coming out to prevent his friend's death, when he heard her deſperate reſolution againſt his life; but his deſire of ſeeing the end of ſo brave a reſolve withheld him, till he ſaw an abſolute neceſſity of diſcovering himſelf to hinder the miſchief. Now Camilla put on a fear and weakneſs which reſembled a ſwoon; and having thrown herſelf on a bed in the room, Leonela began a moſt doleful lamentation over her: Alas! ſaid ſhe, how unfortunate ſhould I be, if my lady, ſo eminent for virtue and chaſtity as well as beauty, ſhould thus periſh in my arms? This, and much more ſhe utter'd with that force of perfect diſſimulation, that whoever had ſeen her would have concluded her one of the moſt innocent virgins in the world, and her lady a meer perſecuted Penelope. Camilla ſoon came to herſelf, and cry'd to Leonela, Why don't you call the moſt treacherous and unfaithful of friends? Go, fly, and let not thy delays waſte my revenge and anger in meer words and idle threats and curſes. Madam, reply'd Leonela,

I will go, but you muſt firſt give me that dagger, leſt you commit ſome outrage upon yourſelf in my abſence, which may give an eternal cauſe of ſorrow to all your friends that love and value you. Let not theſe fears detain you, ſaid Camilla, but aſſure yourſelf, I will not do any thing till your return; for tho' I ſhall not fear to puniſh myſelf in the higheſt degree, yet I ſhall not, like Lucretia, puniſh myſelf without killing him that was the principal cauſe of my diſhonour. If I muſt die, I ſhall not refuſe it; but I will firſt ſatisfy my revenge on him that has tempted me to come to this guilty aſſignation, to make him lament his crime without being guilty of any myſelf.

Camilla could ſcarce prevail with Leonela to leave her alone, but at laſt ſhe obey'd her and withdrew, when Camilla entertain'd herſelf and her huſband with this following ſoliloquy: Good heaven, ſaid ſhe, had I not better have continu'd my repulſes, than by this ſeeming conſent ſuffer Lothario to think ſcandalouſly of me, till my actions ſhall convince him of his error? That indeed might have been better in ſome reſpects, but then I ſhould have wanted this opportunity of revenge, and the ſatisfaction of my huſband's injur'd honour, if he were permitted without any correction to go off with the inſolence of offering ſuch criminal aſſaults to my virtue. No, no, let the traitor's life atone for the guilt of his falſe and unfaithful attempts, and his blood quench that lewd fire he was not content ſhould burn in his own breaſt. Let the world be witneſs if it ever comes to know my ſtory, that Camilla

thought it not enough to preſerve her virtue and loyalty to her huſband entire, but alſo revenged the hateful affront, and the intended deſtruction of it. But it might be moſt convenient perhaps to let Anſelmo know of this before I put my revenge in execution; yet on the firſt attempt I ſent him word of it to the village, and I can attribute his not reſenting ſo notorious an abuſe to nothing but his generous temper, and confidence in his friend, incapable of believing ſo try'd a friend could be guilty of ſo much as a thought againſt his honour and reputation; nor is this incredulity ſo ſtrange, ſince I for ſo long together could not perſuade myſelf of the truth of what my eyes and ears convey'd to me; and nothing could have convinced me of my generous error, had his inſolence kept within any bounds, and not dared to proceed to large gifts, large promiſes, and a flood of tears which he ſhed as the undiſſembled teſtimony of his paſſion. But to what purpoſe are theſe conſiderations? Or is there indeed any need of conſidering to perſuade me to a brave reſolve? Avaunt falſe thoughts. Revenge is now my taſk, let the treacherous man approach, let him come, let him die, let him periſh; let him but periſh, no matter what's the fatal conſequence. My dear Anſelmo receiv'd me to his boſom ſpotleſs and chaſte, and ſo ſhall the grave receive me from his arms. Let the event be as fatal as it will, the worſt pollution I can this way ſuffer is of mingling my own chaſte blood with the impure and corrupted blood of the moſt falſe and treacherous of friends. Having ſaid this, ſhe travers'd the room in ſo paſſionate a man-

ner, with the drawn dagger in her hand, and ſhew'd ſuch an agitation of ſpirits in her looks and motion, that ſhe appear'd like one diſtracted, or more like a murderer, than a tender and delicate lady.

Anſelmo, not a little to his ſatisfaction, very plainly ſaw and heard all this from behind the arras, which with the greateſt reaſon and evidence in the world remov'd all his paſt doubts and jealouſies, and he with abundance of concern wiſh'd that Lothario would not come, that he might by that means eſcape the danger that ſo apparently threatned him; to prevent which he had diſcover'd himſelf, had he not ſeen Leonela at that inſtant bring Lothario into the room. As ſoon as Camilla ſaw him enter, ſhe deſcrib'd a line with the poniard on the ground, and told him the minute he preſum'd to paſs that, ſhe would ſtrike the dagger to his heart: Hear me, ſaid ſhe, and obſerve what I ſay without interruption; when I have done, you ſhall have liberty to make what reply you pleaſe. Tell me firſt, Lothario, do you know my huſband, and do you know me? The queſtion is not ſo difficult but you may give me immediate anſwer; there is no need of conſidering, ſpeak therefore without delay. Lothario was not ſo dull as not to gueſs at her deſign in having her huſband hid behind the hangings, and therefore adapted his anſwers ſo well to her queſtions, that the fiction was loſt in the appearance of reality. I did never imagine, fair Camilla, ſaid Lothario, that you would make this aſſignation to aſk queſtions ſo diſtant from the dear end of my coming. If you had a mind ſtill to delay my

promis'd happineſs, you ſhould have prepar'd me for the diſappointment; for, the nearer the hope of poſſeſſion brings us to the good we deſire, the greater is the pain to have thoſe hopes deſtroy'd. But to anſwer your demands, I muſt own, madam, that I do know your huſband, and he me; that this knowledge has grown up with us from our childhood; and, that I may be a witneſs againſt myſelf for the injury I am compell'd by love to do him, I do alſo own, divine Camilla, that you too well know the tenderneſs of our mutual friendſhip: yet love is a ſufficient excuſe for all my errors, if they were much more criminal than they are. And, madam, that I know you is evident, and love you equal to him, for nothing but your charms could have power enough to make me forget what I owe to my own honour, and what to the holy laws of friendſhip, all which I have been forced to break by the reſiſtleſs tyranny of love. Ah! had I known you leſs, I had been more innocent. If you confeſs all this, ſaid Camilla, if you know us both, how dare you violate ſo ſacred a friendſhip, injure ſo true a friend, and appear thus confidently before me, whom you know to be eſteem'd by him the mirror of his love, in which that love ſo often views itſelf with pleaſure and ſatisfaction: and in which you ought to have ſurvey'd yourſelf ſo far, as to have ſeen how ſmall the temptation is, that has prevail'd on you to wrong him. But alas! this points me to the cauſe of your tranſgreſſion, ſome ſuſpicious action of mine when I have been leaſt on my guard, as thinking myſelf alone; but aſſure yourſelf

whatever it was, it proceeds not from looſeneſs or levity of principle, but a negligence and liberty which the ſex ſometimes innocently fall into when they think themſelves unobſerv'd. If this were not the cauſe, ſay, traitor, when did I liſten to your prayers, or in the leaſt regard your tears and vows, ſo that you might derive from thence the ſmalleſt hope of accompliſhing your infamous deſires? Did I not always with the laſt averſion and diſdain reject your criminal paſſion? Did I ever betray a belief in your laviſh promiſes? Or admit of your prodigal gifts? But ſince without ſome hope no love can long ſubſiſt, I will lay that hateful guilt on ſome unhappy inadvertency of mine; and therefore will inflict the ſame puniſhment on myſelf, that your crime deſerves. And to ſhew you that I cannot but be cruel to you, who will not ſpare myſelf, I ſent for you to be a witneſs of that juſt ſacrifice I ſhall make to my dear huſband's injur'd honour, on which you have fix'd the blackeſt mark of infamy that your malice could ſuggeſt, and which I alas! have ſullied too by my thoughtleſs neglect of depriving you of the occaſion, if indeed I gave any, of nouriſhing your wicked intentions. Once more I tell you, that the bare ſuſpicion that my want of caution, and ſetting ſo ſevere a guard on my actions as I ought, has made you harbour ſuch wild and infamous intentions, is the ſharpeſt of my afflictions, and what with my own hands I reſolve to puniſh with the utmoſt ſeverity. For, ſhould I leave that puniſhment to another, it would but increaſe my guilt. Yes, I will die; but firſt to ſatisfy my revenge and im-

partial juſtice, I will unmov'd, and unrelenting, deſtroy the fatal cauſe that has reduced me to this deſperate condition.

At theſe words ſhe flew with ſo much violence, and ſo well-acted a fury on Lothario with her naked dagger, that he could ſcarce think it feigned, and therefore ſecured himſelf from her blow by avoiding it, and holding her hand. Thereupon, to give more life to the fiction, as in a rage at her diſappointed revenge on Lothario, ſhe cried out: Since my malicious fortune denies a compleat ſatisfaction to my juſt deſires, at leaſt it ſhall not be in its power intirely to defeat my reſolution. With that, drawing back her dagger-hand from Lothario who held it, ſhe ſtruck it into that part of her body where it might do her the leaſt damage, and then fell down, as fainting away with the wound. Lothario and Leonela ſurpriz'd at the unexpected event, knew not yet what to think, ſeeing her ſtill lie all bloody on the ground; Lothario pale and trembling ran to her to take out the dagger, but was deliver'd of his fears when he ſaw ſo little blood follow it, and more than ever admir'd the cunning and wit of the beautiful Camilla. Yet to play his part as well, and ſhew himſelf a friend, he lamented over Camilla's body in the moſt pathetic manner in the world, as if ſhe had been really dead; he curs'd himſelf, and curs'd his friend that had put him on that fatal experiment; and knowing that Anſelmo heard him, he ſaid ſuch things that were able to draw a greater pity for him than even for Camilla, though ſhe ſeem'd to have loſt her life in the unfortu-

nate adventure. Leonela remov'd her body to the bed, and begg'd Lothario to ſeek ſome ſurgeon, that might with all the ſecrecy in the world cure her lady's wound. She alſo aſk'd his advice how to excuſe it to her maſter, if he ſhould return before it was perfectly cur'd. He reply'd, they might ſay what they pleas'd, that he was not in a humour of adviſing, but bid her endeavour to ſtaunch her miſtreſs's blood, for he would go where they ſhould never hear more of him; and ſo he left them, with all the appearance of grief and concern that the occaſion requir'd. He was no ſooner gone, but he had leiſure to reflect, with the greateſt wonder imaginable, on Camilla's and her woman's conduct in this affair, and on the aſſurance which this ſcene had given Anſelmo of his wife's virtue; ſince now he could not but believe he had a ſecond Portia, and he longed to meet him, to rejoice over the beſt diſſembled impoſture that ever bore away the opinion of truth. Leonela ſtaunch'd the blood, which was no more than neceſſary for covering the cheat, and waſhing the wound with wine only as ſhe bound it up, her diſcourſe was ſo moving, and ſo well acted, that it had been alone ſufficient to have convinced Anſelmo that he had the moſt virtuous wife in the world. Camilla was not ſilent, but added freſh confirmations; in every word ſhe ſpoke, ſhe complain'd of her cowardice and baſeneſs of ſpirit, that deny'd her time and force to diſpatch that life, which was now ſo hateful to her. She aſk'd her too, whether ſhe ſhould inform her huſband of what had paſs'd, or not? Leonela was for her concealing it, ſince the diſcovery muſt in-

fallibly engage her huſband in a revenge on Lothario, which muſt as certainly expoſe him too; for thoſe things were never accompliſh'd without the greateſt danger; and that a good wife ought to the beſt of her power prevent involving her huſband in quarrels. Camilla yielded to her reaſons; but added, that they muſt find out ſome pretended cauſe of her wound, which he would certainly ſee at his return. Leonela reply'd, that it was a difficult taſk, ſince ſhe was incapable even in jeſt to diſſemble the truth. Am I not, anſwer'd Camilla, under the ſame difficulty, who cannot ſave my life by the odious refuge of a falſhood? had we not better then confeſs the real truth, than be caught in a lie? Well, madam, return'd Leonela, let this give you no farther trouble, by to-morrow morning I ſhall find out ſome expedient or other; tho' I hope the place where the wound is, may conceal it enough from his obſervation to ſecure us from all apprehenſion; leave therefore the whole event to heaven, which always favours and aſſiſts the innocent.

Anſelmo ſaw and heard this formal tragedy of his ruin'd honour, with all the attention imaginable, in which all the actors perform'd their parts ſo to the life, that they ſeemed the truth they repreſented; he wiſh'd with the laſt impatience for the night, that he might convey himſelf from his hiding-place to his friend's houſe, and there rejoice for this happy diſcovery of his wife's experienced virtue. Camilla and her maid took care to furniſh him with an opportunity of departing, of which he ſoon took hold, for fear of loſ-

ng it. It is impoſſible to tell you all the embraces he gave Lothario, and the joy and extreme ſatisfaction he expreſs'd at his good fortune, or the extravagant praiſes he gave Camilla. Lothario heard all this without taking a friend's ſhare in the pleaſure, for he was ſhock'd with the concern he had to ſee his friend ſo groſly impos'd on, and the guilt of his own treachery in injuring his honour. Though Anſelmo eaſily perceiv'd that Lothario was not touch'd with any pleaſure at his relation, yet he believ'd Camilla's wound, caus'd by him, was the true motive of his not ſharing his joy; and therefore aſſur'd him, he need not too much trouble himſelf for it, ſince it could not be dangerous, ſhe and her woman having agreed to conceal it from him. This cauſe of his fear being remov'd, he deſir'd him to put on a face of joy, ſince by his means he ſhould now poſſeſs a perfect happineſs and content; and therefore he would ſpend the reſt of his life in conveying Camilla's virtue to poſterity, by writing her praiſe in verſe. Lothario approv'd his reſolution, and promis'd to do the ſame. Thus Anſelmo remain'd the moſt delightfully deceived of any man alive. He therefore carried Lothario immediately to his houſe, as the inſtrument of his glory, though he was indeed the only cauſe of his infamy and diſhonour. Camilla receiv'd him with a face that ill-expreſs'd the ſatisfaction of her mind, being forced to put on frowns in her looks, while her heart prompted nothing but ſmiles of joy for his preſence.

For ſome months the fraud was conceal'd; but then

fortune turning her wheel, diſcover'd to the world the wickedneſs they had ſo long and artificially diſguis'd; and Anſelmo's impertinent curioſity coſt him his life.

CHAP. VIII.

The concluſion of the novel of the Curious Impertinent; with the dreadful battle betwixt Don Quixote, and certain wine ſkins.

THE novel was come near a concluſion, when Sancho Pança came running out of Don Quixote's chamber in a terrible fright, crying out, Help, help, good people, help my maſter, he's juſt now at it, tooth and nail, with that ſame giant, the princeſs Micomicona's foe: I ne'er ſaw a more dreadful battle in my born days. He has lent him ſuch a ſliver, that whip off went the giant's head, as round as a turnip. You're mad, Sancho, ſaid the curate, interrupted in his reading; is thy maſter ſuch a devil of a hero, as to fight a giant at two thouſand leagues diſtance? Upon this, they preſently heard a noiſe and buſtle in the chamber, and Don Quixote bawling out, Stay, villain, robber, ſtay; ſince I have thee here, thy ſcimitar ſhall but little avail thee; and with this, they heard him ſtrike with his ſword, with all his force, againſt the walls. Good folks, ſaid Sancho, my maſter does not want your hearkning; why don't you run in and help him? though I believe it is after meat muſtard, for ſure the giant is by this time gone to pot, and giving an account of his ill life: for I ſaw his blood run all

about the houſe, and his head ſailing in the middle on't: but ſuch a head! it is bigger than any * wine-ſkin in Spain. Death and hell (cries the inn-keeper) I'll be cut like a cucumber, if this Don Quixote, or Don Devil, has not been hacking my wine-ſkins that ſtood fill'd at his bed's-head, and this coxcomb has taken the ſpilt liquor for blood. Then running with the whole company into the room, they found the poor knight in the moſt comical poſture imaginable.

He was ſtanding in his ſhirt, the fore-part of it ſcarcely reaching to the bottom of his belly, and about a ſpan ſhorter behind; this added a very peculiar air to his long lean legs, as dirty and hairy as a beaſt's. To make him all of a piece, he wore on his head a little red greaſy caſt nightcap of the inn-keeper's; he had wrapp'd one of the beſt blankets about his left arm for a ſhield; and wielded his drawn ſword in the right, laying about him pell-mell; with now and then a ſtart of ſome military expreſſion, as if he had been really engaged with ſome giant. But the beſt jeſt of all, he was all this time faſt aſleep; for the thoughts of the adventure he had undertaken, had ſo wrought on his imagination, that his depraved fancy had in his ſleep repreſented to him the kingdom of Micomicon, and the giant: and dreaming that he was then fighting him, he aſſaulted the wine-ſkins ſo deſperately, that he ſet the whole chamber a-float with good wine. The inn-

* In Spain they keep their wines in the ſkin of a hog, goat, ſheep, or other beaſt, pitch'd within and ſew'd cloſe without.

keeper, enrag'd to ſee the havoc, flew at Don Quixote with his fiſts; and had not Cardenio and the curate taken him off, he had prov'd a giant indeed againſt the knight. All this could not wake the poor Don, till the barber throwing a bucket of cold water on him, waken'd him from his ſleep, though not from his dream.

The ſhortneſs of her champion's ſhirt gave Dorothea a ſurfeit of the battle. Sancho ran up and down the room ſearching for the giant's head, 'till finding his labour fruitleſs, Well, well, ſaid he, now I ſee plainly that this houſe is haunted, for when I was here before, in this very room was I beaten like any ſtock-fiſh, but knew no more than the man in the moon who ſtruck me; and now the giant's head that I ſaw cut off with theſe eyes, is vaniſh'd; and I'm ſure I ſaw the body ſpout blood like a pump. What a prating and a nonenſenſe does this damn'd ſon of a whore keep about blood and a pump, and I know not what, ſaid the inn-keeper; I tell you, raſcal, it is my wine-ſkins that are ſlaſh'd, and my wine that runs about the floor here, and I hope to ſee the ſoul of him that ſpilt it ſwimming in hell for his pains. Well, well, ſaid Sancho, don't trouble me; I only tell you, that I can't find the giant's head, and my earldom is gone after it, and ſo I'm undone, like ſalt in water. And truly Sancho's waking dream was as pleaſant as his maſter's when aſleep; the inn-keeper was almoſt mad to ſee the fooliſh ſquire harp ſo on the ſame ſtring with his frantic maſter, and ſwore they ſhould not come off now as before; that their chivalry ſhould be no ſatisfaction for his wine, but

that they ſhould pay him ſauce for the damage, and for the very leathern patches which the wounded wine-ſkins would want.

Don Quixote, in the mean while, believing he had finiſh'd his adventure, and miſtaking the curate, that held him by the arms, for the princeſs Micomicona, fell on his knees before him, and with a reſpect due to a royal preſence; Now may your highneſs, ſaid he, great and illuſtrious princeſs, live ſecure, free from any further apprehenſions from your conquer'd enemy; and now am I acquitted of my engagement, ſince, by the aſſiſtance of heaven, and the influence of her favour, by whom I live and conquer, your adventure is ſo happily atchieved. Did not I tell you ſo, gentlefolks? (ſaid Sancho) Who is drunk or mad now? See if my maſter has not already put the giant in pickle? Here are the bulls *, and I am an earl. The whole company (except the inn-keeper, who gave himſelf to the devil) were like to ſplit at the extravagancies of maſter and man. At laſt, the barber, Cardenio, and the curate, having, with much ado, got Don Quixote to bed, he preſently fell aſleep, being heartily tir'd; and then they left him, to comfort Sancho Pança for the loſs of the giant's head; but it was no eaſy matter to appeaſe the inn-keeper, who was at his wit's end for the unexpected and ſudden fate of his wine-ſkins.

The hoſteſs, in the mean time, ran up and down

* In alluſion to the joy of the mob in Spain, when they ſee the bulls coming.

the houſe crying and roaring: In an ill-hour, ſaid ſhe, did this unlucky knight-errant come into my houſe; I wiſh, for my part, I had never ſeen him, for he has been a dear gueſt to me. He and his man, his horſe and his aſs, went away laſt time without paying me a croſs for their ſupper, their bed, their litter and provender; and all, forſooth, becauſe he was ſeeking adventures. What in the devil's name have I to do with his ſtatutes of chivalry? if they oblige him not to pay, they ſhould oblige him not to eat neither. It was upon this ſcore that the t'other fellow took away my good tail; it is clear ſpoil'd, the hair is all torn off, and my huſband can never uſe it again. And now to come upon me again, with deſtroying my wine-ſkins, and ſpilling my liquor; may ſome body ſpill his heart's blood for't for me: but I will be paid, ſo I will, to the laſt maravedis, or I'll diſown my name, and forſwear the mother that bore me. Her honeſt maid Maritornes ſeconded her fury; but Mr. Curate ſtopp'd their mouths by promiſing that he would ſee them ſatisfy'd for their wine and their ſkins, but eſpecially for the tail which they kept ſuch a clutter about. Dorothea comforted Sancho, aſſuring him, that whenever it appear'd that his maſter had kill'd the giant, and reſtor'd her to her dominions, he ſhould be ſure of the beſt earldom in her diſpoſal. With this he huckl'd up again, and ſwore that he himſelf had ſeen the giant's head, by the ſame token that it had a beard that reach'd down to his middle; and if it could not be found, it muſt be hid by witchcraft, for every thing went by inchantment in

that houſe, as he had found to his coſt when he was there before. Dorothea anſwer'd, that ſhe believ'd him; and deſir'd him to pluck up his ſpirits, for all things would be well. All parties being quieted, Cardenio, Dorothea, and the reſt, intreated the curate to finiſh the novel, which was ſo near a concluſion; and he, in obedience to their commands, took up the book and read on.

Anſelmo grew ſo ſatisfy'd in Camilla's virtue, that he liv'd with all the content and ſecurity in the world; to confirm which, Camilla ever in her looks ſeem'd to diſcover her averſion to Lothario, which made him deſire Anſelmo to diſpenſe with his coming to his houſe, ſince he found how averſe his wife was to him, and how great a diſguſt ſhe had to his company; but Anſelmo would not be perſuaded to yield to his requeſt; and was ſo blind, that, ſeeking his content, he perpetually promoted his diſhonour. He was not the only perſon pleas'd with the condition he liv'd in; Leonela was ſo tranſported with her amour, that, ſecur'd by her lady's connivance, ſhe perfectly abandon'd herſelf to the indiſcreet enjoyment of her gallant: ſo that one night her maſter heard ſomebody in her chamber, and coming to the door to diſcover who it was, he found it held faſt againſt him; but at laſt forcing it open he ſaw one leap out of the window the inſtant he enter'd the room: he would have purſu'd him, but Leonela clinging about him, begg'd him to appeaſe his anger and concern, ſince the perſon that made his eſcape was her huſband. Anſelmo would not believe her, but draw-

ing his dagger, threatened to kill her if ſhe did not immediately make full diſcovery of the matter. Diſtracted with fear, ſhe begg'd him to ſpare her life, and ſhe would diſcover things that more nearly related to him than he imagin'd. Speak quickly then, reply'd Anſelmo, or you die. It is impoſſible, return'd ſhe, that in this confuſion and fright I ſhould ſay any thing that can be underſtood; but give me but till to-morrow morning, and I will lay ſuch things before you, as will ſurprize and amaze you: but believe me, Sir, the perſon that leap'd out of the window, is a young man of this city, who is contracted to me. This ſomething appeas'd Anſelmo, and prevail'd with him to allow her till the next morning to make her confeſſion: for he was too well aſſur'd of Camilla's virtue, by the paſt trial, to ſuſpect that there could be any thing relating to her in what Leonela had to tell him: wherefore faſtning her in her room, and threatning that ſhe ſhould never come out till ſhe had done what ſhe had promis'd, he return'd to his chamber to Camilla, and told her all that had paſs'd, without omitting the promiſe ſhe had given him to make ſome ſtrange diſcovery the next morning. You may eaſily imagine the concern this gave Camilla; ſhe made no doubt but that the diſcovery Leonela had promis'd, was of her diſloyalty; and without waiting to know whether it was ſo or not, that very night, as ſoon as Anſelmo was aſleep, taking with her all her jewels, and ſome money, ſhe got undiſcovered out of the houſe, and went to Lothario, inform'd him of all that had paſs'd, and deſir'd him ei-

ther to put her in ſome place of ſafety, or to go with her where they might enjoy each other ſecure from the fears of Anſelmo. This ſurprizing relation ſo confounded Lothario, that for ſome time he knew not what he did, or what reſolution to take; but at laſt, with Camilla's conſent, he put her into a nunnery where a ſiſter of his was abbeſs, and immediately, without acquainting any body with his departure, left the city.

Anſelmo, as ſoon as it was day, got up, without miſſing his wife, and hurry'd away to Leonela's chamber, to hear what ſhe had to ſay to him; but he found no body there, only the ſheets ty'd together, and faſten'd to the window, ſhew'd which way ſhe had made her eſcape; on which he return'd very ſad to tell Camilla the adventure, but was extremely ſurpriz'd when he found her not in the whole houſe, nor could hear any news of her from his ſervants: but finding in his ſearch her trunks open, and moſt of her jewels gone, he no longer doubted of his diſhonour: ſo, penſive and half-dreſs'd as he was, he went to Lothario's lodging to tell him his misfortune; but when his ſervants inform'd him that he was gone that very night, with all his money and jewels, his pangs were redoubl'd, and his grief encreas'd almoſt to madneſs. To conclude, he return'd home, found his houſe empty; for fear had driven away all his ſervants. He knew not what to think, ſay, or do: he ſaw himſelf forſaken by his friend, his wife, and his very ſervants, with whom he imagin'd that heaven itſelf had abandon'd him; but his

greateſt trouble was to find himſelf robb'd of his honour and reputation, for Camilla's crime was but too evident from all theſe concurring circumſtances. After a thouſand diſtracting thoughts, he reſolv'd to retreat to that village whither he formerly retir'd to give Lothario an opportunity to ruin him; wherefore, faſtning up his doors, he took horſe, full of deſpair and languiſhing ſorrow, the violence of which was ſo great, that he had ſcarce rid half way, when he was forced to alight, and tying his horſe to a tree, he threw himſelf beneath it; and ſpent, in that melancholy poſture, a thouſand racking reflections, moſt part of the day, till a little before night he diſcover'd a paſſenger coming the ſame road, of whom he enquir'd what news at Florence? The traveller reply'd, that the moſt ſurprizing news that had been heard of late, was now all the talk of the city, which was, that Lothario had that very night carry'd away the wealthy Anſelmo's wife Camilla, which was all confeſs'd by Camilla's woman, who was apprehended that night as ſhe ſlipp'd from the window of Anſelmo's houſe, by a pair of ſheets. The truth of this ſtory I cannot affirm, continu'd the traveller; but every body is aſtoniſh'd at the accident; for no man could ever ſuſpect ſuch a crime from a perſon engag'd in ſo ſtrict a friendſhip with Anſelmo, as Lothario was; for they were call'd the Two Friends. Is it yet known, reply'd Anſelmo, which way Lothario and Camilla are gone? No, Sir, return'd the traveller, though the governor has made as ſtrict a ſearch after them as is poſſible. Anſelmo aſk'd no more

queſtions, but after they had taken their leaves of each other, the traveller left him and purſu'd his journey.

This mournful news ſo affected the unfortunate Anſelmo, that he was ſtruck with death almoſt that very moment; getting therefore on his horſe, as well as he could, he arriv'd at his friend's houſe. He knew nothing yet of his diſgrace; but ſeeing him ſo pale and melancholy, concluded that ſome great misfortune had befallen him. Anſelmo deſir'd to be immediately led to his chamber, and furniſh'd with pen, ink and paper, and to be left alone with his door locked: when finding that his end approach'd, he reſolv'd to leave in writing the cauſe of his ſudden and unexpected death. Taking therefore the pen, he began to write; but unable to finiſh what he deſign'd, he died a martyr to his impertinent curioſity. The gentleman finding he did not call, and that it grew late, reſolv'd to enter his chamber, and ſee whether his friend was better or worſe; he found him half out of bed, lying on his face, with the pen in his hand, and a paper open before him. Seeing him in this poſture, he drew near him, call'd and mov'd him, but ſoon found he was dead; which made him call his ſervants to behold the unhappy event, and then took up the paper, which he ſaw was written in Anſelmo's own hand, and was to this effect.

'A Fooliſh and impertinent deſire has robb'd me of
'life. If Camilla hear of my death, let her know
'that I forgive her; for ſhe was not obliged to do mi-
'racles, nor was there any reaſon I ſhould have deſir'd

'or expected it, and since I contriv'd my own dishonour, there is no cause——

Thus far Anselmo writ, but life would not hold out till he could give the reasons he design'd. The next day the gentleman of the house sent word of Anselmo's death to his relations, who already knew his misfortunes, as well as the nunnery whether Camilla was retir'd. She herself was indeed very near that death which her husband had pass'd, though not for the loss of him, but Lothario, of which she had lately heard a flying report. But though she was a widow now, she would neither take the veil, nor leave the nunnery, till in a few days the news was confirm'd of his being slain in a battle betwixt Monsieur de Lautrec, and that great General Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordona, in the kingdom of Naples. This was the end of the offending, and too late penitent friend; the news of which made Camilla immediately profess herself, and soon after, overwhelm'd with grief and melancholy, pay for her transgression with the loss of her life. This was the unhappy end of them all proceeding from so impertinent a beginning.

I like this novel well enough, said the curate; yet, after all, I cannot persuade myself, that there's any thing of truth in it; and if it be purely invention, the author was in the wrong; for it is not to be imagin'd there could ever be a husband so foolish, as to venture on so dangerous an experiment. Had he made his husband and wife, a gallant and a mistress, the fable had

appear'd more probable; but, as it is, it is next to impoſſible. However, I muſt confeſs, I have nothing to object againſt his manner of telling it.

CHAP. IX.

Containing an account of many ſurprizing accidents in the inn.

AT the ſame time the inn-keeper, who ſtood at the door ſeeing company coming, more gueſts, cry'd he, a brave jolly troop, on my word. If they ſtop here, we may ſing O be joyful. What are they, ſaid Cardenio? Four men, ſaid the hoſt, on horſeback, *à la Gineta* *, with black maſks † on their faces, and arm'd with lances and targets; a lady too all in white, that rides ſingle and maſk'd; and two running footmen. Are they near, ſaid the curate? Juſt at the door, reply'd the inn-keeper. Hearing this, Dorothea vail'd herſelf, and Cardenio had juſt time enough to ſtep into the next room, where Don Quixote lay, when the ſtrangers came into the yard. The four horſemen, who made a very genteel appearance, diſmounted and went to help down

* A kind of riding with ſhort ſtirrups, which the Spaniards took from the Arabians, and is ſtill uſed by all the African and Eaſtern nations, with part of the Northern, ſuch as the Hungarians, and is advantageous in fight; for being ready to ſtrike with their ſabres, they riſe on their ſtirrups, and, following as it were their blow, give more force to it.

† *Antifaz:* a piece of thin black ſilk, which the Spaniards wear before their faces in travelling, not for diſguiſe, but to keep off the duſt and ſun.

the lady, whom one of them taking in his arms, carry'd into the houſe; where he ſeated her in a chair by the chamber-door, into which Cardenio had withdrawn. All this was done without diſcovering their faces, or ſpeaking a word; only the lady, as ſhe ſat down in the chair, breath'd out a deep ſigh, and let her arms ſink down, in a weak and fainting poſture. The curate, marking their odd behaviour, which rais'd in him a curioſity to know who they were, went to their ſervants in the ſtable, and aſk'd what their maſters were? Indeed ‡ Sir, ſaid one of them, that's more than we can tell you; they ſeem of no mean quality, eſpecially that gentleman who carry'd the lady into the houſe, for the reſt pay him great reſpect, and his word is a law to them. Who is the lady, ſaid the curate? We know no more of her than the reſt, anſwer'd the fellow, for we could never ſee her face all the time, and 'tis impoſſible we ſhould know her or them any otherwiſe. They pick'd us up on the road, my comrade and myſelf, and prevailed with us to wait on them to Andaluſia, promiſing to pay us well for our trouble; ſo that bating the two days travelling in their company, they are utter ſtrangers to us. Could you not hear them name one another all this

‡ It is the original *par diez:* (i. e. by ten) inſtead of *par Dios* (i. e. *by G-d*) thinking to cheat the devil of an oath, as when we ſay, *y-cod* for *by G-d*. Tho' a certain preſbyter aſſur'd me, travelling together once upon the road, that *y-cod* was an oath. But when I caught him ſaying *odjooker's*, he excus'd himſelf, and ſaid it was only a contraction of *God ſuccour us*. And conſequently no oath.

time, aſk'd the curate? No, truly, Sir, anſwer'd the footman, for we heard them not ſpeak a ſyllable all the way: the poor lady, indeed, us'd to ſigh and grieve ſo piteouſly, that we are perſuaded ſhe has no ſtomach to this journey; whatever may be the cauſe we know not; by her garb ſhe ſeems to be a nun, but by her grief and melancholy, one might gueſs they are going to make her one, when perhaps the poor girl has not a bit of nun's fleſh about her. Very likely, ſaid the curate; and with that leaving them, he return'd to the place where he left Dorothea, who, hearing the maſk'd lady ſigh ſo frequently, mov'd by the natural pity of the ſoft ſex, could not forbear enquiring the cauſe of her ſorrow. Pardon me, madam, ſaid ſhe, if I beg to know your grief; and aſſure yourſelf, that my requeſt does not proceed from meer curioſity, but an earneſt inclination to ſerve and aſſiſt you, if your misfortune be any ſuch as our ſex is naturally ſubject to, and in the power of a woman to cure. The melancholy lady made no return to her compliment, and Dorothea preſs'd her in vain with new reaſons, when the gentleman, whom the foot-boy ſignify'd to be the chief of the company, interpos'd: Madam, ſaid he, don't trouble yourſelf to throw away any generous offer on that ungrateful woman, whoſe nature cannot return an obligation; neither expect any anſwer to your demands, for her tongue is a ſtranger to truth. Sir, ſaid the diſconſolate lady, my truth and honour have made me thus miſerable, and my ſufferings are ſufficient to prove you the falſeſt and moſt baſe of men.

Cardenio being only parted from the company by Don Quixote's chamber-door, overheard theſe laſt words very diſtinctly; and immediately cry'd out, Good heaven, what do I hear! what voice ſtruck my ear juſt now? The lady ſtartl'd at his exclamation, ſprung from the chair, and would have bolted into the chamber whence the voice came; but the gentleman perceiving it, laid hold on her, to prevent her, which ſo diſorder'd the lady that her maſk fell off, and diſcover'd an incomparable face, beautiful as an angel's, tho' very pale, and ſtrangely diſcompos'd, her eyes eagerly rolling on every ſide, which made her appear diſtracted. Dorothea and the reſt, not gueſſing what her eyes ſought by their violent motion, beheld her with grief and wonder. She ſtruggl'd ſo hard, and the gentleman was ſo diſorder'd by beholding her, that his maſk dropp'd off too, and diſcover'd to Dorothea, who was aſſiſting to hold the lady, the face of her huſband Don Ferdinand: ſcarce had ſhe known him, when with a long and diſmal oh! ſhe fell in a ſwoon, and wou'd have reach'd the floor with all her weight, had not the barber, by good fortune, ſtood behind and ſupported her. The curate run preſently to help her, and pulling off her veil to throw water in her face, Don Ferdinand preſently knew her, and was ſtruck almoſt as dead as ſhe at the ſight; nevertheleſs he did not quit Lucinda, who was the lady that ſtruggl'd ſo hard to get out of his hands. Cardenio hearing Dorothea's exclamation, and imagining it to be Lucinda's voice, flew into the chamber in great diſorder, and the firſt object he met was

Don Ferdinand holding Lucinda, who preſently knew him. They were all ſtruck dumb with amazement: Dorothea gaz'd on Don Ferdinand; Don Ferdinand on Cardenio; and Cardenio and Lucinda on one another. At laſt Lucinda broke ſilence, and addreſſing Don Ferdinand, Let me go, ſaid ſhe; unlooſe your hold, my lord: by the generoſity you ſhou'd have, or by your inhumanity, ſince it muſt be ſo, I conjure you, leave me, that I may cling like ivy to my old ſupport; and from whom, neither your threats, nor prayers, nor gifts, nor promiſes, could ever alienate my love. Contend not againſt heaven, whoſe power alone could bring me to my dear huſband's ſight, by ſuch ſtrange and unexpected means: you have a thouſand inſtances to convince you, that nothing but death can make me ever forget him: let this, at leaſt, turn your love into rage, which may prompt you to end my miſeries with my life, here before my dear huſband, where I ſhall be proud to loſe it, ſince my death may convince him of my unſhaken love and honour, till the laſt minute of my life. Dorothea, by this time had recover'd, and finding, by Lucinda's diſcourſe who ſhe was, and that Don Ferdinand would not unhand her, ſhe made a virtue of neceſſity, and falling at his feet, My lord, cry'd ſhe, all bath'd in tears, if that beauty which you hold in your arms, has not altogether dazzl'd your eyes, you may behold at your feet the once happy, but now miſerable Dorothea. I am the poor and humble villager, whom your generous bounty, I dare not ſay your love, did condeſcend to raiſe to the honour of calling you

her own: I am ſhe, who, once confined to peaceful innocence, led a contented life, till your importunity, your ſhew of honour, and deluding words, charm'd me from my retreat, and made me reſign my freedom to your power. How I am recompens'd, may be gueſs'd by my grief, and my being found here in this ſtrange place, whither I was led, not through any diſhonourable ends, but purely by deſpair and grief to be forſaken of you. 'Twas at your deſire I was bound to you by the ſtricteſt tie, and whatever you do, you can never ceaſe to be mine. Conſider, my dear lord, that my matchleſs love may balance the beauty and nobility of the perſon for whom you would forſake me; ſhe cannot ſhare your love, for 'tis only mine; and Cardenio's intereſt in her will not admit a partner. It is eaſier far, my lord, to recall your wandering deſires, and fix them upon her that adores you, than to draw her to love who hates you. Remember how you did ſollicit my humble ſtate, and conſcious of my meanneſs, you paid a veneration to my innocence, which join'd with the honourable condition of my yielding to your deſires, pronounce me free from ill deſign or diſhonour. Conſider theſe undeniable truths: have ſome regard to your honour! remember you're a Chriſtian! why ſhould you then make her life end ſo miſerably, whoſe beginning your favour made ſo happy? If I muſt not expect the uſage and reſpect of a wife, let me but ſerve you as a ſlave; ſo I belong to you, tho' in the meaneſt rank, I never ſhall complain: let me not be expos'd to the ſlandering reflections of the cenſorious world by ſo cruel a ſeparation

from my lord: afflict not the declining years of my poor parents, whoſe faithful ſervices to you and yours have merited a more ſuitable return. If you imagine the current of your noble blood ſhould be defil'd by mixing with mine, conſider how many noble houſes have run in ſuch a channel; beſides the woman's ſide is not eſſentially requiſite to ennoble deſcent: but chiefly think on this, that virtue is the trueſt nobility, which if you ſtain by baſely wronging me, you bring a greater blot upon your family than marrying me could cauſe. In fine, my lord, you cannot, muſt not diſown me for your wife: to atteſt which truth, I call your own words, which muſt be true, if you prize yourſelf for honour, and that nobility, whoſe want you ſo deſpiſe in me; witneſs your oaths and vows, witneſs that heaven which you ſo oft invok'd to ratify your promiſes; and if all theſe ſhould fail, I make my laſt appeal to your own conſcience, whoſe ſting will always repreſent my wrongs freſh to your thoughts, and diſturb your joys amidſt your greateſt pleaſures.

Theſe, with many ſuch arguments, did the mournful Dorothea urge, appearing ſo lovely in her ſorrow, that Don Ferdinand's friends, as well as all the reſt ſympathiz'd with her. Lucinda particularly, as much admiring her wit and beauty, as mov'd by the tears, the piercing ſighs and moans that follow'd her intreaties; and ſhe wou'd have gone nearer to have comforted her, had not Ferdinand's arms, that ſtill held her, prevented it. He ſtood full of confuſion, with his eyes fix'd attentively on Dorothea a great while; at laſt,

opening his arms, he quitted Lucinda, Thou haſt conquer'd, cry'd he, charming Dorothea, thou haſt conquer'd me, 'tis impoſſible to reſiſt ſo many united truths and charms. Lucinda was ſtill ſo diſorder'd and weak, that ſhe would have fall'n when Ferdinand quitted her, had not Cardenio, without regard to his ſafety, leap'd forward and caught her in his arms, and embracing her with eagerneſs and joy; Thanks, gracious heaven, cry'd he aloud, my dear, my faithful wife, thy ſorrows now are ended: for where can'ſt thou reſt more ſafe than in my arms, which now ſupport thee, as once they did when my bleſs'd fortune firſt made thee mine? Lucinda then opening her eyes, and finding harſelf in the arms of her Cardenio, without regard to ceremony or decency, threw her arms about his neck, and laying her face to his, Yes, ſaid ſhe, thou art he, thou art my lord indeed! 'tis even you yourſelf the right owner of this poor, harraſs'd captive. Now fortune act thy worſt, nor fears nor threats ſhall ever part me from the ſole ſupport and comfort of my life. This ſight was very ſurprizing to Don Ferdinand and the other ſpectators. Dorothea perceiving, by Don Ferdinand's change of countenance, and laying his hand on his ſword, that he prepared to aſſault Cardenio, fell ſuddenly on her knees; and with an endearing embrace, held Don Ferdinand's legs ſo faſt, that he could not ſtir. What means, cry'd ſhe, all in tears, the only refuge of my hope? See here thy own and deareſt wife at thy feet, and her you would enjoy in her true huſband's arms. Think then, my lord, how unjuſt is your attempt, to

diſſolve that knot which heaven has ty'd ſo faſt. Can you e'er think or hope ſucceſs in your deſign on her, who contemning all dangers, and confirm'd in ſtricteſt conſtancy and honour, before your face lies bath'd in tears of joy and paſſion in her true lover's boſom? For heaven's ſake I intreat you, by your own words I conjure you to mitigate your anger, and permit that faithful pair to conſummate their joys, and ſpend their remaining days in peace: thus may you make it appear that you are generous and truly noble, giving the world ſo ſtrong a proof that you have your reaſon at command, and your paſſion in ſubjection. All this while, Cardenio, though he ſtill held Lucinda in his arms, had a watchful eye on Don Ferdinand; reſolving, if he had made the leaſt offer to his prejudice, to make him repent it and all his party, if poſſible, tho' at the expence of his life. But Don Ferdinand's friends, the curate, the barber, and all the company (not forgetting honeſt Sancho Pança) got together about Don Ferdinand, and intreated him to pity the beautiful Dorothea's tears; that, conſidering what ſhe had ſaid, the truth of which was apparent, it would be the higheſt injuſtice to fruſtrate her lawful hopes; that their ſtrange and wonderful meeting could not be attributed to chance, but the peculiar and directing providence of heaven; that nothing (as Mr. Curate very well urged) but death could part Cardenio from Lucinda; and that tho' the edge of his ſword might ſeparate them, he would make them happier by death, than he could hope to be by ſurviving; that in irrecoverable acci-

dents, a ſubmiſſion to fate, and a reſignation of our wills, ſhew'd not only the greateſt prudence, but alſo the higheſt courage and generoſity; that he ſhould not envy thoſe happy lovers what the bounty of heaven had conferr'd on them, but that he ſhou'd turn his eyes on Dorothea's grief; view her incomparable beauty, which, with her true and unfeign'd love, made large amends for the meanneſs of her parentage; but principally it lay upon him, if he glory'd in the titles of Nobility and Chriſtianity, to keep his promiſe unviolated; that the more reaſonable part of mankind could not otherwiſe be ſatisfy'd, or have any eſteem for him: alſo that it was the ſpecial prerogative of beauty, if heightned by virtue and adorned with modeſty, to lay claim to any dignity, without diſparagement or ſcandal to the perſon that raiſes it; and that the ſtrong dictates of delight having been once indulged, we are not to be blamed for following them afterwards, provided they be not unlawful. In ſhort, to theſe reaſons they added ſo many enforcing arguments, that Don Ferdinand, who was truly a gentleman, could no longer reſiſt reaſon, but ſtooped down, and embracing Dorothea, Riſe, madam, ſaid he, it is not proper that ſhe ſhould lie proſtrate at my feet, who triumphs over my ſoul: if I have not hitherto paid you all the reſpect I ought, 'twas perhaps ſo order'd by heaven, that having by this a ſtronger conviction of your conſtancy and goodneſs, I may henceforth ſet the greater value on your merit: let the future reſpects and ſervices I ſhall pay you, plead a pardon for my paſt tranſgreſſions; and let the violent

paſſions of my love, that firſt made me yours, be an excuſe for that which caus'd me to forſake you: view the now happy Lucinda's eyes, and there read a thouſand farther excuſes; but I promiſe henceforth never to diſturb her quiet; and may ſhe live long and contented with her dear Cardenio; as I hope to do with my deareſt Dorothea. Thus concluding, he imbraced her again ſo lovingly, that it was with no ſmall difficulty that he kept in his tears, which he endeavour'd to conceal, being aſham'd to diſcover ſo effeminate a proof of his remorſe.

Cardenio, Lucinda, and the greateſt part of the company could not ſo well command their paſſions, but all wept for joy; even Sancho Pança himſelf ſhed tears, though as he afterwards confeſs'd, it was not for downright grief, but becauſe he found not Dorothea to be the queen of Micomicona, as he ſuppos'd, and of whom he expected ſo many favours and preferments. Cardenio and Lucinda fell at Don Ferdinand's feet, giving him thanks, with the ſtrongeſt expreſſions which gratitude could ſuggeſt; he rais'd them up, and receiv'd their acknowledgments with much modeſty; then begg'd to be inform'd by Dorothea, how ſhe came to that place. She related to him all ſhe had told Cardenio, but with ſuch a grace, that what were misfortunes to her, prov'd an inexpreſſible pleaſure to thoſe that heard her relation. When ſhe had done, Don Ferdinand told all that had befall'n him in the city, after he found the paper in Lucinda's boſom, which declared Cardenio to be her huſband; how he would have

kill'd her, had not her parents prevented him; how afterwards, mad with ſhame and anger, he left the city, to wait a more commodious opportunity of revenge; how in a ſhort time he learnt that Lucinda was fled to a nunnery, reſolving to end her days there, if ſhe could not ſpend them with Cardenio; that, having deſir'd thoſe three gentlemen to go with him, they went to the nunnery, and waiting till they found the gate open, he left two of the gentlemen to ſecure the door, while he with the other enter'd the houſe, where they found Lucinda talking with a nun in the cloiſter; they forcibly brought her thence to a village, where they diſguis'd themſelves for their more convenient flight, which they more eaſily brought about, the nunnery being ſituate in the fields, diſtant a good way from any town. He likewiſe added, how Lucinda finding herſelf in his power, fell into a ſwoon, and that after ſhe came to herſelf, ſhe continually wept and ſigh'd, but would not ſpeak a ſyllable; and that, accompanied with ſilence only and tears, they had travell'd till they came to that inn, which proved to him as his arrival at heaven, having put a happy concluſion to all his earthly misfortunes.

CHAP. X.

The hiſtory of the famous princeſs Micomicona continued, with other pleaſant adventures.

THE joy of the whole company was unſpeakable by the happy concluſion of this perplex'd buſineſs; Dorothea, Cardenio, and Lucinda thought the ſudden change of their affairs too ſurprizing to be real; and through a diſuſe of good fortune, could hardly be induced to believe their happineſs: Don Ferdinand thank'd heaven a thouſand times for its propitious conduct in leading him out of a labyrinth, in which his honour and virtue were like to have been loſt. The curate, as he was very inſtrumental in the general reconciliation, had likewiſe no ſmall ſhare in the general joy; and that no diſcontent might ſour their univerſal ſatisfaction, Cardenio and the curate engag'd to ſee the hoſteſs ſatisfied for all damages committed by Don Quixote: only poor Sancho droop'd pitifully; he found his lordſhip and his hopes vaniſh'd into ſmoke, the princeſs Micomicona was chang'd to Dorothea, and the giant to Don Ferdinand; thus very muſty and melancholy he ſlipt into his maſter's chamber, who had ſlept on, and was juſt waken'd, little thinking of what had happen'd.

I hope your early riſing will do you no hurt, ſaid he, Sir knight of the woful figure; but you may now ſleep on till doom's-day if you will; nor need you trouble your head any longer about killing any giant,

or reſtoring the princeſs, for all that is done to your hand. That's more than probable, anſwer'd the knight, for I have had the moſt extraordinary, the moſt prodigious and bloody battle with the giant, that I ever had, or ſhall have during the whole courſe of my life; yet with one croſs ſtroke I laid his head thwack on the ground, whence the great effuſion of blood ſeem'd like a violent ſtream of water. Of wine you mean, ſaid Sancho; for you muſt know (if you know it not already) that your worſhip's dead giant is a broach'd wine-ſkin, and the blood ſome thirty gallons of tent which it held in its belly, and your head ſo cleverly ſtruck off, is the whore my mother; and ſo the devil take both giant and head, and altogether, for Sancho. What ſay'ſt thou, madman? ſaid the Don, thou'rt frantic ſure. Riſe, riſe, Sir, ſaid Sancho, and ſee what fine work you have cut out for yourſelf; here's the devil-and-all to pay for, and your great queen is changed into a private gentlewoman, call'd Dorothea, with ſome other ſuch odd matters, that you will wonder with a vengeance. I can wonder at nothing here, ſaid Don Quixote, where you may remember I told you all things are rul'd by inchantment. I believe it, quoth Sancho, had my toſſing in a blanket been of that kind; but ſure it was the likeſt the toſſing in a blanket of any thing I ever knew in my life. And this ſame inn-keeper, I remember very well, was one of thoſe that toſs'd me into the air, and as cleverly and heartily he did it as a man could wiſh, I'll ſay that for him; ſo that after all, I begin to ſmell a rat, and do per'louſly ſuſpect, that all our inchantment

will end in nothing but bruiſes and broken bones. Heaven will retrieve all, ſaid the knight; I will therefore dreſs, and march to the diſcovery of theſe wonderful transformations. While Sancho made him ready, the curate gave Don Ferdinand and the reſt an account of Don Quixote's madneſs, and of the device he uſed to draw him from the Poor Rock, to which the ſuppos'd diſdain of his miſtreſs had baniſh'd him in imagination. Sancho's adventures made alſo a part in the ſtory, which prov'd very diverting to the ſtrangers. He added, that ſince Dorothea's change of fortune had balkt their deſign that way, ſome other trick ſhould be found to decoy him home: Cardenio offer'd his ſervice in the affair, and that Lucinda ſhould perſonate Dorothea: No, no, (anſwer'd Don Ferdinand) Dorothea ſhall humour the jeſt ſtill, if this honeſt gentleman's habitation be not very far off. Only two days journey, ſaid the curate: I would ride twice as far (ſaid Don Ferdinand) for the pleaſure of ſo good and charitable an action. By this Don Quixote had ſally'd out arm'd cap-a-pee, Mambrino's helmet (with a great hole in it) on his head; his ſhield on his left arm, and with his right he lean'd on his lance. His meagre yellow weather-beaten face, of half a league in length *, the unaccountable

* Though Don Quixote was very long-viſag'd, yet to ſay his face was half a league in length, is a moſt extravagant hyperbole even for a Spaniard to make, but yet Cervantes does actually ſay it; *Fernando viendo ſu roſtro de media legua de andadura.* Stevens is egregiouſly miſtaken here, he ſays, *Fernando ſeeing his countenance half a league off.*

medley of his armour, together with his grave and ſolemn port, ſtruck Don Ferdinand and his companions dumb with admiration, while the champion caſting his eyes on Dorothea, with great gravity and ſolidity, broke ſilence with theſe words.

I am inform'd by this my ſquire, beautiful lady, that your greatneſs is annihilated, and your majeſty reduced to nothing; for of a queen and mighty princeſs, as you us'd to be, you are become a private damſel. If any expreſs order from the necromantic king your father (doubting the ability and ſucceſs of my arm in the reinſtating you) has occaſioned this change, I muſt tell him, that he is no conjurer in theſe matters, and does not know one half of his trade †; nor is he ſkill'd in the revolutions of chivalry: for had he been converſant in the ſtudy of knight-errantry as I have been, he might have found, that in every age, champions of leſs fame than Don Quixote de la Mancha, have finiſh'd more deſperate adventures; ſince the killing of a pitiful giant, how arrogant ſoever he may be, is no ſuch great atchievement; for, not many hours paſt, I encounter'd one myſelf; the ſucceſs I will not mention, leſt the incredulity of ſome people might diſtruſt the reality; but time, the diſcoverer of all things, will diſcloſe it, when leaſt expected. Hold there, ſaid the hoſt, it was with two wine-ſkins, but no giant that you fought. Don Ferdinand ſilenced the inn-keeper, and bid him by no

† Literally, *one half of the maſs*, the ſaying of which is one great part of the prieſtly office.

means interrupt Don Quixote, who thus went on. To conclude, moſt high and diſinherited lady, if your father, for the cauſes already mentioned, has cauſed this metamorphoſis in your perſon, believe him not; for there is no peril on earth, through which my ſword ſhall not open a way; and aſſure yourſelf, that in a few days, by the overthrow of your enemy's head, it ſhall fix on yours that crown, which is your lawful inheritance. Here Don Quixote ſtopt, waiting the princeſs's anſwer; ſhe, aſſur'd of Don Ferdinand's conſent to carry on the jeſt, till Don Quixote was got home, and aſſuming a face of gravity, Whoſoever (anſwer'd ſhe) has inform'd you, valorous knight of the woeful figure, that I have alter'd or chang'd my condition, has impos'd upon you; for I am juſt the ſame to-day as yeſterday; it is true ſome unexpected, but fortunate accidents, have varied ſome circumſtances of my fortune, much to my advantage, and far beyond my hopes; but I am neither changed in my perſon, nor altered in my reſolution of employing the force of your redoubtable and invincible arm in my favour. I therefore apply myſelf to your uſual generoſity, to have theſe words ſpoken to my father's diſhonour recall'd, and believe theſe eaſy and infallible means to redreſs my wrongs, the pure effects of his wiſdom and policy, as the good fortune I now enjoy, has been the conſequence of your ſurprizing deeds, as this noble preſence can teſtify. What ſhould hinder us then from ſetting forward to-morrow morning, depending for a happy and ſucceſsful concluſion on the

will of heaven, and the power of your unparallel'd courage?

The ingenious Dorothea having concluded, Don Quixote turning to Sancho, with all the ſigns of fury imaginable; Now muſt I tell thee, poor paultry hang-dog (ſaid he) thou art the verieſt raſcal in all Spain; tell me, rogue, ſcoundrel, did not you juſt now inform me, that this princeſs was changed into a little private damſel, call'd Dorothea, and the head which I lopp'd from the giant's ſhoulders, was the whore your mother, with a thouſand other abſurdities? Now, by all the powers of heaven (looking up, and grinding his teeth together) I have a mind ſo to uſe thee, as to make thee appear a miſerable example to all ſucceeding ſquires, that ſhall dare to tell a knight-errant a lye. Good your worſhip, cry'd Sancho, have patience, I beſeech you: mayhap I am miſtaken or ſo, about my lady princeſs Micomicona's concern there; but that the giant's head came off the wine-ſkins ſhoulders, and that the blood was as good tent as ever was tipt over tongue, I'll take my corporal oath on't; Gadzookers, Sir, are not the ſkins all hack'd and ſlaſh'd within there at your bed's-head, and the wine all in a puddle in your chamber? But you'll gueſs at the meat preſently, by the ſauce; the proof of the pudding is in the eating, maſter *; and

* The original runs, *it will be ſeen in the frying of the eggs.* When eggs are to be fry'd, there is no knowing their goodneſs till they are broken, *Royal Dict.* Or, a thief ſtole a frying pan, and the woman, who own'd it, meeting him, aſk'd him what

if my landlord here don't let you know it to your coſt, he's a very honeſt and civil fellow, that's all. Sancho, ſaid the Don, I pronounce thee *non compos*, I therefore pardon thee, and have done. It is enough, ſaid Don Ferdinand, we therefore, in purſuance of the princeſs's orders, will this night refreſh ourſelves, and tomorrow we will all of us ſet out to attend the Lord Don Quixote, in proſecution of this important enterprize he has undertaken, being all impatient to be eye-witneſſes of his celebrated and matchleſs courage. I ſhall be proud of the honour of ſerving and waiting upon you, my good lord, reply'd Don Quixote, and reckon myſelf infinitely obliged by the favour and good opinion of ſo honourable a company; which I ſhall endeavour to improve and confirm, though at the expence of the laſt drop of my blood.

Many other compliments had paſs'd between Don Quixote and Don Ferdinand, when the arrival of a ſtranger interrupted them. His dreſs repreſented him a Chriſtian newly return'd from Barbary: he was clad in a ſhort-ſkirted coat of blue cloth, with ſhort ſleeves, and no collar, his breeches were of blue linen, with a cap of the ſame colour, a pair of date colour'd ſtockings, and a Turkiſh ſcimitar hung by a ſcarf, in manner of a ſhoulder-belt. There rode a woman in his company, clad in a Mooriſh dreſs; her face was covered with a veil; ſhe had on a little cap of gold-tiſſue,

he was carrying away: he anſwer'd, you will know when your eggs are to be fry'd.

and a Turkiſh mantle that reach'd from her ſhoulders to her feet. The man was well-ſhap'd and ſtrong, his age about forty, his face ſomewhat tann'd, his muſtachios long, and his beard handſome: in ſhort, his genteel mien and perſon were too diſtinguiſhable, to let the gentleman be hid by the meanneſs of his habit. He call'd preſently for a room, and being anſwer'd that all were full, ſeem'd a little troubl'd; however he went to the woman who came along with him, and took her down from her aſs. The ladies, being all ſurpriz'd at the oddneſs of the Mooriſh dreſs, had the curioſity to flock about the ſtranger, and Dorothea very diſcreetly imagining that both ſhe and her conductor were tir'd, and took it ill that they could not have a chamber; I hope, madam, you will bear your ill fortune patiently, ſaid ſhe, for want of room is an inconvenience incident to all public inns: but if you pleaſe, madam, to take up with us, pointing to Lucinda, you may perhaps find that you have met with worſe entertainment on the road, than what this place affords. The unknown lady made her no anſwer, but riſing up, laid her hands acroſs her breaſt, bow'd her head, and inclin'd her body, as a ſign that ſhe acknowledg'd the favour. By her ſilence they conjectur'd her to be undoubtedly a Moor, and that ſhe could not ſpeak Spaniſh. Her companion was now come back from the ſtable, and told them; Ladies, I hope you will excuſe this gentlewoman from anſwering any queſtions, for ſhe is very much a ſtranger to our language. We are only, Sir, anſwer'd Lucinda, making her an offer which civility obliges us to make all

ſtrangers, eſpecially of our own ſex; that ſhe would make us happy in her company all night, and fare as we do; we will make very much of her, Sir, and ſhe ſhall want for nothing that the houſe affords. I return you humble thanks, dear madam, anſwer'd the ſtranger, in the lady's behalf and my own; and I infinitely prize the favour, which the preſent exigence, and the worth of the donors, make doubly engaging. Is the lady, pray Sir, a Chriſtian or a Moor, aſk'd Dorothea? our charity would make us hope ſhe were the former; but by her attire and ſilence we are afraid ſhe is the latter. Outwardly, madam, anſwers he, ſhe appears and is a Moor, but in her heart a zealous Chriſtian, which her longing deſires of being baptiz'd have expreſly teſtified. I have had no opportunity of having her chriſten'd ſince ſhe left Algiers, which was her habitation and native country; nor has any imminent danger of death as yet obliged her to be brought to the font, before ſhe be better inſtructed in the principles of our religion; but, I hope by heaven's aſſiſtance, to have her ſhortly baptiz'd with all the decency ſuiting her quality, which is much above what her equipage or mine ſeem to promiſe.

Theſe words rais'd in them all a curioſity to be farther inform'd who the Moor and her conductor were; but they thought it improper then to put them upon any more particular relation of their fortunes, becauſe they wanted reſt and refreſhment after their journey. Dorothea placing the lady by her, begg'd her to take off her veil. She look'd on her companion, as if ſhe re-

quir'd him to let her know what ſhe ſaid; which, when he had let her underſtand in the Arabian tongue, joining his own requeſt alſo, ſhe diſcover'd ſo charming a face, that Dorothea imagin'd her more beautiful than Lucinda; ſhe on the other hand fancy'd her handſomer than Dorothea; and moſt of the company believ'd her more beautiful than both of them. As beauty has always a prerogative, or rather charm, to attract men's inclinations, the whole company dedicated their deſires to ſerve the lovely Moor. Don Ferdinand aſk'd the ſtranger her name, he anſwer'd, Lela Zoraida; ſhe hearing him, and gueſſing what they aſk'd, ſuddenly reply'd with great concern, though very gracefully, No, no Zoraida, Maria, Maria; giving them to underſtand, that her name was Maria, and not Zoraida. Theſe words, ſpoken with ſo much eagerneſs, raiſed a concern in every body, the ladies eſpecially, whoſe natural tenderneſs ſhew'd itſelf by their tears; and Lucinda embracing her very lovingly, Ay, ay, ſaid ſhe, Maria, Maria, which words the Mooriſh lady repeated by way of anſwer. Zoraida Macange, added ſhe, as much as to ſay, not Zoraida, but Maria, Maria. The night coming on, and the inn-keeper, by order of Don Ferdinand's friends, having made haſte to provide them the beſt ſupper he could, the cloth was laid on a long table, there being neither round nor ſquare in the houſe. Don Quixote, after much ceremony, was prevail'd upon to ſit at the head, he deſir'd the lady Micomicona to ſit next to him; and the reſt of the company having placed themſelves according to their rank and conve-

nience, they eat their ſupper very heartily. Don Quixote, to raiſe the diverſion, never minded his meat, but inſpir'd with the ſame ſpirit that mov'd him to preach ſo much to the goat-herds, he began to hold forth in this manner. Certainly, gentlemen, if we rightly conſider it, thoſe who make knight-errantry their profeſſion, often meet with moſt ſurprizing and ſtupendous adventures. For what mortal in the world, at this time entring within this caſtle, and ſeeing us ſit together as we do, will imagine and believe us to be the ſame perſons which in reality we are? who is there that can judge, that this lady by my ſide is the great queen we all know her to be, and that I am that knight of the woful figure, ſo univerſally made known by fame? It is then no longer to be doubted, but that this exerciſe and profeſſion ſurpaſſes all others that have been invented by man, and is ſo much the more honourable, as it is more expos'd to dangers. Let none preſume to tell me that the pen is preferable to the ſword; for be they who they will, I ſhall tell them they know not what they ſay: for the reaſon they give, and on which chiefly they rely, is, that the labour of the mind exceeds that of the body, and that the exerciſe of arms depends only on the body, as if the uſe of them were the buſineſs of porters, which requires nothing but much ſtrength. Or, as if this, which we who profeſs it call chivalry, did not include the acts of fortitude, which depend very much upon the underſtanding. Or elſe, as if that warrior, who commands an army, or

defends a city beſieg'd, did not labour as much with the mind as with the body. If this be not ſo, let experience teach us whether it be poſſible by bodily ſtrength to diſcover or gueſs the intentions of an enemy. The forming deſigns, laying of ſtratagems, overcoming of difficulties, and ſhunning of dangers, are all works of the underſtanding, wherein the body has no ſhare. It being therefore evident, that the exerciſe of arms requires the help of the mind as well as learning, let us ſee in the next place, whether the ſcholar or the ſoldier's mind undergoes the greateſt labour. Now this may be the better known, by regarding the end and object each of them aims at; for that intention is to be moſt valued, which makes the nobleſt end its object. The ſcope and end of learning, I mean human learning (in this place I ſpeak not of divinity, whoſe aim is to guide ſouls to heaven, for no other can equal a deſign ſo infinite as that) is to give a perfection to diſtributive juſtice, beſtowing upon every one his due, and to procure and cauſe good laws to be obſerv'd; an end really generous, great, and worthy of high commendation; but yet not equal to that which knight-errantry tends to, whoſe object and end is peace, which is the greateſt bleſſing man can wiſh for in this life. And therefore the firſt good news the world receiv'd, was that the angels brought in the night, which was the beginning of our day, when they ſang in the air, Glory to God on high, peace upon earth, and to men good-will. And the only manner of ſalutation taught by the beſt maſter in

heaven, or upon earth, to his friends and favourites, was, that entring any houſe they ſhould ſay, Peace be to this houſe. And at other times he ſaid to them, My peace I give to you, my peace I leave to you, peace be among you. A jewel and legacy worthy of ſuch a donor, a jewel ſo precious, that without it there can be no happineſs either in earth or heaven. This peace is the true end of war; for arms and war are one and the ſame thing. Allowing then this truth, that the end of war is peace, and that in this it excels the end of learning, let us now weigh the bodily labours the ſcholar undergoes, againſt thoſe the warrior ſuffers, and then ſee which are greateſt. The method and language Don Quixote us'd in delivering himſelf were ſuch, that none of his hearers at that time look'd upon him as a madman. But on the contrary, moſt of them being gentlemen, to whom the uſe of arms properly appertains, they gave him a willing attention: and he proceeded in this manner. Theſe, then, I ſay, are the ſufferings and hardſhips a ſcholar endures. Firſt, poverty, (not that they are all poor, but to urge the worſt that may be in this caſe) and having ſaid he endures poverty, methinks nothing more need be urg'd to expreſs his miſery; for he that is poor enjoys no happineſs, but labours under this poverty in all its parts, at one time in hunger, at another in cold, another in nakedneſs, and ſometimes in all of them together, yet his poverty is not ſo great, but ſtill he eats, though it be later than the uſual hour, and of the ſcraps of the rich, or, which is the greateſt of a ſcholar's misfortunes, what is call'd among them

going a ſopping *; neither can the ſcholar miſs of ſomebody's ſtove or fire-ſide to ſit by, where, though he be not thoroughly heated, yet he may gather warmth, and at laſt ſleep away the night under a roof. I will not touch upon other leſs material circumſtances, as the want of linen, and ſcarcity of ſhoes, thinneſs and baldneſs of their clothes, and their ſurfeiting when good fortune throws a feaſt in their way: this is the difficult and uncouth path they tread, often ſtumbling and falling, yet riſing again and puſhing on, till they attain the preferment they aim at; whither being arriv'd, we have ſeen many of them, who, having been carried by a fortunate gale through all theſe quick-ſands, from a chair govern the world; their hunger being changed into ſatiety, their cold into comfortable warmth, their nakedneſs into magnificence of apparel, and the mat they us'd to lie upon, into ſtately beds of coſtly ſilks and ſofteſt linen, a reward due to their virtue. But yet their ſufferings being compar'd to thoſe the ſoldier endures, appear much inferior, as I ſhall in the next place make out.

* The author means the ſops in porridge, given at the doors of monaſteries.

CHAP. XI.

A continuation of Don Quixote's curious diſcourſe upon arms and learning.

SINCE, ſpeaking of the ſcholar, we began with his poverty, and its ſeveral parts, continued Don Quixote, let us now obſerve whether the ſoldier be any thing richer than he; and we ſhall find that poverty itſelf is not poorer; for he depends on his miſerable pay, which he receives but ſeldom, or perhaps never; or elſe in that he makes by marauding, with the hazard of his life, and trouble of his conſcience. Such is ſometimes his want of apparel, that a ſlaſh'd buff-coat is all his holiday raiment and ſhirt; and in the depth of winter being in the open field, he has nothing to cheriſh him againſt the ſharpneſs of the ſeaſon, but the breath of his mouth, which iſſuing from an empty place, I am perſuaded is itſelf cold, though contrary to the rules of nature. But now ſee how he expects night to make amends for all theſe hardſhips in the bed prepar'd for him, which unleſs it be his own fault, never proves too narrow; for he may freely lay out as much of the ground, as he pleaſes, and tumble to his content, without danger of loſing the ſheets. But above all, when the day ſhall come, wherein he is to put in practice the exerciſe of his profeſſion, and ſtrive to gain ſome new degree, when the day of battle ſhall come, then, as a mark of his honour, ſhall his head be dignified with a cap made of lint, to ſtop a hole made by a bullet, or be

perhaps carry'd off maim'd, at the expence of a leg or an arm. And if this do not happen, but that merciful heaven preſerve his life and limbs, it may fall out that he ſhall remain as poor as before, and muſt run through many encounters and battles, nay always come off victorious, to obtain ſome little preferment; and theſe miracles too are rare: but, I pray tell me, gentlemen, if ever you made it your obſervation, how few are thoſe who obtain due rewards in war, in compariſon of thoſe numbers that periſh? doubtleſs you will anſwer, that there is no parity between them; that the dead cannot be reckon'd up, whereas, thoſe who live and are rewarded, may be number'd with three figures *. It is quite otherwiſe with ſcholars, not only thoſe who follow the law, but others alſo, who all either by hook or by crook get a livelihood, ſo that though the ſoldier's ſufferings be much greater, yet his reward is much leſs. To this it may be anſwer'd, that it is eaſier to reward two thouſand ſcholars, than thirty thouſand ſoldiers, becauſe the former are recompens'd at the expence of the public, by giving them employments, which of neceſſity muſt be allow'd on thoſe of their profeſſion, but the latter cannot be gratified otherwiſe than at the coſt of the maſter that employs them; yet this very difficulty makes good my argument. But let us lay this matter aſide, as a point difficult to be decided, and let us return to the preference due to arms above learning, a ſubject as yet in debate, each party bringing ſtrong

* i. e. Do not exceed hundreds.

reaſons to make out their pretenſions. Among others, learning urges, that without it, warfare itſelf could not ſubſiſt; becauſe war, as other things, has its laws, and is governed by them, and laws are the province of learning and ſcholars. To this objection the ſoldiers make anſwer, that without them the laws cannot be maintain'd, for it is by arms that commonwealths are defended, kingdoms ſupported, cities ſecur'd, the highway made ſafe, and the ſea deliver'd from pirates. In ſhort, were it not for them, commonwealths, kingdoms, monarchies, cities, the roads by land, and the waters of the ſea, would be ſubject to the ravages and confuſion that attends war while it laſts, and is at liberty to make uſe of its unbounded power, and prerogative. Beſides, it is paſt all controverſy, that what coſts deareſt, is, and ought to be moſt valu'd. Now for a man to attain to an eminent degree of learning coſts him time, watching, hunger, nakedneſs, dizzineſs in the head, weakneſs in the ſtomach, and other inconveniencies, which are the conſequences of theſe, of which I have already in part made mention. But the riſing gradually to be a good ſoldier, is purchas'd at the whole expence of all that is requir'd for learning, and that in ſo ſurpaſſing a degree, that there is no compariſon betwixt them; becauſe he is every moment in danger of his life. To what danger or diſtreſs can a ſcholar be reduced equal to that of a ſoldier, who, being beſieged in ſome ſtrong place, and at his poſt or upon guard in ſome ravelin or baſtion, perceives the enemy carrying on a mine under him, and yet muſt upon no account remove from

thence, or ſhun the danger which threatens him ſo near? all he can do, is, to give notice to his commander, that he may countermine, but muſt himſelf ſtand ſtill, fearing and expecting when on a ſudden he ſhall ſoar to the clouds without wings, and be again caſt down headlong againſt his will. If this danger ſeem inconſiderable, let us ſee whether that be not greater when two gallies ſhock one another with their prows in the midſt of the ſpacious ſea. When they have thus grappled, and are clinging together, the ſoldier is confin'd to the narrow beak, being a board not above two foot wide; and yet though he ſees before him ſo many miniſters of death threatning, as there are pieces of cannon on the other ſide pointing againſt him, and not half a pike's length from his body; and being ſenſible that the firſt ſlip of his feet ſends him to the bottom of Neptune's dominions; ſtill, for all this, inſpir'd by honour, with an undaunted heart, he ſtands a mark to ſo much fire, and endeavours to make his way, by that narrow paſſage, into the enemy's veſſel. But what is moſt to be admir'd is, that no ſooner one falls, where he ſhall never riſe till the end of the world, than another ſteps into the ſame place; and if he alſo drops into the ſea, which lies in wait for him like an enemy, another, and after him another ſtill fills up the place, without ſuffering any interval of time to ſeparate their deaths; a reſolution and boldneſs ſcarce to be parallel'd in any other trials of war. Bleſſed be thoſe happy ages that were ſtrangers to the dreadful fury of theſe deviliſh inſtruments of artillery, whoſe inventor I am ſatisfy'd is now in hell, re-

ceiving the reward of his curſed invention, which is the cauſe that very often a cowardly baſe hand takes away the life of the braveſt gentleman, and that in the midſt of that vigour and reſolution which animates and inflames the bold, a chance bullet (ſhot perhaps by one that fled, and was frighted at the very flaſh the miſchievous piece gave, when it went off) coming no body knows how, or from whence, in a moment puts a period to the brave deſigns, and the life of one, that deſerv'd to have ſurviv'd many years. This conſider'd, I could almoſt ſay, I am ſorry at my heart for having taken upon me this profeſſion of a knight-errant, in ſo deteſtable an age; for though no danger daunts me, yet it affects me to think, whether powder and lead may not deprive me of the opportunity of becoming famous, and making myſelf known throughout the world by the ſtrength of my arm and dint of my ſword. But let heaven order matters as it pleaſes, for if I compaſs my deſigns, I ſhall be ſo much the more honour'd by how much the dangers I have expos'd myſelf to, are greater than thoſe the knights-errant of former ages underwent. All this long preamble Don Quixote made, whilſt the company ſupp'd, never minding to eat a mouthful, tho' Sancho Pança had ſeveral times advis'd him to mind his meat, telling him there would be time enough afterwards to talk as he thought fit. Thoſe who heard him were afreſh mov'd with compaſſion, to ſee a man, who ſeem'd in all other reſpects, to have a ſound judgment and clear underſtanding, ſo abſolutely mad and diſtracted, when any mention was made of his curs'd

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knight-errantry. The curate told him, he was much in the right, in all he had ſaid for the honour of arms; and that he, though a ſcholar, and a graduate, was of the ſame opinion. Supper being ended, and the cloth taken away; whilſt the inn-keeper, his wife, his daughter, and Maritornes, fitted up Don Quixote's loft for the ladies, that they might lie by themſelves that night, Don Ferdinand intreated the ſlave to give them an account of his life; conſcious the relation could not chooſe but be very delightful and ſurprizing, as might be gueſs'd by his coming with Zoraida. The ſlave anſwer'd, he would moſt willingly comply with their deſires, and that he only fear'd the relation would not give them all the ſatisfaction he could wiſh; but that however rather than diſobey, he would do it as well as he could. The curate and all the company thank'd him, and made freſh inſtances to the ſame effect. Seeing himſelf courted by ſo many, There is no need of intreaties, ſaid he, for what you may command; therefore, continu'd he, give me your attention, and you ſhall hear a true relation, perhaps not to be parallel'd by thoſe fabulous ſtories which are compos'd with much art and ſtudy. This caus'd all the company to ſeat themſelves, and obſerve a very ſtrict ſilence; and then with an agreeable and ſedate voice, he began in this manner.

CHAP. XII.

Where the captive relates his life and adventures.

IN the mountains of Leon my family had its firſt original, and was more kindly dealt withal by nature than by fortune, though my father might paſs for rich among the inhabitants of thoſe parts who are but poorly provided for; to ſay truth, he had been ſo, had he had as much induſtry to preſerve, as he had inclination to diſſipate his income; but he had been a ſoldier, and the years of his youth ſpent in that employment, had left him in his old age a propenſity to ſpend, under the name of liberality. War is a ſchool where the covetous grow free, and the free prodigal: to ſee a ſoldier a miſer, is a kind of prodigy which happens but ſeldom. My father was far from being one of them; for he paſs'd the bounds of liberality, and came very near the exceſſes of prodigality; a thing which cannot ſuit well with a marry'd life, where the children ought to ſucceed to the eſtate, as well as name of the family. We were three of us, all at man's eſtate; and my father, finding that the only way (as he ſaid) to curb his ſquandring inclination, was to diſpoſſeſs himſelf of that which maintain'd it, his eſtate (without which Alexander himſelf muſt have been put to't) he call'd us one day all three to him in his chamber, and ſpoke to us in the following manner.

My ſons, to perſuade you that I love you, I need only tell you I am your father, and you my children;

and on the other ſide, you have reaſon to think me unkind, conſidering how careleſs I am in preſerving what ſhould one day be yours; but to convince you, however, that I have the bowels of a parent, I have taken a reſolution, which I have well weigh'd and conſider'd for many days. You are all now of an age to chuſe the kind of life you each of you incline to; or, at leaſt, to enter upon ſome employment that may one day procure you both honour and profit: therefore I deſign to divide all I have into four parts, of which I will give three among you, and retain the fourth for myſelf, to maintain me in my old age, as long as it ſhall pleaſe heaven to continue me in this life. After that each of you ſhall have receiv'd his part, I could wiſh you would follow one of the employments I ſhall mention to you, every one as he finds himſelf inclin'd. There is a proverb in our tongue, which I take to contain a great deal of truth, as generally thoſe ſort of ſayings do, being ſhort ſentences fram'd upon obſervation and long experience. This proverb runs thus, 'Either the church, the ſea, 'or the court.' As if it ſhould plainly ſay, that whoſoever deſires to thrive muſt follow one of theſe three; either be a church-man, or a merchant and try his fortune at ſea, or enter into the ſervice of his prince in the court; for another proverb ſays, that 'King's chaff 'is better than other men's corn.' I ſay this, becauſe I would have one of you follow his ſtudies, another I deſire ſhould be a merchant, and the third ſhould ſerve the king in his wars; becauſe it is a thing of ſome difficulty to get an entrance at court; and though war

does not immediately procure riches, yet it ſeldom fails of giving honour and reputation. Within eight days time I will give each of you your portion, and not wrong you of a farthing of it, as you ſhall ſee by experience. Now therefore tell me if you are reſolv'd to follow my advice about your ſettling in the world. And turning to me, as the eldeſt, he bid me anſwer firſt. I told him, that he ought not upon our account to divide or leſſen his eſtate, or way of living; that we were young men and could ſhift in the world; and at laſt I concluded, that for my part I would be a ſoldier, and ſerve God and the king in that honourable profeſſion. My ſecond brother made the ſame regardful offer, and choſe to go to the Indies; reſolving to lay out in goods the ſhare that ſhould be given him here. The youngeſt, and I believe, the wiſeſt of us all, ſaid he would be a church-man; and in order to it, go to Salamanca, and there finiſh his ſtudies. After this, my father embraced us all three, and in a few days perform'd what he had promis'd; and, as I remember, it was three thouſand ducats a-piece, which he gave us in money; for we had an uncle who bought all the eſtate, and paid for it in ready money, that it might not go out of the family. A little after, we all took leave of my father; and at parting I could not forbear thinking it a kind of inhumanity to leave the old gentleman in ſo ſtrait a condition: I prevail'd with him therefore to accept of two thouſand of my three, the remainder being ſufficient to make up a ſoldier's equipage. My example work'd upon my other brothers, and they each of them

preſented him with a thouſand ducats; ſo that my father remain'd with four thouſand ducats in ready money, and three thouſand more in land, which he choſe to keep, and not ſell out-right. To be ſhort, we took our laſt leave of my father and the uncle I have mention'd, not without much grief and tears on all ſides. They particularly recommending to us to let them know, by all opportunities, our good or ill fortunes; we promis'd ſo to do, and having receiv'd the bleſſing of our old father, one of us went ſtraight to Salamanca, the other to Sevil, and I to Alicant, where I was inform'd of a Genoeſe ſhip, which was loading wood for Genoa.

This year makes two and twenty ſince I firſt left my father's houſe, and in all that time, tho' I have writ ſeveral letters I have not had the leaſt news, either of him, or of my brothers. And now I will relate, in few words, my own adventures in all that courſe of years. I took ſhipping at Alicant, arriv'd ſafe and with a good paſſage at Genoa, from thence I went to Milan, where I bought my equipage, reſolving to go and enter myſelf in the army of Piedmont; but being come as far as Alexandria de la Paille, I was inform'd that the great duke of Alva was paſſing into Flanders with an army; this made me alter my firſt reſolution. I follow'd him, and was preſent at all his engagements, as well as at the deaths of the counts Egmont and Horne; and at laſt I had a pair of colours under a famous captain of Guadalajara, whoſe name was Diego de Urbina. Some time after my arrival in Flanders, there came news of the league concluded by Pope Pius V. of happy

memory in conjunction with Spain, againſt the common enemy the Turk, who at that time had taken the iſland of Cyprus from the Venetians; which was an unfortunate and lamentable loſs to Chriſtendom. It was alſo certain, that the general of this holy league was the moſt ſerene Don Juan of Auſtria, natural brother to our good king Don Philip. The great fame of the preparations for this war excited in me a vehement deſire of being preſent at the engagement, which was expected to follow theſe preparations; and although I had certain aſſurance, and, as it were, an earneſt of my being advanced to be a captain upon the firſt vacancy; yet I reſolv'd to leave all thoſe expectations, and return, as I did, to Italy. My good fortune was ſuch, that I arriv'd juſt about the ſame time that Don Juan of Auſtria landed at Genoa, in order to go to Naples, and join the Venetian fleet, as he did at Meſſina. In ſhort, I was at that great action of the battle of Lepanto, being a captain of foot, to which poſt my good fortune, more than my deſert, had now advanced me; and that day, which was ſo happy to all Chriſtendom (becauſe the world was then diſabus'd of the error they had entertain'd, that the Turk was invincible by ſea) that day, I ſay, in which the pride of the Ottomans was firſt broke, and which was ſo happy to all Chriſtians, even to thoſe who dy'd in the fight, who were more ſo than thoſe who remain'd alive and conquerors, I alone was the unhappy man; ſince, inſtead of a naval crown, which I might have hop'd for in the time of the Romans, I found myſelf that very night a ſlave, with irons on my feet, and

manacles on my hands. The thing happen'd thus: Vehali, king of Algiers, a brave and bold pirate, having boarded and taken the Capitana galley of Malta, in which only three knights were left alive, and thoſe deſperately wounded, the galley of John Andrea Doria bore up to ſuccour them; in this galley I was embarqu'd with my company, and doing my duty on this occaſion, I leap'd into the enemy's galley, which getting looſe from ours, that intended to board the Algerine, my ſoldiers were hindered from following me, and I remain'd alone among a great number of enemies; whom not being able to reſiſt, I was taken after having receiv'd ſeveral wounds; and, as you have heard already, Vehali having eſcap'd with all his ſquadron, I found myſelf his priſoner; and was the only afflicted man among ſo many joyful ones, and the only captive among ſo many free; for on that day above 15000 Chriſtians, who row'd in the Turkiſh galleys, obtain'd their long-wiſh'd-for liberty. I was carry'd to Conſtantinople, where the Grand Seignor Selim made Vehali, my maſter, general of the ſea, he having behav'd himſelf very well in the battle, and brought away with him the great flag of the order of Malta, as a proof of his valour.

The ſecond year of my captivity, I was a ſlave in the Capitana galley at Navarino; and I took notice of the Chriſtians fault, in letting ſlip the opportunity they had of taking the whole Turkiſh fleet in that port; and all the Janiſaries and Algerine pirates did ſo expect to be attack'd, that they had made all in readineſs to eſcape

on ſhore without fighting; ſo great was the terror they had of our fleet: but it pleas'd God to order it otherwiſe, not by any fault of the Chriſtian General, but for the ſins of Chriſtendom, and becauſe it is his will we ſhould always have ſome enemies to chaſtiſe us. Vehali made his way to Modon, which is an iſland not far from Navarino, and there landing his men, fortify'd the entrance of the harbour, remaining in ſafety there till Don Juan was forc'd to return home with his fleet. In this expedition, the galley called La Preſa, of which Barbaroſſa's own ſon was captain, was taken by the admiral galley of Naples, call'd the Wolf, which was commanded by that thunder-bolt of war, that father of the ſoldiers, that happy and never conquer'd captain, Don Alvaro de Baçan, marquis of Santa Cruz; and I cannot omit the manner of taking this galley. The ſon of Barbaroſſa was very cruel, and us'd his ſlaves with great inhumanity; they perceiving that the Wolf-galley got of them in the chace, all of a ſudden laid by their oars, and ſeizing on their commander, as he was walking between them on the deck, and calling to them to row hard; they paſs'd him on from hand to hand to one another, from one end of the galley to the other, and gave him ſuch blows in the handling him, that before he got back to the main-maſt, his ſoul had left his body, and was fled to hell. This, as I ſaid, was the effect of his cruelty, and their hatred.

After this we return'd to Conſtantinople; and the next year, which was 1573, news came that Don Juan of Auſtria had taken Punis and its kingdom from the

Turks, and given the poſſeſſion of it to Muley Hamid, having thereby defeated all the hopes of reigning of Muley Hamida, one of the crueleſt, and withal one of the braveſt Moors in the world. The Grand Seignor was troubled at this loſs, and, uſing his wonted artifices with the Chriſtians, he ſtruck up a peace with the Venetians, who were much more deſirous than he of it.

The year after, which was 1574, he attack'd the Goletta, and the fort which Don Juan had begun, but not above half finiſh'd, before Tunis. All this while I was a galley-ſlave, without any hopes of liberty; at leaſt, I could not promiſe myſelf to obtain it by way of ranſom; for I was reſolv'd not to write my father the news of my misfortune. * La Goletta and the fort were both taken, after ſome reſiſtance; the Turkiſh army conſiſting of 75000 Turks in pay, and above 400000 Moors and Arabs out of all Africa near the ſea; with ſuch proviſions of war of all kinds, and ſo many pioneers, that they might have cover'd the Goletta and the fort with earth by handfuls. The Goletta was firſt taken, tho' always before reputed impregnable; and it was not loſt by any fault of its defenders, who did all that could be expected from them; but becauſe it was found by experience, that it was practicable to make trenches in that ſandy ſoil, which was thought to have water under it within two foot, but the Turks ſunk

* The Goletta is a fortreſs in the Mediterranean; between that ſea and the lake of Tunis: In 1535 Charles V. took it by ſtorm.

above two yards and found none; by which means filling ſacks with ſand, and laying them on one another, they rais'd them ſo high, that they over-topt and commanded the fort, in which none could be ſafe, nor ſhew themſelves upon the walls. It has been the opinion of moſt men, that we did ill to ſhut ourſelves up in the Goletta; and that we ought to have been drawn out to hinder their landing; but they who ſay ſo, talk without experience, and at random, of ſuch things; for if in all there were not above 7000 men in the Goletta and the fort, how could ſo ſmall a number, though never ſo brave, take the open field againſt ſuch forces as thoſe of the enemies? And how is it poſſible that a place can avoid being taken, which can have no relief, particularly being beſieg'd by ſuch numbers, and thoſe in their own country? But it ſeem'd to many others, and that is alſo my opinion, that God Almighty favour'd Spain moſt particularly, in ſuffering that ſink of iniquity and miſery, as well as that ſpunge and perpetual drain of treaſure to be deſtroy'd. For infinite ſums of money were ſpent there to no purpoſe, without any other deſign than to preſerve the memory of one of the emperor's (Charles the Fifth's) conqueſts; as if it had been neceſſary to ſupport the eternity of his glory (which will be permanent) that thoſe ſtones ſhould remain in being. The fort was likewiſe loſt, but the Turks got it foot by foot; for the ſoldiers who defended it, ſuſtain'd two and twenty aſſaults, and in them kill'd above 25000 of thoſe Barbarians; and when it was taken, of 300 which were left alive, there

was not one man unwounded; a certain ſign of the bravery of the garriſon, and of their ſkill in defending places. There was likewiſe taken by compoſition, a ſmall fort in the midſt of a lake, which was under the command of Don John Zanoguerra, a gentleman of Valencia, and a ſoldier of great renown. Don Pedro Puerto Carrero, general of the Goletta, was taken priſoner, and was ſo afflicted at the loſs of the place, that he died of grief by the way, before he got to Conſtantinople, whither they were carrying him. They took alſo priſoner the commander of the fort, whoſe name was Gabriel Cerbellon, a Milaneſe, a great engineer, as well as a valiant ſoldier. Several perſons of quality were killed in thoſe two fortreſſes, and among the reſt was Pagan Doria, the brother of the famous John Andrea Doria, a generous and noble-hearted gentleman, as well appear'd by his liberality to that brother; and that which made his death more worthy of compaſſion, was, that he receiv'd it from ſome Arabs, to whom he had committed his ſafety after the loſs of the fort, they having promis'd to carry him diſguis'd in a Moor's habit to Tabarca, which is a ſmall fort held on that coaſt by the Genoeſes, for the diving for coral; but they cut off his head, and brought it to the Turkiſh general, who made good to them the Spaniſh proverb, that the treaſon pleaſes, but the traitors are odious; for he order'd them to be hang'd up immediately, for not having brought him alive. Amongſt the Chriſtians which were taken in the fort, there was one Don Pedro de Aguilar, of ſome place in Andaluſia, and who was an

enſign in the place; a very brave, and a very ingenious man, and one who had a rare talent in poetry. I mention him, becauſe it was his fortune to be a ſlave in the ſame galley with me, and chain'd to the ſame bench. Before he left the port he made two ſonnets, by way of epitaph for the Goletta and the fort, which I muſt beg leave to repeat here, having learn'd them by heart, and I believe they will rather divert than tire the company. When the captive nam'd Don Pedro de Aguilar, Don Ferdinand look'd upon his companions, and they all ſmil'd; and when he talk'd of the ſonnets, one of them ſaid, before you go on to repeat the ſonnets, I deſire, Sir, you would tell me what became of that Don Pedro de Aguilar, whom you have mention'd. All that I know of him, anſwer'd the ſlave, is, that after having been two years in Conſtantinople, he made his eſcape, diguis'd like an Arnaut *, and in company of a Greek ſpy; but I cannot tell whether he obtain'd his liberty or no, though I believe he did, becauſe about a year after I ſaw the ſame Greek in Conſtantinople, but had not an opportunity to aſk him about the ſucceſs of his journey. Then I can tell you, reply'd the gentleman, that the Don Pedro you ſpeak of is my brother, and is at preſent at home, marry'd, rich, and has three children. God be thank'd, ſaid the ſlave, for the favours he has beſtow'd on him; for in my mind there is no felicity equal to that of recovering

* A trooper of Epirus, Dalmatia, or ſome of the adjacent countries.

one's loſt liberty; and moreover, added the ſame gentleman, I can ſay the ſonnets you mention'd, which my brother made. Pray ſay them then, reply'd the ſlave, for I queſtion not but you can repeat them better than I. With all my heart, anſwer'd the gentleman. That upon the Goletta was thus.

CHAP. XIII.

The ſtory of the captive continu'd.

A SONNET.

'BLeſt ſouls, diſcharg'd of life's oppreſſive weight,
'Whoſe virtue prov'd your paſs-port to the ſkies:
'You there procur'd a more propitious fate,
'When for your faith you bravely fell to riſe.

'When pious rage, diffus'd thro' ev'ry vein,
'On this ungrateful ſhore inflam'd your blood;
'Each drop you loſt, was bought with crowds of ſlain,
'Whoſe vital purple ſwell'd the neighb'ring flood.

'Tho' cruſh'd by ruins, and by odds, you claim
'That perfect glory, that immortal fame,
'Which, like true heroes, nobly you purſu'd;
'On theſe you ſeiz'd, even when of life depriv'd,
'For ſtill your courage even your lives ſurviv'd;
'And ſure 'tis conqueſt thus to be ſubdu'd.'

I know it is juſt as you repeat it, ſaid the captive: well then, ſaid the gentleman. I'll give you now that which was made upon the fort, if I can remember it.

A SONNET.

'AMidſt theſe barren fields, and ruin'd towers,
'The bed of honour of the falling brave,
'Three thouſand champions of the Chriſtian pow'rs
'Found a new life, and triumph in the grave.

'Long did their arms their haughty foes repel,
'Yet ſtrew'd the fields with ſlaughter'd heaps in vain;
'O'ercome by toils, the pious heroes fell,
'Or but ſurviv'd more nobly to be ſlain.

'This diſmal ſoil, ſo fam'd in ills of old,
'In ev'ry age was fatal to the bold,
'The ſeat of horror, and the warrior's tomb!
'Yet hence to heav'n more worth was ne'er reſign'd,
'Than theſe diſplay'd; nor has the earth combin'd,
'Reſum'd more noble bodies in her womb.'

The ſonnets were applauded, and the captive was pleas'd to hear ſuch good news of his friend and companion; after that he purſu'd his relation in theſe terms; The Turks ordered the diſmantling of the Goletta, the fort being raz'd to their hand by the ſiege; and yet the mines they made could not blow up the old walls, which nevertheleſs were always thought the weakeſt part of the place; but the new fortifications, made by the engineer Fratin, came eaſily down. In fine, the Turkiſh fleet return'd in triumph to Conſtantinople, where not long after my maſter Vehali dy'd,

whom the Turks us'd to call Vehali Fartax, which in Turkiſh ſignifies the ſcabby renegade, as indeed he was; and the Turks give names among themſelves, either from ſome virtue or ſome defect that is in them; and this happens, becauſe there are but four families deſcended from the Ottoman family; all the reſt, as I have ſaid, take their names from ſome defect of the body, or ſome good quality of the mind. This ſcabby ſlave was at the oar in one of the Grand Signior's galleys for fourteen years, till he was four and thirty years old; at which time he turn'd renegade, to be revenged of a Turk who gave him a box on the ear, as he was chain'd to the oar, forſaking his religion for his revenge; after which he ſhew'd ſo much valour and conduct, that he came to be king of Algiers, and admiral of the Turkiſh fleet, which is the third command in the whole empire. He was a Calabrian by birth, and of a mild diſpoſition towards his ſlaves, as alſo of good morals to the reſt of the world. He had above 3000 ſlaves of his own, all which after his death were divided, as he had order'd by his will, between the Grand Seignor, his ſons and his renegades. I fell to the ſhare of a Venetian renegade, who was a cabbin-boy in a Venetian ſhip which was taken by Vehali, who lov'd him ſo, that he was one of his favourite boys; and he came at laſt to prove one of the crueleſt renegades that ever was known. His name was Azanaga, and he obtain'd ſuch riches, as to riſe by them to be king of Algiers; and with him I left Conſtantinople, with ſome ſatisfaction to think, at leaſt, that I was in a place ſo

near Spain, not becauſe I could give advice to any friend of my misfortunes, but becauſe I hop'd to try whether I ſhould ſucceed better in Algiers than I had done in Conſtantinople, where I had try'd a thouſand ways of running away, but could never execute any of them, which I hop'd I ſhould compaſs better in Algiers, for hopes never forſook me upon all the diſappointments I met with in the deſign of recovering my liberty. By this means I kept myſelf alive, ſhut up in a priſon or houſe, which the Turks call a bagnio, where they keep their Chriſtian ſlaves, as well thoſe of the king, as thoſe who belong to private perſons, and alſo thoſe who are call'd El Almacen, that is, who belong to the public, and are employ'd by the city in works that belong to it. Theſe latter do very difficultly obtain their liberty; for having no particular maſter, but belonging to the public, they can find no body to treat with about their ranſom, though they have money to pay it. The king's ſlaves, which are ranſomable, are not obliged to go out to work as the others do, except their ranſom ſtays too long before it comes; for then to haſten it, they make them work, and fetch wood with the reſt, which is no ſmall labour. I was one of thoſe who were to be ranſom'd; for when they knew I had been a captain, though I told them the impoſſibility I was in of being redeem'd, becauſe of my poverty, yet they put me among the gentlemen that were to be ranſom'd, and to that end they put me on a ſlight chain, rather as a mark of diſtinction, than to reſtrain me by it; and ſo I paſs'd my life in that bagnio,

with ſeveral other gentlemen of quality, who expected their ranſom; and tho' hunger and nakedneſs might, as it did often, afflict us, yet nothing gave us ſuch affliction, as to hear and ſee the exceſſive cruelties with which our maſter us'd the other Chriſtian ſlaves; he would hang one one day, then impale another, cut off the ears of a third; and this upon ſuch ſlight occaſions, that often the Turks would own, that he did it only for the pleaſure of doing it, and becauſe he was naturally an enemy to mankind. Only one Spaniſh ſoldier knew how to deal with him, his name was Saavedra; who tho' he had done many things which will not eaſily be forgotten by the Turks, yet all to gain his liberty, his maſter never gave him a blow, nor us'd him ill either in word or deed; and yet we were always afraid that the leaſt of his pranks would make him be impal'd; nay, he himſelf ſometimes was afraid of it too; and if it were not for taking up too much of your time, I could tell ſuch paſſages of him, as would divert the company much better than the relation of my adventures, and cauſe more wonder in them. But to go on; I ſay that the windows of a very rich Moor's houſe look'd upon the court of our priſon; which indeed, according to the cuſtom of the country, were rather peeping-holes than windows, aud yet they had alſo lattices or jealouſies on the inſide. It happen'd one day, that being upon a kind of terras of our priſon, with only three of my comrades, diverting ourſelves as well as we could, by trying who could leap fartheſt in his chains, all the other Chriſtians being gone out to work,

I chanced to look up to thoſe windows, and ſaw that out of one of them there appear'd a long cane, and to it was a bit of linen ty'd, and the cane was mov'd up and down, as if it had expected that ſome of us ſhould lay hold of it. We all took notice of it, and one of us went and ſtood juſt under it, to ſee if they would let it fall; but juſt as he came to it, the cane was drawn up, and ſhak'd to and fro ſideways, as if they had made the ſame ſign, as people do with their head when they deny. He retir'd upon that, and the ſame motion was made with it as before. Another of my comrades advanced, and had the ſame ſucceſs as the former; the third man was us'd juſt as the reſt; which I ſeeing, reſolv'd to try my fortune too; and as I came under the cane, it fell at my feet: immediately I unty'd the linen, within which was a knot, which being open'd, ſhew'd us about ten Zianins, which is a ſort of gold of baſe allay, us'd by the Moors, each of which is worth about two crowns of our money. It is not to be much queſtion'd, whether the diſcovery was not as pleaſant as ſurprizing; we were in admiration, and I more particularly, not being able to gueſs whence this good fortune came to us, eſpecially to me; for it was plain I was more meant than any of my comrades, ſince the cane was let go to me when it was refus'd to them. I took my money, broke the cane, and going upon the terras ſaw a very fine white hand that open'd and ſhut the window with haſte. By this we imagin'd that ſome woman who liv'd in that houſe had done us this favour; and to return our thanks, we bow'd ourſelves

after the Mooriſh faſhion, with our arms croſs our breaſts. A little after there appear'd out of the ſame window, a little croſs made of cane, which immediately was pulled in again. This confirm'd us in our opinion, that ſome Chriſtian woman was a ſlave in that houſe, and that it was ſhe that took pity on us; but the whiteneſs of the hand, and the richneſs of the bracelets upon the arm, which we had a glimpſe of, ſeem'd to deſtroy that thought again; and then we believ'd it was ſome Chriſtian woman turn'd Mahometan, whom their maſters often marry, and think themſelves very happy; for our women are more valu'd by them than the women of their own country. But in all this gueſſing we were far enough from finding out the truth of the caſe; however, we reſolv'd to be very diligent in obſerving the window, which was our north-ſtar. There paſs'd above fifteen days before we ſaw either the hand or cane, or any other ſign whatſoever; tho' in all that time we endeavour'd to find out who liv'd in that houſe, and if there were in it any Chriſtian woman who was a renegade; yet all we could diſcover amounted to only this, that the houſe belong'd to one of the chief Moors, a very rich man, call'd Agimorato, who had been Alcayde of the Pata, which is an office much valu'd among them. But when we leaſt expected our golden ſhower would continue, out of that window we ſaw on a ſudden the cane appear again, with another piece of linen, and a bigger knot; and this was juſt at a time when the bagnio was without any other of the ſlaves in it. We all try'd our fortunes

as the firſt time, and it ſucceeded accordingly, for the cane was let go to none but me. I unty'd the knot, and found in it forty crowns of Spaniſh gold, with a paper written in Arabic, and at the top of the paper was a great croſs. I kiſs'd the croſs, took the crowns, and returning to the terraſs, we all made our Mooriſh reverences; the hand appear'd again, and I having made ſigns that I would read the paper, the window was ſhut. We remain'd all overjoy'd and aſtoniſh'd at what had happen'd; and were extreme deſirous to know the contents of the paper; but none of us underſtood Arabic, and it was yet more difficult to find out a proper interpreter. At laſt I reſolv'd to truſt a renegade of Murcia, who had ſhewn me great proofs of his kindneſs. We gave one another mutual aſſurances, and on his ſide he was obliged to keep ſecret all that I ſhould reveal to him; for the renegades, who have thoughts of returning to their own country, uſe to get certificates from ſuch perſons of quality as are ſlaves in Barbary, in which they make a ſort of an affidavit, that ſuch a one, a renegade, is an honeſt man, and has always been kind to the Chriſtians, and has a mind to make his eſcape on the firſt occaſion. Some there are who procure theſe certificates with an honeſt deſign, and remain among Chriſtians as long as they live; but others get them on purpoſe to make uſe of them when they go a pirating on the Chriſtian ſhores; for then if they are ſhipwreck'd or taken, they ſhew theſe certificates, and ſay, that thereby may be ſeen the intention with which they came in the Turks company; to wit, to get an

opportunity of returning to Chriſtendom. By this means they eſcape the firſt fury of the Chriſtians, and are ſeemingly reconcil'd to the church without being hurt; afterwards they take their time, and return to Barbary to be what they were before.

One of theſe renegades was my friend, and he had certificates from us all, by which we gave him much commendation: but if the Moors had catch'd him with thoſe papers about him, they would have burnt him alive. I knew that not only he underſtood the Arabic tongue, but alſo that he could both ſpeak and write it currently. But yet before I reſolv'd to truſt him entirely, I bid him read me that paper, which I had found by chance; he open'd it, and was a good while looking upon it, and conſtruing it to himſelf. I aſk'd him if he underſtood it; he ſaid, Yes, very well; and that if I would give him pen, ink and paper, he would tranſlate it word for word. We furniſh'd him with what he deſir'd, and he went to work; having finiſh'd his tranſlation, he ſaid, All that I have here put into Spaniſh, is word for word what is in the Arabic; only obſerve, that wherever the paper ſays Lela Marien, it means our lady the Virgin Mary. The contents were thus:

'When I was a child, my father had a ſlave, who 'taught me in my tongue the Chriſtian worſhip, and 'told me a great many things of Lela Marien: the 'Chriſtian ſlave dy'd, and I am ſure ſhe went not to 'the fire, but is with Alla, for I have ſeen her twice 'ſince; and ſhe bid me go to the land of the Chriſtians

'to ſee Lela Marien, who had a great kindneſs for me. 'I do not know what is the matter; but though I have 'ſeen many Chriſtians out of this window, none has 'appear'd to me ſo much a gentleman as thyſelf. I 'am very handſome and young, and can carry with 'me a great deal of money, and other riches; conſi-'der whether thou can'ſt bring it to paſs that we may 'eſcape together, and then thou ſhalt be my huſband 'in thy own country, if thou art willing; but if thou 'art not, it is all one, Lela Marien will provide me a 'huſband I wrote this myſelf; have a care to whom 'thou giveſt it to read, do not truſt any Moor, be-'cauſe they are all treacherous; and in this I am 'much perplex'd, and could wiſh there were not a 'neceſſity of truſting any one; becauſe if my fa-'ther ſhould come to know it, he would certainly 'throw me into a well, and cover me over with ſtones. 'I will tie a thread to a cane, and with that thou may-'eſt faſten thy anſwer; and if thou can'ſt not find any 'one to write in Arabic, make me underſtand thy 'meaning by ſigns, for Lela Marien will help me to 'gueſs it. She and Alla keep thee, as well as this croſs, 'which I often kiſs, as the Chriſtian ſlave bid me to 'do.'

You may imagine, gentlemen, that we were in admiration at the contents of this paper, and withal overjoy'd at them, which we expreſs'd ſo openly, that the renegade came to underſtand that the paper was not found by chance, but that it was really writ by ſome one among us; and accordingly he told us his ſuſpi-

cion, and desired us to trust him entirely, and that he would venture his life with us to procure us our liberty. Having said this, he pull'd a brass crucifix out of his bosom, and with many tears, swore by the God which it represented, and in whom he, though a wicked sinner, did firmly believe, to be true and faithful to us with all secrecy in what we should impart to him; for he guess'd, that by the means of the woman who had writ that letter, we might all of us recover our lost liberty; and he, in particular, might obtain what he had so long wish'd for, to be receiv'd again into the bosom of his mother the church, from whom, for his sins, he had been cut off as a rotten member. The renegade pronounced all this with so many tears, and such signs of repentance, that we were all of opinion to trust him, and tell him the whole truth of the business. We shew'd him the little window out of which the cane us'd to appear, and he from thence took good notice of the house, in order to inform himself who liv'd in it. We next agreed that it would be necessary to answer the Moorish lady's note: so immediately the renegade writ down what I dictated to him; which was exactly as I shall relate, for I have not forgot the least material circumstance of this adventure, nor can forget them as long as I live. The words then were these.

'The true Alla keep thee, my dear lady, and that 'blessed virgin, which is the true mother of God, and 'has inspir'd thee with the design of going to the land 'of the Christians. Do thou pray her that she would 'be pleas'd to make thee understand how thou shalt

'execute what ſhe has commanded thee; for ſhe is ſo 'good that ſhe will do it. On my part, and on that of 'the Chriſtians who are with me, I offer to do for thee 'all we are able, even to the hazard of our lives. Fail 'not to write to me, and give me notice of thy reſolu-'tion, for I will always anſwer thee: the Great Alla 'having given us a Chriſtian ſlave, who can read and 'write thy language, as thou may'ſt perceive by this 'letter; ſo that thou may'ſt, without fear, give us no-'tice of all thy intentions. As for what thou ſay'ſt, 'that as ſoon as thou ſhalt arrive in the land of the 'Chriſtians, thou deſign'ſt to be my wife, I promiſe 'thee on the word of a good Chriſtian, to take thee 'for my wife, and thou may'ſt be aſſur'd that the 'Chriſtians perform their promiſes better than the 'Moors. Alla, and his mother Mary be thy guard, 'my dear lady.'

Having writ and clos'd this note, I waited two days till the Bagnio was empty, and then I went upon the terras, the ordinary place of our converſation, to ſee if the cane appeared, and it was not long before it was ſtirring. As ſoon as it appear'd I ſhew'd my note, that the thread might be put to the cane, but I found that was done to my hand; and the cane being let down, I faſtened the note to it. Not long after, the knot was let fall, and I taking it up, found in it ſeveral pieces of gold and ſilver, above fifty crowns, which gave us infinite content, and fortify'd our hopes of obtaining at laſt our liberty. That evening our renegade came to us, and told us, he had found out that the maſter of that

houſe was the ſame Moor we had been told of, call'd Agimorato, extremely rich, and who had one only daughter to inherit all his eſtate. That it was the report of the whole city, that ſhe was the handſomeſt maid in all Barbary, having been demanded in marriage by ſeveral baſſas and viceroys, but that ſhe had always refus'd to marry; he alſo told us, that he had learnt ſhe had a Chriſtian ſlave who was dead, all which agreed with the contents of the letter. We immediately held a council with the renegade, about the manner we ſhould uſe to carry off the Mooriſh lady, and go all together to Chriſtendom; when at laſt we agreed to expect the anſwer of Zoraida, for that is the name of the lady who now deſires to be call'd Mary; as well knowing ſhe could beſt adviſe the overcoming all the difficulties that were in our way; and after this reſolution, the renegade aſſured us again, that he would loſe his life, or deliver us out of captivity.

The Bagnio was four days together full of people, and all that time the cane was inviſible; but as ſoon as it return'd to its ſolitude, the cane appear'd, with a knot much bigger than ordinary; having unty'd it, I found in it a letter, and a hundred crowns in gold. The renegade happen'd that day to be with us, and we gave him the letter to read; which he ſaid contain'd theſe words.

'I cannot tell, Sir, how to contrive that we may go 'together for Spain; neither has Lela Marien told it 'me, tho' I have earneſtly aſked it of her; all I can do, 'is to furniſh you out of this window with a great deal

'of riches, buy your ranſom and your friends with 'that, and let one of you go to Spain, and buy a bark 'there, and come and fetch the reſt: as for me, you 'ſhall find me in my fathers garden out of town, by 'the ſea-ſide, not far from Babaſſo gate; where I am 'to paſs all the ſummer with my father and my maids, 'from which you may take me without fear, in the 'night-time, and carry me to your bark; but remem-'ber thou art to be my huſband: and if thou faileſt in 'that, I will deſire Lela Marien to chaſtize thee. If 'thou can'ſt not truſt one of thy friends to go for the 'bark, pay thy own ranſom and go thyſelf; for I truſt 'thou wilt return ſooner than another, ſince thou art a 'gentleman and a Chriſtian. Find out my father's gar-'den, and I will take care to watch when the Bagnio 'is empty, and let thee have more money. Alla keep 'my dear lord.'

Theſe were the contents of the ſecond letter we re-ceiv'd. Upon the reading of it, every one of us offer'd to be the man that ſhould go and buy the bark, promiſ-ing to return with all punctuality; but the renegade oppos'd that propoſition, and ſaid, he would never con-ſent that any one of us ſhould obtain his liberty before the reſt, becauſe experience had taught him, that people once free, do not perform what they promiſe when cap-tives; and that ſome ſlaves of quality had often us'd that remedy, to ſend one either to Valencia or Majorca, with money to buy a bark, and come back and fetch the reſt; but that they never return'd, becauſe the joy of having obtained their liberty, and the fear of loſing it

again, made them forget what they had promis'd, and cancell'd the memory of all obligations. To confirm which he related to us a ſtrange ſtory, which had happen'd in thoſe parts, as there often does among the ſlaves. After this, he ſaid that all that could be done, was for him to buy a bark with the money which ſhould redeem one of us; That he could buy one in Algiers, and pretend to turn merchant, and deal between Algiers and Tetuan; by which means, he being maſter of the veſſel, might eaſily find out ſome way of getting us out of the Bagnio, and taking us on board; and eſpecially if the Mooriſh lady did what ſhe promis'd, and gave us money to pay all our ranſoms; for being free, we might embark even at noon-day: but the greateſt difficulty would be, that the Moors do not permit renegades to keep any barks, but large ones fit to cruize upon Chriſtians, for they believe that a renegade, particularly a Spaniard, ſeldom buys a bark, but with a deſign of returning to his own country. That however, he knew how to obviate that difficulty, by taking a Tagarin Moor for his partner both in the bark and trade, by which means he ſhould ſtill be maſter of her, and then all the reſt would be eaſy. We durſt not oppoſe this opinion, though we had more inclination every one of us to go to Spain for a bark, as the lady had advis'd; but were afraid that if we contradicted him, as we were at his mercy, he might betray us, and bring our lives in danger; particularly if the buſineſs of Zoraida ſhould be diſcovered, for whoſe liberty and life we would have given all ours; ſo we determin'd to put

ourſelves under the protection of God and the renegade. At the ſame time we anſwer'd Zoraida, telling her, that we would do all ſhe advis'd, which was very well, and juſt as if Lela Marien herſelf had inſtructed her; and that now it depended on her alone to give us the means of bringing this deſign to paſs. I promis'd her once more to be her huſband. After this in two days that the Bagnio happen'd to be empty, ſhe gave us, by the means of the cane, two thouſand crowns of gold; and withal a letter in which ſhe let us know, that the next Juma, which is their Friday, ſhe was to go to her father's garden, and that before ſhe went, ſhe would give us more money; and if we had not enough, ſhe would, upon our letting her know it, give us what we ſhould think ſufficient; for her father was ſo rich that he would hardly miſs it; and ſo much the leſs, becauſe he entruſted her with the keys of all his treaſure. We preſently gave the renegade five hundred crowns to buy the bark, and I paid my own ranſom with eight hundred crowns, which I put into the hands of a merchant at Valencia, then in Algiers, who made the bargain with the king, and had me to his houſe upon parole, to pay the money upon the arrival of the firſt bark from Valencia; for if he had paid down the money immediately, the king might have ſuſpected the money had been ready, and lain ſometime in Algiers, and that the merchant for his own profit had conceal'd it; and in ſhort, I durſt not truſt my maſter with ready money, knowing his diſtruſtful and malicious nature. The Thurſday preceding that Friday that Zoraida was to go to th

garden, ſhe let us have a thouſand crowns more; deſiring me at the ſame time, that if I paid my ranſom, I would find out her father's garden, and contrive ſome way of ſeeing her there. I anſwer'd in few words, that I would do as ſhe deſir'd, and ſhe ſhould only take care to recommend us to Lela Marien, by thoſe prayers which the Chriſtian ſlave had taught her. Having done this, order was taken to have the ranſom of my three friends paid alſo; leſt they ſeeing me at liberty, and themſelves not ſo, though there was money to ſet them free, ſhould be troubl'd in mind, and give way to the temptation of the devil, in doing ſomething that might redound to the prejudice of Zoraida; for though the conſideration of their quality ought to have given me ſecurity of their honour, yet I did not think it proper to run the leaſt hazard in the matter: ſo they were redeem'd in the ſame manner, and by the ſame merchant that I was, who had the money before-hand; but we never diſcover'd to him the remainder of our intrigue, as not being willing to riſque the danger there was in ſo doing.

CHAP. XIV.

The adventures of the Captive continu'd.

OUR renegade had in a fortnight's time bought a very good bark, capable of carrying above thirty people; and to give no ſuſpicion of any other deſign, he undertook a voyage to a place upon the coaſt call'd Sargel, about thirty leagues to the eaſtward of Algiers

towards Oran, where there is a great trade for dry'd figs. He made this voyage two or three times in company with the Tagarin Moor his partner. Thoſe Moors are call'd in Barbary Tagarins, who were driven out of Arragon; as they call thoſe of Granada, Mudajares; and the ſame in the kingdom of Fez are call'd Elches, and are the beſt ſoldiers that prince has.

Every time he paſs'd with his bark along the coaſt, he us'd to caſt anchor in a little bay that was not above two bow-ſhot from the garden where Zoraida expected us; and there he us'd to exerciſe the Moors that row'd, either in making the Sala, which is a ceremony among them, or in ſome other employment; by which he practis'd in jeſt what he was reſolv'd to execute in earneſt. So ſometimes he would go to the garden of Zoraida and beg ſome fruit, and her father would give him ſome, though he did not know him. He had a mind to find an occaſion to ſpeak to Zoraida, and tell her, as he ſince own'd to me, that he was the man who by my order was to carry her to the land of the Chriſtians, and that ſhe might depend upon it; but he could never get an opportunity of doing it, becauſe the Mooriſh and Turkiſh women never ſuffer themſelves to be ſeen by any of their own nation, but by their huſband, or by his or their father's command; but as for the Chriſtian ſlaves, they let them ſee them, and that more familiarly than perhaps could be wiſh'd. I ſhould have been very ſorry that the renegade had ſeen or ſpoke to Zoraida, for it muſt needs have troubl'd her infinitely to ſee that her buſineſs was truſted to a renegade; and

God Almighty, who govern'd our deſign, order'd it ſo, that the renegade was diſappointed. He in the mean time ſeeing how ſecurely, and without ſuſpicion, he went and came along the coaſt, ſtaying where and when he pleas'd by the way, and that his partner the Tagarin Moor was of his mind in all things; that I was at liberty, and that there wanted nothing but ſome Chriſtians to help us to row; bid me conſider whom I intended to carry with me beſides thoſe who were ranſom'd, and that I ſhould make ſure of them for the firſt Friday, becauſe he had pitch'd on that day for our departure. Upon notice of this reſolution, I ſpoke to twelve luſty Spaniards, good rowers, and thoſe who might eaſilieſt get out of the city: it was a great fortune that we got ſo many in ſuch a conjuncture, becauſe there were above twenty ſail of rovers gone out, who had taken aboard moſt of the ſlaves fit for the oar; and we had not had theſe, but that their maſter happen'd to ſtay at home that ſummer, to finiſh a galley he was building to cruize with, and was then upon the ſtocks. I ſaid no more to them, than only they ſhould ſteal out of the town in the evening upon the next Friday, and ſtay for me upon the way that led to Agimorato's garden. I ſpoke to every one by himſelf, and gave each of them order to ſay no more to any other Chriſtian they ſhould ſee, than that they ſtaid for me there. Having done this, I had another thing of the greateſt importance to bring to paſs, which was to give Zoraida notice of our deſign, and how far we had carry'd it, that ſhe might be ready at a ſhort warning, and not to be

ſurpriz'd if we came upon the houſe on a ſudden, and even before ſhe could think that the Chriſtian bark could be come. This made me reſolve to go to the garden to try if it were poſſible to ſpeak to her: ſo one day, upon pretence of gathering a few herbs, I enter'd the garden, and the firſt perſon I met was her father, who ſpoke to me in the language us'd all over the Turkiſh dominions, which is a mixture of all the Chriſtian and Mooriſh languages, by which we underſtand one another from Conſtantinople to Algiers, and aſk'd me what I look'd for in his garden and who I belong'd to? I told him I was a ſlave of Arnaute Mami (this man I knew was his intimate friend) and that I wanted a few herbs to make up a ſallad. He then aſk'd me if I were a man to be redeem'd or no, and how much my maſter aſk'd for me? During theſe queſtions, the beautiful Zoraida came out of the garden-houſe hard by, having deſcry'd me a good while before; and as the Mooriſh women make no difficulty of ſhewing themſelves to the Chriſtian ſlaves, ſhe drew near, without ſcruple, to the place where her father and I were talking; neither did her father ſhew any diſlike of her coming, but call'd to her to come nearer. It would be hard for me to expreſs here the wonderful ſurprize and aſtoniſhment that the beauty, the rich dreſs, and the charming air of my belov'd Zoraida put me in: ſhe was all bedeck'd with pearls, which hung thick upon her head and about her neck and arms. Her feet and legs were naked, after the cuſtom of that country and ſhe had upon her ancles a kind of bracelet of gold, and ſet with ſuch rich

diamonds that her father valu'd them, as ſhe ſince told me, at ten thouſand piſtoles a pair; and thoſe about her wriſts were of the ſame value. The pearls were of the beſt ſort, for the Mooriſh women delight much in them, and have more pearls of all ſorts than any nation. Her father was reputed to have the fineſt in Algiers, and to be worth beſides, above two hundred thouſand Spaniſh crowns; of all which, the lady you here ſee was then miſtreſs; but now is only ſo of me. What ſhe yet retains of beauty after all her ſufferings, may help you to gueſs at her wonderful appearance in the midſt of her proſperity. The beauty of ſome ladies has its days and times, and is more or leſs, according to accidents or paſſions, which naturally raiſe or diminiſh the luſtre of it, and ſometimes quite extinguiſh it. All I can ſay, is, at that time ſhe appear'd to me the beſt-dreſt and moſt beautiful woman I had ever ſeen; to which, adding the obligations I had to her, ſhe paſs'd with me for a goddeſs from heaven, deſcended upon earth for my relief and happineſs. As ſhe drew near, her father told her, in his country language, that I was a ſlave of his friend Arnaute Mami, and came to pick a ſallad in his garden. She preſently took the hint, and aſk'd me in Lingua Franca whether I was a gentleman, and if I was, why I did not ranſom myſelf? I told her I was already ranſom'd, and that by the price, ſhe might gueſs the value my maſter ſet upon me, ſince he had bought me for 1500 pieces of eight: to which ſhe reply'd. If thou hadſt been my father's ſlave, I would not have let him part with thee for twice as

much; for, ſaid ſhe, you Chriſtians never ſpeak truth in any thing you ſay, and make yourſelves poor to deceive the Moors. That may be, madam, ſaid I, but in truth I have dealt by my maſter, and do intend to deal by all thoſe I ſhall have to deal with, ſincerely and honourably. And when doſt thou go home? ſaid ſhe. To-morrow, madam, ſaid I, for here is a French bark that ſails to-morrow, and I intend not to loſe that opportunity. Is it not better, reply'd Zoraida, to ſtay till there come ſome Spaniſh bark, and go with them, and not with the French, who, I am told, are no friends of yours? No, ſaid I; yet if the report of a Spaniſh bark's coming ſhould prove true, I would perhaps ſtay for it, though it is more likely I ſhall take the opportunity of the French, becauſe the deſire I have of being at home, and with thoſe perſons I love, will hardly let me wait for any other conveniency. Without doubt, ſaid Zoraida, thou art married in Spain, and impatient to be with thy wife. I am not, ſaid I, marry'd, but I have given my word to a lady, to be ſo as ſoon as I can reach my own country. And is the lady handſome that has your promiſe, ſaid Zoraida? She is ſo handſome, ſaid I, that to deſcribe her rightly, and tell truth, I can only ſay ſhe is like you. At this her father laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, On my word, Chriſtian, ſhe muſt be very charming if ſhe be like my daughter, who is the greateſt beauty of all this kingdom: look upon her well, and thou wilt ſay I ſpeak truth. Zoraida's father was our interpreter for the moſt of what we talk'd, for though ſhe underſtood the Lingua Franca, yet ſhe was

not us'd to ſpeak it, and ſo explain'd herſelf more by ſigns than words. While we were in this converſation, there came a Moor running haſtily, and cry'd aloud that four Turks had leap'd over the fence of the garden, and were gathering the fruit, though it was not ripe. The old man ſtarted at that, and ſo did Zoraida, for the Moors do naturally ſtand in awe of the Turks, particularly of the ſoldiers, who are ſo inſolent on their ſide, that they treat the Moors as if they were their ſlaves. This made the father bid his daughter go in and ſhut herſelf up cloſe, whilſt, ſaid he, I go and talk with theſe dogs; and for thee, Chriſtian, gather the herbs thou want'ſt, and go thy ways in peace, and God conduct thee ſafe to thy own country. I bow'd to him, and he left me with Zoraida, to go and find out the Turks: ſhe made alſo as if ſhe were going away, as her father had bid her; but ſhe was no ſooner hid from his ſight by the trees of the garden, but ſhe turn'd towards me with her eyes full of tears, and ſaid in her language, Amexi Chriſtiano, Amexi, which is, thou art going away, Chriſtian, thou art going: to which I anſwer'd, Yes, madam, I am, but by no means without you; you may expect me next Friday, and be not ſurpriz'd when you ſee us, for we will certainly go to the land of the Chriſtians. I ſaid this ſo paſſionately, that ſhe underſtood me; and throwing one of her arms about my neck, ſhe began to walk ſoftly, and with trembling towards the houſe. It pleas'd fortune, that as we were in this poſture walking together (which might have prov'd very unlucky to us) we met Agimorato coming

back from the Turks, and we perceiv'd he had ſeen us as we were; but Zoraida, very readily and diſcreetly, was ſo far from taking away her arm from about my neck, that drawing ſtill nearer to me, ſhe lean'd her head upon my breaſt, and letting her knees give way, was in the poſture of one that ſwoons; I at the ſame time, made as if I had much ado to bear her up againſt my will. Her father came haſtily to us, and ſeeing his daughter in this condition, aſk'd her what was the matter? But ſhe not anſwering readily, he preſently ſaid, Without doubt theſe Turks have frighted her, and ſhe faints away; at which he took her in his arms. She, as it were, coming to herſelf, fetch'd a deep ſigh, and with her eyes not yet dry'd from tears, ſhe ſaid, Amexi Chriſtiano, Amexi, be gone, Chriſtian, be gone; to which her father reply'd, It is no matter, child, whether he go or no, he has done thee no hurt, and the Turks at my requeſt are gone: It is they who frighted her, ſaid I; but ſince ſhe deſires I ſhould be gone, I'll come another time for my ſallad, by your leave; for my maſter ſays the herbs of your garden are the beſt of any he can have. Thou may'ſt have what, and when thou wilt, ſaid the father; for my daughter does not think the Chriſtians troubleſome, ſhe only wiſh'd the Turks away, and by miſtake bid thee be gone too, or make haſte and gather thy herbs. With this I immediately took leave of them both; and Zoraida, ſhewing great trouble in her looks, went away with her father. I in the mean time, upon pretence of gathering my herbs here and there, walk'd all over the garden, ob-

ſerving exactly all the places of coming in and going out, and every corner fit for my purpoſe, as well as what ſtrength there was in the houſe, with all other conveniencies to facilitate our buſineſs. Having done this I went my ways, and gave an exact account of all that had happen'd, to the renegade and the reſt of my friends, longing earneſtly for the time in which I might promiſe myſelf my dear Zoraida's company, without any fear of diſturbance. At laſt the happy hour came, and we had all the good ſucceſs we could promiſe ourſelves, of a deſign ſo well laid; for the Friday after my diſcourſe with Zoraida, towards the evening we came to an anchor with our bark, almoſt over-againſt the place where my lovely miſtreſs liv'd; the Chriſtians, who were to be employ'd at the oar, were already at the rendezvous, and hid up and down thereabouts. They were all in expectation of my coming, and very deſirous to ſeize the bark which they ſaw before their eyes, for they did not know our agreement with the renegade, but thought they were by main force to gain their conveyance and their liberty, by killing the Moors on board. As ſoon as I and my friends appear'd, all the reſt came from their hiding-places to us. By this time the city-gates were ſhut, and no ſoul appear'd in all the country near us. When we were all together, it was a queſtion whether we ſhould firſt fetch Zoraida, or make ourſelves maſters of thoſe few Moors in the bark. As we were in this conſultation, the renegade came to us, and aſking what we meant to ſtand idle, told us his Moors were all gone to reſt, and moſt of them aſleep.

We told him our difficulty, and he immediately ſaid, that the moſt important thing was to ſecure the bark, which might eaſily be done, and without danger, and then we might go for Zoraida.

We were all of his mind, and ſo, without more ado, he march'd at the head of us to the bark, and leaping into it, he firſt drew a ſcymitar, and cry'd aloud in the Mooriſh language, Let not a man of you ſtir, except he means it ſhould coſt him his life; and while he ſaid this, all the other Chriſtians were got on board. The Moors, who are naturally timorous, hearing the maſter uſe this language, were frighted, and without any reſiſtance, ſuffer'd themſelves to be manacl'd, which was done with great expedition by the Chriſtians, who told them at the ſame time, that if they made the leaſt noiſe, they would immediately cut their throats. This being done, and half of our number left to guard them, the remainder, with the renegade, went to Agimorato's garden; and our good fortune was ſuch, that coming to force the gate, we found it open with as much facility, as if it had not been ſhut at all. So we march'd on with great ſilence to the houſe, without being perceiv'd by any body. The lovely Zoraida, who was at the window, aſk'd ſoftly, upon hearing us tread, whether we were Nazarani, that is Chriſtians? I anſwer'd yes; and deſir'd her to come down. As ſoon as ſhe heard my voice, ſhe ſtaid not a minute; but, without ſaying a word, came down and open'd the door, appearing to us all like a goddeſs, her beauty and the richneſs of her dreſs not being to be deſcrib'd. As ſoon as I ſaw her,

I took her by the hand, which I kiſs'd, the renegade did the ſame, and then my friends; the reſt of the company follow'd the ſame ceremony; ſo that we all paid her a kind of homage for our liberty. The renegade aſk'd her in Moriſco, whether her father was in the garden? She ſaid yes, and that he was aſleep. Then, ſaid he, we muſt awake him, and take him with us, as alſo all that's valuable in the houſe. No, no, ſaid Zoraida, my father muſt not be touch'd, and in the houſe there is nothing ſo rich as what I ſhall carry with me, which is enough to make you all rich and content. Having ſaid this ſhe ſtept into the houſe, bid us be quiet, and ſhe would ſoon return. I aſk'd the renegade what had paſs'd between them, and he told me what he had ſaid: to which I reply'd, that by no means any thing was to be done, otherwiſe than as Zoraida ſhould pleaſe. She was already coming back with a ſmall trunk ſo full of gold, that ſhe could hardly carry it, when, to our great misfortune, while this was doing, her father awak'd, and hearing a noiſe in the garden, open'd a window and look'd out: having perceiv'd that there were Chriſtians in it, he began to cry out in Arabic, Thieves, thieves, Chriſtians, Chriſtians. Theſe cries of his put us all into a terrible diſorder and fear; but the renegade ſeeing our danger, and how much it imported us to accompliſh our enterprize before we were perceived, he ran up to the place where Agimorato was, and took with him ſome of our company; for I durſt by no means leave Zoraida, who had ſwoon'd away in my arms. Thoſe who went up beſtir'd them-

ſelves ſo well, that they brought down Agimorato with his hands ty'd behind him, and his mouth ſtopp'd with a handkerchief, which hinder'd him from ſo much as ſpeaking a word; and threatning him beſides, that if he made the leaſt attempt to ſpeak, it ſhould coſt him his life. When his daughter, who was come to herſelf, ſaw him, ſhe cover'd her eyes to avoid the ſight, and her father remain'd the more aſtoniſh'd, for he knew not how willingly ſhe had put herſelf into our hands. Diligence on our ſide being the chief thing requiſite, we us'd it ſo as we came to our bark, when our men began to be in pain for us, as fearing that we had met with ſome ill accident: we got on board about two hours after it was dark; where the firſt thing we did was to unty the hands of Zoraida's father, and to unſtop his mouth, but ſtill with the ſame threatnings of the renegade, in caſe he made any noiſe. When he ſaw his daughter there, he began to ſigh moſt paſſionately, and more when he ſaw me embrace her with tenderneſs, and that ſhe, without any reſiſtance or ſtruggling, ſeem'd to endure it; he, for all this, was ſilent, for fear the threatnings of the renegade ſhould be put in execution. Zoraida ſeeing us aboard, and that we were ready to handle our oars to be gone, ſhe bid the renegade tell me, ſhe deſir'd I would ſet her father, and the other Moors, our priſoners, on ſhore; for elſe ſhe would throw herſelf into the ſea, rather than ſee a father, who had us'd her ſo tenderly, be carried away captive for her ſake, before her eyes. The renegade told me what ſhe ſaid, to which I agreed; but the renegade

was of another opinion; ſaying, that if we ſet them on ſhore there, they would raiſe the country, and give the alarm to the city, by which ſome light frigates might be diſpatch'd in queſt of us, and getting between us and the ſea, it would be impoſſible for us to make our eſcape; and that all that could be done, was to ſet them at liberty in the firſt Chriſtian land we could reach. This ſeem'd ſo reaſonable to us all, that Zoraida herſelf, being inform'd of the motives we had, not to obey her at preſent, agreed to it. Immediately, with great ſilence and content, we began to ply our oars, recommending ourſelves to providence with all our hearts, and endeavour'd to make for Majorca, which is the neareſt Chriſtian land: but the north wind riſing a little, and the ſea with it, we could not hold that courſe, but were forced to drive along ſhore towards Oran, not without great fear of being diſcover'd from Sargel, upon the coaſt, about thirty leagues from Algiers. We were likewiſe apprehenſive of meeting ſome of thoſe galliots which came from Tetuan with merchandize. Though, to ſay truth, we did not ſo much fear theſe laſt; for except it were a cruizing galliot, we all of us wiſh'd to meet ſuch a one, which we ſhou'd certainly take, and ſo get a better veſſel to tranſport us in.

Zoraida all this while hid her face between my hands, that ſhe might not ſee her father; and I could hear her call upon Lala Marien to help us. By that time we had got about thirty miles the day broke, and we found ourſelves within a mile of the ſhore, which

appear'd to us a deſart ſolitary place, but yet we row'd hard to get off to ſea, for fear of being diſcover'd by ſome body. When we were got about two leagues out to ſea, we propos'd the men ſhou'd row by turns, that ſome might refreſh themſelves; but the men at the oar ſaid it was not time yet to reſt, and that they could eat and row too, if thoſe who did not row would aſſiſt them, and give them meat and drink; this we did, and a little while after the wind blowing freſh, we ceas'd rowing and ſet ſail for Oran, not being able to hold any other courſe. We made above eight miles an hour, being in no fear of any thing but meeting ſome cruizers. We gave victuals to our Mooriſh priſoners, and the renegade comforted them, and told them they were not ſlaves, but that they ſhould be ſet at liberty upon the firſt opportunity. The ſame was ſaid to Zoraida's father; who anſwer'd, I might expect from your courteſy any thing elſe perhaps, O Chriſtians; but that you ſhould give me my liberty, I am not ſimple enough to believe it: for you never would have run the hazard of taking it from me, if you intended to reſtore it me ſo eaſily; eſpecially ſince you know who I am, and what you may get for my ranſom, which if you will but name, I do from this moment offer you all that you can deſire for me and for that unfortunate daughter of mine, or for her alone, ſince ſhe is the better part of me. When he had ſaid this, he burſt out into tears ſo violently, that Zoraida could not forbear looking up at him, and indeed he mov'd compaſſion in us all, but in her particularly; inſomuch, as ſtarting from my arms,

ſhe flew to her father's, and putting her head to his, they began again ſo paſſionate and tender a ſcene, that moſt of us could not forbear accompanying their grief with our tears: but her father ſeeing her ſo richly dreſs'd, and ſo many jewels about her, ſaid to her, in his language, What is the meaning of this, daughter? for laſt night before this terrible misfortune befel us, thou wert in thy ordinary dreſs; and now, without ſcarce having had the time to put on ſuch things, I ſee thee adorn'd with all the fineries that I could give thee, if we were at liberty and in full proſperity. This gives me more wonder and trouble than even our ſad misfortune; therefore anſwer me. The renegade interpreted all that the Moor ſaid, and we ſaw that Zoraida anſwer'd not one word; but on a ſudden, ſpying the little caſket in which ſhe was us'd to put her jewels, which he thought had been left in Algiers, he remain'd yet more aſtoniſh'd, and aſk'd her how that trunk could come into our hands, and what was in it? To which the renegade, without expecting Zoraida's anſwer, reply'd, Do not trouble thyſelf to aſk thy daughter ſo many queſtions, for with one word I can ſatisfy them all. Know then that ſhe is a Chriſtian, and it is ſhe that has filed off our chains, and given us liberty; ſhe is with us by her own conſent, and I hope well pleas'd, as people ſhould be who come from darkneſs into light, and from death to life. Is this true, daughter? ſaid the Moor. It is, reply'd Zoraida. How then, ſaid the old man, art thou really a Chriſtian? and art thou ſhe that has put thy father into the power of his

enemies? To which Zoraida reply'd, I am ſhe that is a Chriſtian, but not ſhe that has brought thee into this condition, for my deſign never was to injure my father, but only to do myſelf good. And what good haſt thou done thyſelf? ſaid the Moor. Aſk that of Lela Marien, reply'd Zoraida, for ſhe can tell thee beſt. The old man had no ſooner heard this but he threw himſelf, with incredible fury, into the ſea, where without doubt he had been drown'd, had not his garments, which were long and wide, kept him ſome time above water. Zoraida cry'd out to us to help him, which we all did ſo readily, that we pull'd him out by his veſt, but half drown'd, and without any ſenſe. This ſo troubled Zoraida, that ſhe threw herſelf upon her father, and began to lament and take on as if he had been really dead. We turn'd his head downwards, and by this means having diſgorged a great deal of water, he recover'd a little in about two hours time. The wind in the mean while was come about, and forced us toward the ſhore, that ſo we were obliged to ply our oars not to be driven upon the land. It was our good fortune to get into a ſmall bay, which is made by a promontory, call'd the cape of the Caba Rumia; which, in our tongue, is the cape of the wicked Chriſtian Woman; and it is a tradition among the Moors, that Caba, the daughter of count Julian, who was the cauſe of the loſs of Spain, lies buried there; and they think it ominous to be forced into that bay, for they never go in otherwiſe than by neceſſity; but to us it was no unlucky harbour, but a ſafe retreat, conſidering how high

the ſea went by this time. We poſted our centries on ſhore, but kept our oars ready to be ply'd upon occaſion, taking in the mean time ſome refreſhment of what the renegade had provided, praying heartily to God and the virgin Mary, to protect us, and help us to bring our deſign to a happy concluſion. Here, at the deſire of Zoraida, we reſolv'd to ſet her father on ſhore, with all the other Moors, whom we kept faſt bound; for ſhe had not courage, nor could her tender heart ſuffer any longer, to ſee her father and her countrymen ill us'd before her face; but we did not think to do it before we were juſt ready to depart, and then they could not much hurt us, the place being a ſolitary one, and no habitations near it. Our prayers were not in vain; the wind fell and the ſea became calm, inviting us thereby to purſue our intended voyage: we unbound our priſoners and ſet them on ſhore, one by one, which they were mightily aſtoniſh'd at. When we came to put Zoraida's father on ſhore, who by this time was come to himſelf, he ſaid, Why do you think, Chriſtians, that this wicked woman deſires I ſhould be ſet at liberty? Do you think it is for any pity ſhe takes of me? No certainly, but it is becauſe ſhe is not able to bear my preſence, which hinders the proſecution of her ill deſires: I wou'd not have you think neither that ſhe has embraced your religion, becauſe ſhe knows the difference between yours and ours, but becauſe ſhe has heard that ſhe may live more looſely in your country than at home: and then turning himſelf to Zoraida, while I and another held him faſt by the arms, that he

might commit no extravagance, he ſaid, O infamous and blind young woman, where art thou going in the power of theſe dogs, our natural enemies? Curs'd be the hour in which I begot thee, and the care and affection with which I bred thee. But I, ſeeing he was not like to make an end of his exclamations ſoon, made haſte to ſet him on ſhore, from whence he continu'd to give us his curſes and imprecations; begging on his knees of Mahomet to beg of God Almighty to confound and deſtroy us; and when being under ſail, we cou'd no longer hear him, we ſaw his actions, which were tearing his hair and beard, and rolling himſelf upon the ground; but he once ſtrain'd his voice ſo high, that we heard what he ſaid, which was, Come back, my dear daughter, for I forgive thee all; let thoſe men have the treaſure which is already in their poſſeſſion, and do thou return to comfort thy diſconſolate father, who muſt elſe loſe his life in theſe ſandy deſarts. All this Zoraida heard and ſhed abundance of tears, but could anſwer nothing, but beg that Lela Marien who had made her a Chriſtian, wou'd comfort him. God knows, ſaid ſhe, I cou'd not avoid doing what I have done; and that theſe Chriſtians are not obliged to me, for I cou'd not be at reſt till I had done this, which to thee, dear father, ſeems ſo ill a thing. All this ſhe ſaid, when we were got ſo far out of his hearing, that we cou'd ſcarce ſo much as ſee him. So I comforted Zoraida as well as I cou'd, and we all minded our voyage. The wind was now ſo right for our purpoſe, that we made no doubt of being the next morning upon the

Spaniſh ſhore; but as it ſeldom happens that any felicity comes ſo pure as not to be temper'd and allay'd by ſome mixture of ſorrow; either our ill fortune, or the Moor's curſes had ſuch an effect (for a father's curſes are to be dreaded, let the father be what he will) that about midnight, when we were under full ſail, with our oars laid by, we ſaw by the light of the moon, hard by us, a round ſtern'd veſſel with all her ſails out, coming a head of us, which ſhe did ſo cloſe to us, that we were forced to ſtrike our ſail not to run foul of her; and the veſſel likewiſe ſeem'd to endeavour to let us go by; they had come ſo near as to aſk from whence we came, and whither we were going? But doing it in French, the renegade forbid us to anſwer, ſaying without doubt theſe are French pirates, to whom every thing is prize. This made us all be ſilent; and as we ſail'd on, they being under the wind, fir'd two guns at us, both, as it appear'd, with chain-ſhot, for one brought our maſt by the board, and the other went thro' us, without killing any body; but we, perceiving we were ſinking, call'd to them to come and take us, for we were going to be drown'd; they then ſtruck their own ſails, and putting out their boat, there came about a dozen French on board us, all well arm'd, and with their matches lighted. When they were cloſe to us, ſeeing we were but few, they took us a-board their boat, ſaying that this had happen'd to us for not anſwering their queſtions. The renegade had time to take a little coffer or trunk, full of Zoraida's treaſure, and heave it over board, without being perceiv'd by any body. When

we were on board their veſſel, after having learnt from us all they cou'd, they began to ſtrip us, as if we had been their mortal enemies: they plunder'd Zoraida of all the jewels and bracelets ſhe had on her hands and feet; but that did not ſo much trouble me, as the apprehenſion I was in for the rich jewel of her chaſtity, which ſhe valu'd above all the reſt. But that ſort of people ſeldom have any deſires beyond the getting of riches, which they ſaw in abundance before their eyes; and their covetouſneſs was ſo ſharpen'd by it, that even our ſlaves clothes tempted them. They conſulted what to do with us; and ſome were of opinion to throw us over-board, wrapt up in a ſail, becauſe they intended to put into ſome of the Spaniſh ports, under the notion of being of Britany; and if they carry'd us with them, they might be puniſh'd, and their roguery come to light: but the captain, who thought himſelf rich enough with Zoraida's plunder, ſaid he wou'd not touch at any port of Spain, but make his way through the ſtraits by night, and ſo return to Rochel from whence he came. This being reſolv'd, they bethought themſelves of giving us their long boat, and what proviſion we might want for our ſhort paſſage. As ſoon as it was day, and that we deſcry'd the Spaniſh ſhore (at which ſight, ſo deſireable a thing is liberty, all our miſeries vaniſh'd from our thoughts in a moment) they began to prepare things, and about noon they put us on board, giving us two barrels of water, and a ſmall quantity of biſket; and the captain, touch'd with ſome remorſe for the lovely Zoraida, gave her, at parting,

about forty crowns in gold, and would not ſuffer his men to take from her thoſe clothes which now ſhe has on. We went aboard, ſhewing ourſelves rather thankful than complaining. They got out to ſea, making for the ſtraits, and we having the land before us for our north-ſtar, ply'd our oars, ſo that about ſun-ſet we were near enough to have landed before it was quite dark; but conſidering the moon was hid in clouds, and the heavens were growing dark, and we ignorant of the ſhore, we did not think it ſafe to venture on it, tho' many among us were ſo deſirous of liberty, and to be out of all danger, that they would have landed, though on a deſart rock; and by that means, at leaſt, we might avoid all little barks of the pirates of the Barbary coaſt, ſuch as thoſe of Tetuan, who come from home when it is dark, and by morning are early upon the Spaniſh coaſt; where they often make a prize, and go home to bed the ſame day. But the other opinion prevail'd, which was to row gently on, and if the ſea and ſhore gave leave, to land quietly where we cou'd. We did accordingly, and about midnight we came under a great hill, which had a ſandy ſhore, convenient enough for our landing. Here we run our boat in as far as we cou'd, and being got on land, we all kiſs'd it for joy, and thank'd God with tears for our deliverance. This done, we took out the little proviſion we had left, and climb'd up the mountain, thinking ourſelves more in ſafety there, for we cou'd hardly perſuade ourſelves, nor believe that the land we were upon was the Chriſtian ſhore. We thought the day long a-

coming, and then we got to the top of the hill, to ſee if we cou'd diſcover any habitations; but we could no where deſcry either houſe, or perſon, or path. We reſolv'd, however, to go further on, as thinking we could not miſs at laſt of ſome body to inform us where we were: that which troubl'd me moſt was, to ſee my poor Zoraida go on foot among the ſharp rocks, and I would ſometimes have carry'd her on my ſhoulders; but ſhe was as much concern'd at the pains I took, as ſhe cou'd be at what ſhe endur'd; ſo leaning on me, ſhe went on with much patience and content. When we were gone about a quarter of a league, we heard the ſound of a little pipe, which we took to be a certain ſign of ſome flock near us; and looking well about, we perceiv'd, at laſt, at the foot of a cork-tree a young ſhepherd, who was cutting a ſtick with his knife with great attention and ſerioufneſs. We call'd to him, and he having look'd up, ran away as hard as he could. It ſeems, as we afterwards heard, the firſt he ſaw were the renegade and Zoraida, who being in the Mooriſh dreſs, he thought all the Moors in Barbary were upon him; and running into the wood, cry'd all the way as loud as he could, Moors, Moors, arm, arm, the Moors are landed. We hearing this out-cry, did not well know what to do: but conſidering that the ſhepherd's roaring wou'd raiſe the country, and the horſe-guard of the coaſt would be upon us, we agreed that the renegade ſhould pull off his Turkiſh habit, and put on a ſlave's coat, which one of us lent him, though he that lent it him remain'd in his ſhirt. Thus recommending ourſelves to God, we went on by the ſame way that the

ſhepherd ran, ſtill expecting when the horſe would come upon us; and we were not deceiv'd, for in leſs than two hours, as we came down the hills into a plain, we diſcover'd about fifty horſe coming upon a half gallop towards us; when we ſaw that, we ſtood ſtill, expecting them. As ſoon as they came up, and, inſtead of ſo many Moors, ſaw ſo many poor Chriſtian captives, they were aſtoniſh'd. One of them aſk'd us if we were the occaſion of the alarm that a young ſhepherd had given the country? Yes, ſaid I, and upon that began to tell him who we were, and whence we came; but one of our company knew the horſe-man that had aſk'd us the queſtion, and without letting me go on, ſaid, God be prais'd, gentlemen, for bringing us to ſo good a part of the country, for if I miſtake not, we are near Velez Malaga; and if the many years of my captivity have not taken my memory from me too, I think, that you, Sir, who aſk us theſe queſtions, are my uncle Don Pedro Buſtamente. The Chriſtian ſlave had hardly ſaid this, but the gentleman lighting from his horſe, came haſtily to embrace the young ſlave, ſaying, Dear nephew, my joy, my life, I know thee, and have often lamented thy loſs, and ſo has thy mother and thy other relations, whom thou wilt yet find alive. God has preſerv'd them, that they may have the pleaſure of ſeeing thee. We had heard thou wert in Algiers, and by what I ſee of thy dreſs, and that of all this company, you muſt all have had ſome miraculous deliverance. It is ſo, reply'd the young man, and we ſhall have time enough now to tell all our adventures. The reſt of the horſe-men hearing we were Chriſtians e-

ſcap'd from ſlavery, lighted likewiſe from their horſes, offering them to us to carry us to the city of Velez Malaga, which was about a league and a half off. Some of them went where we had left our boat, and got it into the port, while others took us up behind them; and Zoraida rid behind the gentleman, uncle to our captive. All the people, who had already heard ſomething of our adventure, came out to meet us; they did not wonder to ſee captives at liberty, nor Moors priſoners; for in all that coaſt they are us'd to it; but they were aſtoniſh'd at the beauty of Zoraida, which at that inſtant ſeem'd to be in its point of perfection; for, what with the agitation of travelling, and what with the joy of being ſafe in Chriſtendom, without the terrible thought of being retaken, ſhe had ſuch a beautiful colour in her countenance, that were it not for fear of being too partial, I durſt ſay, that there was not a more beautiful creature in the world, at leaſt that I had ſeen. We went ſtraight to church, to thank God for his great mercy to us; and as we came into it, and that Zoraida had look'd upon the pictures, ſhe ſaid there were ſeveral faces there that were like Lela Marien's; we told her they were her pictures, and the renegade explain'd to her as well as he could the ſtory of them, that ſhe might adore them, as if in reality each of them had been the true Lela Marien, who had ſpoke to her; and ſhe, who has a good and clear underſtanding, comprehended immediately all that was ſaid about the pictures and images. After this, we were diſpers'd and lodg'd in different houſes of the town; but the young

Chriſtian ſlave of Velez carry'd me, Zoraida, and the renegade to his father's houſe, where we were accommodated pretty well, according to their ability, and us'd with as much kindneſs as their own ſon. After ſix days ſtay at Velez, the renegade having inform'd himſelf of what was needful for him to know, went away to Granada, there to be readmitted by the holy inquiſition into the boſom of the church. The other Chriſtians, being at liberty, went each whither he thought fit. Zoraida and I remain'd without other help than the forty crowns the pirate gave her, with which I bought the aſs ſhe rides on, and ſince we landed, have been to her a father and a friend, but not a huſband: we are now going to ſee whether my father be alive, or if either of my brothers has had better fortune than I; though ſince it has pleaſed heaven to give me Zoraida, and make me her companion, I reckon no better fortune could befall me. The patience with which ſhe bears the inconvenience of poverty, the deſire ſhe ſhews of being made a Chriſtian, do give me ſubject of continual admiration, and oblige me to ſerve and love her all the days of my life. I confeſs the expectation of being hers is not a little allay'd with the uncertainties of knowing whether I ſhall find in my country any one to receive us, or a corner to paſs my life with her; and perhaps time will have ſo alter'd the affairs of our family, that I ſhall not find any body that will know me, if my father and brothers are dead.

This is, gentlemen, the ſum of my adventures, which whether or no they are entertaining, you are

beſt judges. I wiſh I had told them more compendiouſly; and yet, I aſſure you, the fear of being tedious has made me cut ſhort many circumſtances of my ſtory.

CHAP. XV.

An account of what happen'd afterwards in the inn, with ſeveral other occurrences worth notice.

HERE the ſtranger ended his ſtory, and Don Ferdinand, by way of compliment in the behalf of the whole company, ſaid, truly, captain, the wonderful and ſurprizing turns of your fortune are not only entertaining, but the pleaſing and graceful manner of your relation is as extraordinary as the adventures themſelves: we are all bound to pay you our acknowledgments; and I believe we could be delighted with a ſecond recital, though it were to laſt till to-morrow, provided it were made by you. Cardenio and the reſt of the company join'd with him in offering their utmoſt ſervice in the re-eſtabliſhment of his fortune, and that with ſo much ſincerity and earneſtneſs, that the captain had reaſon to be ſatisfy'd of their affection. Don Ferdinand particularly propos'd to engage the marquis his brother to ſtand godfather to Zoraida, if he would return with him; and farther, promiſed to provide him with all things neceſſary to ſupport his figure and quality in town; but the captain making them a very handſome compliment for their obliging favours, excus'd himſelf from accepting thoſe kind offers at that time. It was now growing towards the dark of the evening, when a

coach ſtopp'd at the inn, and with it ſome horſe-men, who aſk'd for a lodging. The hoſteſs anſwer'd, they were as full as they could pack. Were you ten times fuller, anſwer'd one of the horſemen, here muſt be room made for my lord judge, who is in this coach. The hoſteſs hearing this was very much concern'd; ſaid ſhe, the caſe, ſir, is plain, we have not one bed empty in the houſe; but if his lordſhip brings a bed with him, as perhaps he may, he ſhall command my houſe with all my heart, and I and my huſband will quit our own chamber to ſerve him; do ſo then, ſaid the man: and by this time a gentleman alighted from the coach, eaſily diſtinguiſhable for a man of dignity and office, by his long gown and great ſleeves. He led a young lady by the hand, about ſixteen years of age, dreſs'd in a riding ſuit; her beauty and charming air attracted the eyes of every body with admiration, and had not the other ladies been preſent, any one might have thought it difficult to have match'd her outward graces.

Don Quixote ſeeing them come near the door, Sir, ſaid he, you may enter undiſmay'd, and refreſh yourſelf in this caſtle, which though little and indifferently provided, muſt nevertheleſs allow a room and afford accommodation to arms and learning; and more eſpecially to arms and learning, that like yours, bring beauty for their guide and conductor. For certainly at the approach of this lovely damſel, not only caſtles ought to open and expand their gates, but even rocks divide their ſolid bodies, and mountains bow their ambitious creſts and ſtoop to entertain her. Come in therefore, Sir, enter

this paradiſe, where you ſhall find a bright conſtellation, worthy to ſhine in conjunction with that heaven of beauty which you bring: here ſhall you find arms in their height, and beauty in perfection. Don Quixote's ſpeech, mien, and garb, put the judge to a ſtrange nonplus; and he was not a little ſurpriz'd on 't other hand at the ſudden appearance of the three ladies, who being inform'd of the judge's coming, and the young lady's beauty, were come out to ſee and entertain her. But Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the curate, addreſſing him in a ſtile very different from the knight, ſoon convinced him that he had to do with gentlemen, and perſons of note, tho' Don Quixote's figure and behaviour put him to a ſtand, and not being able to make any reaſonable conjecture of his extravagance. After the uſual civilities paſs'd on both ſides, they found upon examination, that the women muſt all lie together in Don Quixote's apartment, and the men remain without to guard them. The judge conſented that his daughter ſhou'd go with the ladies, and ſo what with his own bed and what with the inn-keepers, he and the gentlemen made a ſhift to paſs the night.

The captain, upon the firſt ſight of the judge, had a ſtrong preſumption that he was one of his brothers, and preſently aſk'd one of his ſervants his name and country. The fellow told him, his name was Juan Perez de Viedma, and that, as he was inform'd, he was born in the highlands of Leon. This, with his own obſervation, confirm'd his opinion, that this was the brother who had made ſtudy his choice; whereupon cal-

ling aſide Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the curate, he told them with great joy what he had learn'd, with what the ſervant further told him, that his maſter being made a judge of the court of Mexico, was then upon his journey to the Indies; that the young lady was his only daughter, whoſe mother dying in child-birth, ſettled her dowry upon her daughter for a portion, and that the father had ſtill liv'd a widower, and was very rich. Upon the whole matter, he aſk'd their advice, whether they thought it proper for him to diſcover himſelf preſently to his brother, or by ſome means try how his pulſe beat firſt in relation to his loſs, by which he might gueſs at his reception. Why ſhould you doubt of a kind one, Sir, ſaid the curate; Becauſe I am poor, Sir, ſaid the captain, and would therefore by ſome device fathom his affections, for ſhould he prove aſhamed to own me, I ſhould be more aſhamed to diſcover myſelf. Then leave the management to me, ſaid the curate; the affable and courteous behaviour of the judge ſeems to me ſo very far from pride, that you need not doubt a welcome reception; but however, becauſe you deſire it, I'll engage to find a way to ſound him. Supper was now upon the table, and all the gentlemen ſat down, but the captain, who eat with the ladies in the next room; when the company had half ſupp'd, My lord-judge, ſaid the curate, I remember about ſome years ago, I was happy in the acquaintance and friendſhip of a gentleman of your name, when I was a priſoner in Conſtantinople; he was a captain of as much worth and courage as any in the Spaniſh infantry, but

as unfortunate as brave. What was his name, pray Sir, ſaid the judge? Ruy Perez de Viedma, anſwer'd the curate, of a town in the mountains of Leon. I remember he told me a very odd paſſage between his father, his two brothers, and himſelf; and truly had it come from any man of leſs credit and reputation, I ſhould have thought it no more than a ſtory: he ſaid, that his father had made an equal dividend of his eſtate among his three ſons, giving them ſuch advice as might have ſitted the mouth of Cato; that he made arms his choice, and with ſuch ſucceſs, that within a few years (by the pure merit of his bravery) he was made captain of a foot-company, and had a fair proſpect of being advanced to a colonel; but his fortune forſook him, where he had moſt reaſon to expect her favour; for, in the memorable battle of Lepanto, where ſo many Chriſtians recover'd their liberty, he unfortunately loſt his. I was taken at Goletta, and after different turns of fortunne we became companions at Conſtantinople; thence we were carried to Algiers, where one of the ſtrangeſt adventures in the world befel this gentleman. The curate then briefly ran through the whole ſtory of the captain and Zoraida (the judge ſitting all the time more attentive than he ever did on the bench) to their being taken and ſtripp'd by the French; and that he had heard nothing of them after that, nor could ever learn whether they came into Spain, or were carried priſoners into France.

The captain ſtood liſt'ning in a corner and obſerv'd the motions of his brother's countenance, while the cu-

rate told his ſtory: which, when he had finiſh'd, the judge breathing out a deep ſigh, and the tears ſtanding in his eyes: O Sir, ſaid he, if you knew how nearly your relation touches me, you would eaſily excuſe the violent eruption of theſe tears. The captain you ſpoke of is my eldeſt brother, who, being of a ſtronger conſtitution of body, and more elevated ſoul, made the glory and fame of war his choice, which was one of the three propoſals made by my father, as your companion told you. I apply'd myſelf to ſtudy, and my younger brother has purchas'd a vaſt eſtate in Peru, out of which he has tranſmitted to my father enough to ſupport his liberal diſpoſition; and to me, wherewithal to continue my ſtudies, and advance myſelf to the rank and authority which now I maintain. My father is ſtill alive, but dies daily for grief he can learn nothing of his eldeſt ſon, and importunes Heaven inceſſantly, that he may once more ſee him before death cloſe his eyes. It is very ſtrange, conſidering his diſcretion in other matters, that neither proſperity nor adverſity could draw one line from him, to give his father an account of his fortunes. For had he or we had the leaſt hint of his captivity, he needed not have ſtaid for the miracle of the Mooriſh lady's cane for his deliverance. Now am I in the greateſt uneaſineſs in the world, leſt the French, the better to conceal their robbery, may have kill'd him; the thoughts of this will damp the pleaſure of my voyage, which I thought to proſecute ſo pleaſantly. Could I but gueſs, dear brother, continu'd he, where you might be found, I would hazard life and fortune for your deliverance!

could our aged father once underſtand you were alive, though hidden in the deepeſt and darkeſt dungeon in Barbary, his eſtate, mine, and my brother's, all ſhould fly for your ranſom! And for the fair and liberal Zoraida, what thanks, what recompence could we provide? O, might I ſee the happy day of her ſpiritual birth and baptiſm, to ſee her join'd to him in faith and marriage, how ſhould we all rejoice! Theſe and ſuch like expreſſions the judge utter'd with ſo much paſſion and vehemency, that he rais'd a concern in every body.

The curate, foreſeeing the happy ſucceſs of his deſign, reſolv'd to prolong the diſcovery no farther; and to free the company from ſuſpence, he went to the ladies room, and leading out Zoraida, follow'd by the reſt, he took the captain by the other hand, and preſenting them to the judge; Suppreſs your grief, my lord, ſaid he, and glut your heart with joy; behold what you ſo paſſionately deſir'd, your dear brother, and his fair deliverer; this gentleman is captain Viedma, and this the beautiful Algerine; the French have only reduced them to this low condition, to make room for your generous ſentiments and liberality. The captain then approaching to embrace the judge, he held him off with both his hands, to view him well, but once knowing him, he flew into his arms with ſuch affection, and ſuch abundance of tears, that all the ſpectators ſympathiz'd in his paſſions. The brothers ſpoke ſo feelingly, and their mutual affection was ſo moving, the ſurprize ſo wonderful, and their joy ſo tranſporting,

that it muſt be left purely to imagination to conceive. Now they tell one another the ſtrange turns and mazes of their fortunes, then renew their careſſes to the height of brotherly tenderneſs. Now the judge embraces Zoraida, then makes her an offer of his whole fortune; next makes his daughter embrace her; then the ſweet and innocent converſe of the beautiful Chriſtian, and the lovely Moor, ſo touch'd the whole company, that they all wept for joy. In the mean time, Don Quixote was very ſolidly attentive, and wond'ring at theſe ſtrange occurrences, attributed them purely to ſomething anſwerable to the chimerical notions which are incident to chivalry. The captain and Zoraida, in concert with the whole company, reſolv'd to return with their brother to Sevil, and thence to adviſe their father of his arrival and liberty, that the old gentleman ſhould make the beſt ſhift he could to get ſo far to ſee the baptiſm and marriage of Zoraida, while the judge took his voyage to the Indies, being oblig'd to make no delay, becauſe the Indian fleet was ready at Sevil, to ſet ſail in a month for New-Spain.

Every thing being now ſettled, to the univerſal ſatisfaction of the company, and being very late, they all agreed for bed, except Don Quixote, who would needs guard the caſtle whilſt they ſlept, leſt ſome tyrant or giant, covetous of the great treaſure of beauty which it incloſed, ſhould make ſome dangerous attempt. He had the thanks of the houſe, and the judge, being further inform'd of his humour, was not a little pleaſed. Sancho Pança was very uneaſy and waſpiſh for want of

ſleep, though the beſt provided with a bed, beſtowing himſelf on his pack-ſaddle; but he paid dearly for it, as we ſhall hear preſently. The ladies being retir'd to their chamber, and every body elſe withdrawn to reſt, and Don Quixote planted centinel at the caſtle gate, a voice was heard of a ſudden ſinging ſo ſweetly, that it allur'd all their attentions, but chiefly Dorothea's, with whom the judge's daughter Donna Clara de Viedma lay. None could imagine, who could make ſuch pretty muſic without an inſtrument; ſometimes it ſounded as from the yard, ſometimes as from the ſtable. With this Cardenio knock'd ſoftly at their door, Ladies, ladies, ſaid he, are you awake? can you ſleep when ſo charmingly ſerenaded? don't you hear how ſweetly one of the footmen ſings? Yes, Sir, ſaid Dorothea, we hear him plainly. Then Dorothea hearkning as attentively as ſhe could, heard this ſong.

CHAP. XVI.

The pleaſant ſtory of the young Muleteer with other ſtrange adventures that happened in the inn.

A SONG.

I.

'TOſs'd in doubts and fears I rove
'On the ſtormy ſeas of love;
'Far from comfort, far from port,
'Beauty's prize, and fortune's ſport:

'Yet my heart diſclaims deſpair,
'While I trace my leading ſtar.

II.

'But reſerv'dneſs, like a cloud,
'Does too oft her glories ſhroud.
'Pierce the gloom, reviving ſight;
'Be auſpicious as you're bright.
'As you hide or dart your beams,
'Your adorer ſinks or ſwims.

Dorothea thought it would not be much amiſs to give Donna Clara the opportunity of hearing ſo excellent a voice, wherefore jugging her gently, firſt on one ſide, and then on the other, and the young lady waking, I aſk your pardon, my dear, cry'd Dorothea, for thus interrupting your repoſe; and I hope you'll eaſily forgive me, ſince I only wake you that you may have the pleaſure of hearing one of the moſt charming voices, that poſſibly you ever heard in your life. Donna Clara, who was hardly awake, did not perfectly underſtand what Dorothea ſaid, and therefore deſir'd her to repeat what ſhe had ſpoke to her. Dorothea did ſo; which then obliged Donna Clara alſo to liſten; but ſcarce had ſhe heard the early muſician ſing two verſes, ere ſhe was taken with a ſtrange trembling, as if ſhe had been ſeiz'd with a violent fit of a quartan ague, and then cloſely embracing Dorothea, Ah! dear madam, cry'd ſhe, with a deep ſigh, why did you wake me? alas! the greateſt happineſs I could now have expected, had

been to have ſtopp'd my ears: that unhappy muſician! How's this, my dear, cry'd Dorothea, have you not heard, that the young lad who ſung now is but a muleteer? Oh no, he's no ſuch thing, reply'd Clara, but a young lord, heir to a great eſtate, and has ſuch a full poſſeſſion of my heart, that if he does not ſlight it, it muſt be his for ever. Dorothea was ſtrangely ſurpriz'd at the young lady's paſſionate expreſſions, that ſeem'd far to exceed thoſe of perſons of her tender years: you ſpeak ſo myſteriouſly, madam, reply'd ſhe, that I can't rightly underſtand you, unleſs you will pleaſe to let me know more plainly, what you would ſay of hearts and ſighs, and this young muſician, whoſe voice has caus'd ſo great an alteration in you. However, ſpeak no more of them now; for I'm reſolv'd I'll not loſe the pleaſure of hearing him ſing. Hold, continu'd ſhe, I fancy he's going to entertain us with another ſong. With all my heart, return'd Clara, and with that ſhe ſtopt her ears, that ſhe might not hear him; at which again Dorothea could not chuſe but admire; but liſtening to his voice, ſhe heard the following ſong.

HOPE.

I.

'UNconquer'd hope, thou bane of fear,
'And laſt deſerter of the brave;
'Thou ſoothing eaſe of mortal care,
'Thou traveller beyond the grave;
'Thou ſoul of patience, airy food,
'Bold warrant of a diſtant good,

'Reviving cordial, kind decoy:
'Tho' fortune frowns, and friends depart,
'Tho' Sylvia flies me, flatt'ring joy,
'Nor thou, nor love, ſhall leave my doating heart.

II.

'The phoenix hope can wing her flight
'Thro' the vaſt deſarts of the ſkies,
'And ſtill defying fortune's ſpight,
'Revive, and from her aſhes riſe.
'Then ſoar, and promiſe, tho' in vain,
'What reaſon's ſelf deſpairs to gain.
'Thou only, O preſuming truſt,
'Can'ſt feed us ſtill, yet never cloy:
'And even a virtue when unjuſt,
'Poſtpone our pain, and antedate our joy.

III.

'No ſlave, to lazy eaſe reſign'd,
'E'er triumph'd over noble foes.
'The monarch fortune moſt is kind
'To him who bravely dares oppoſe.
'They ſay, love ſets his bleſſings high;
'But who wou'd prize an eaſy joy!
'Then I'll my ſcornful fair purſue,
'Tho' the coy beauty ſtill denies;
'I grovel now on earth, 'tis true,
'But rais'd by her, the humble ſlave may riſe.

Here the voice ended, and Donna Clara's ſighs began, which caus'd the greateſt curioſity imaginable in Dorothea, to know the occaſion of ſo moving a ſong,

and of ſo ſad a complaint; wherefore ſhe again intreated her to purſue the diſcourſe ſhe had begun before. Then Clara fearing Lucinda would over-hear her, getting as near Dorothea as was poſſible, laid her mouth ſo cloſe to Dorothea's ear, that ſhe was out of danger of being underſtood by any other; and began in this manner. He who ſung is a gentleman's ſon of Arragon, his father is a great lord, and dwelt juſt over-againſt my father's at Madrid; and tho' we had always canvaſs windows in winter and lattices in ſummer *, yet, I can't tell by what accident, this young gentleman, who then went to ſchool, had a ſight of me, and whether it were at church, or at ſome other place, I can't juſtly tell you; but (in ſhort) he fell in love with me, and made me ſenſible of his paſſion from his own windows, which were oppoſite to mine, with ſo many ſigns, and ſuch ſhowers of tears, that at once forced me both to believe and to love him, without knowing for what reaſon I did ſo. Amongſt the uſual ſigns that he made me, one was that of joining his hands together, intimating by that his deſire to marry me; which, tho' I heartily wiſh'd it, I could not communicate to any one, being motherleſs, and having none near me whom I might truſt with the management of ſuch an affair; and was therefore conſtrain'd to bear it in ſilence, without permitting him any other favour, more than to let him gaze on me, by lifting up the lattice or oil'd cloth a little,

* Glaſs windows are not us'd in Spain, at leaſt they are not common, and formerly there were none.

when my father and his were abroad. At which he would be so transported with joy, that you would certainly have thought he had been distracted. At last my father's business call'd him away; yet not so soon but that the young gentleman had notice of it some time before his departure; whence he had it I know not, for it was impossible for me to acquaint him with it. This so sensibly afflicted him, as far as I understand, that he fell sick; so that I cou'd not get a sight of him all the day of our departure, so much as to look a farewell on him. But after two days travel, just as we came into an inn, in a village a days journey hence, I saw him at the inn-door, dress'd so exactly like a muleteer, that it had been utterly impossible for me to have known him, had not his perfect image been stamp'd in my soul. Yes, yes, dear madam, I knew him, and was amaz'd and overjoy'd at the sight of him; and he saw me unknown to my father, whose sight he carefully avoids, when we cross the ways in our journey, and when we come to any inn: and now, since I know who he is, and what pain and fatigue it must necessarily be to him to travel thus a-foot, I am ready to die myself with the thought of what he suffers on my account; and wherever he sets his feet, there I set my eyes. I can't imagine what he proposes to himself in this attempt; nor by what means he could thus make his escape from his father, who loves him beyond expression, both because he has no other son and heir, and because the young gentleman's merits oblige him to it; which you must needs confess when you see him: and I dare

affirm, beſide, that all he has ſung was his own immediate compoſition; for, as I have heard, he is an excellent ſcholar, and a great poet. And now whenever I ſee him, or hear him ſing, I ſtart and tremble, as at the ſight of a ghoſt, leſt my father ſhould know him, and ſo be inform'd of our mutual affection. I never ſpoke one word to him in my life; yet I love him ſo dearly, that it is impoſſible I ſhould live without him. This, dear madam, is all the account I can give you of this muſician, with whoſe voice you have been ſo well entertain'd, and which alone might convince you that he is no muleteer, as you were pleas'd to ſay, but one who is maſter of a great eſtate, and of my poor heart, as I have already told you.

Enough, dear madam, reply'd Dorothea, kiſſing her a thouſand times: it is very well, compoſe yourſelf till day-light; and then I truſt in heaven I ſhall ſo manage your affairs, that the end of them ſhall be as fortunate as the beginning is innocent. Alas! madam, return'd Clara, what end can I propoſe to myſelf; ſince his father is ſo rich, and of ſo noble a family, that he will hardly think me worthy to be his ſon's ſervant, much leſs his wife? And then again, I would not marry without my father's conſent for the univerſe. All I can deſire, is, that the young gentleman would return home, and leave his purſuit of me: happily, by a long abſence, and the great diſtance of place, the pain, which now ſo much afflicts me, may be ſomewhat mitigated; tho' I fear what I now propoſe as a remedy, would rather increaſe my diſtemper: tho' I can't imagine whence, or

by what means, this paſſion for him ſeiz'd me, ſince we are both ſo young, being much about the ſame age, I believe; and my father ſays I ſhan't be ſixteen till next Michaelmas. Dorothea could not forbear laughing to hear the young lady talk ſo innocently. My dear (ſaid Dorothea) let us repoſe ourſelves the little remaining part of the night, and when day appears, we will put a happy period to your ſorrows, or my judgment fails me. Then they addreſs'd themſelves again to ſleep, and there was a deep ſilence throughout all the inn; only the inn-keeper's daughter and Maritornes were awake, who knowing Don Quixote's blind ſide very well, and that he ſat arm'd on horſe-back, keeping guard without doors, a fancy took 'em, and they agreed to have a little paſtime with him, and hear ſome of his fine out-of-the-way ſpeeches.

You muſt know then, that there was but one window in all the inn that look'd out into the field, and that was only a hole out of which they us'd to throw their ſtraw: to this ſame hole then came theſe two demy-ladies, whence they ſaw Don Quixote mounted, and leaning on his lance, and often fetching ſuch mournful and deep ſighs, that his very ſoul ſeem'd to be torn from him at each of them: they obſerv'd beſides, that he ſaid in a ſoft amorous tone, O my divine Dulcinea del Toboſo! the heaven of all perfections! the end and quinteſſence of diſcretion! the treaſury of ſweet aſpect and behaviour! the magazine of virtue! and, in a word, the idea of all that is profitable, modeſt or delightful in the univerſe! What

noble thing employs thy excellency at this preſent? May I preſume to hope that thy ſoul is entertain'd with the thoughts of thy captive-knight, who voluntarily expoſes himſelf to ſo many dangers for thy ſake? O thou triform'd luminary, give me ſome account of her! perhaps thou art now gazing with envy on her, as ſhe's walking either through ſome ſtately gallery of her ſumptuous palaces, or leaning on her happy window, there meditating how, with ſafety of her honour and grandeur, ſhe may ſweeten and alleviate the torture which my poor afflicted heart ſuffers for love of her; with what glories ſhe ſhall crown my pains, what reſt ſhe ſhall give to my cares, what life to my death, and what reward to my ſervices. And thou, more glorious planet, which by this time, I preſume, art harneſſing thy horſes to pay thy earlieſt viſit to my adorable Dulcinea; I entreat thee, as ſoon as thou doſt ſee her, to ſalute her with my moſt profound reſpects: but take heed, that when thou look'ſt on her, and addreſſeſt thyſelf to her, that thou doſt not kiſs her face; for if thou doſt, I ſhall grow more jealous of thee, than ever thou wert of the ſwift ingrate, who made thee run and ſweat ſo over the plains of Theſſaly, or the banks of Peneus, I have forgotten through which of them thou ran'ſt ſo raging with love and jealouſy. At theſe words the inn-keeper's daughter began to call to him ſoftly: Sir knight, ſaid ſhe, come a little nearer this way, if you pleaſe. At theſe words Don Quixote turn'd his head, and the moon ſhining then very bright, he perceiv'd ſomebody call'd him from the hole, which he fancy'd

was a large window full of iron-bars, all richly gilt, ſuitable to the ſtately caſtle, for which he miſtook the inn; and all on a ſudden, he imagin'd that the beautiful damſel, daughter to the lady of the caſtle, overcome by the charms of his perſon, return'd to court him, as ſhe did once before. In this thought, that he might not appear uncivil or ungrateful, he turn'd Rozinante and came to the hole; where ſeeing the two laſſes, Fair damſels, ſaid he, I cannot but pity you for your miſplaced affection, ſince it is altogether impoſſible you ſhould meet with any return from the object of your wiſhes proportionable to your great merits and beauty; but yet you ought not by any means to condemn this unhappy knight-errant for his coldneſs, ſince love has utterly incapacitated him to become a ſlave to any other but to her, who, at firſt ſight, made herſelf abſolute miſtreſs of his ſoul. Pardon me therefore, excellent lady, and retire to your apartment. Let not, I beſeech you, any farther arguments of love force me to be leſs grateful or civil than I would: but if in the paſſion you have for me, you can bethink yourſelf of any thing elſe wherein I may do you any ſervice, love alone excepted, command it freely; and I ſwear to you by my abſent, yet moſt charming, enemy, to ſacrifice it to you immediately, tho' it be a lock of Meduſa's hair, which are all ſnakes, or the very ſun-beams inclos'd in a glaſs-vial.

My lady needs none of thoſe things, Sir knight, reply'd Maritornes. What then would ſhe command? aſk'd Don Quixote. Only the honour of one of your

fair hands, returned Maritornes, to ſatisfy, in ſome meaſure, that violent paſſion which has obliged her to come hither with the great hazard of her honour: for if my lord, her father, ſhould know it, the cutting off one of her beautiful ears were the leaſt thing he would do to her. Oh! that he durſt attempt it, cry'd Don Quixote; but I know he dare not, unleſs he has a mind to die the moſt unhappy death that ever father ſuffer'd, for ſacrilegiouſly depriving his amorous daughter of one of her delicate members. Maritornes made no doubt that he would comply with her deſire, and having already laid her deſign, got in a trice to the ſtable, and brought Sancho Pança's aſs's halter to the hole, juſt as Don Quixote was got on his feet upon Rozinante's ſaddle, more eaſily to reach the baricado'd window, where he imagin'd the enamour'd lady ſtaid; and lifting up his hand to her, ſaid, Here, madam, take the hand, or rather, as I may ſay, the executioner of all earthly miſcreants; take, I ſay, that hand, which never woman touch'd before; no, not even ſhe herſelf who has entire poſſeſſion of my whole body; nor do I hold it up to you that you may kiſs it, but that you may obſerve the contexture of the ſinews, the ligament of the muſcles, and the largeneſs and dilatation of the veins; whence you may conclude how ſtrong that arm muſt be, to which ſuch a hand is join'd. We ſhall ſee that preſently, reply'd Maritornes, and caſt the nooſe ſhe had made in the halter on his wriſt; and then deſcending from the hole, ſhe ty'd the other end of the halter very faſt to the lock of the door. Don Quixote being

ſenſible that the bracelet ſhe had beſtow'd on him was very rough, cry'd, You ſeem rather to abuſe than compliment my hand; but I beſeech you treat it not ſo unkindly, ſince that is not the cauſe why I do not entertain a paſſion for you; nor is it juſt or equal you ſhould diſcharge the whole tempeſt of your vengeance on ſo ſmall a part. Conſider, thoſe who love truly, can never be ſo cruel in their revenge. But not a ſoul regarded what he ſaid; for as ſoon as Maritornes had faſten'd him, ſhe and her confederate, almoſt dead with laughing, ran away, and left him ſo ſtrongly obliged, that it was impoſſible he ſhould diſengage himſelf.

He ſtood then, as I ſaid, on Rozinante's ſaddle, with all his arm drawn into the hole, and tbe rope faſten'd to the lock, being under a fearful apprehenſion, that if Rozinante mov'd but never ſo little on any ſide, he ſhould ſlip and hang by the arm, and therefore durſt not uſe the leaſt motion in the world, tho' he might reaſonably have expected from Rozinante's patience and gentle temper, that if he were not urged, he wou'd never have mov'd for a whole age together of his own accord. In ſhort, the knight, perceiving himſelf faſt, and that the ladies had forſaken him, immediately concluded that all this was done by way of inchantment, as in the laſt adventure in the very ſame caſtle, when the inchanted Moor (the carrier) did ſo damnably maul him. Then he began alone to curſe his want of diſcretion and conduct, ſince having once made his eſcape out of that caſtle in ſo miſerable a condition, he ſhould venture into it a ſecond time: for, by the way, it was

an obſervation among all knights-errant, that if they were once foil'd in an adventure, it was a certain ſign it was not reſerv'd for them, but for ſome other to finiſh; wherefore they would never prove it again. Yet, for all this, he ventur'd to draw back his arm, to try if he could free himſelf; but he was ſo faſt bound, that his attempt prov'd fruitleſs. It is true it was with care and deliberation he drew it, for fear Rozinante ſhould ſtir: and then fain would he have ſeated himſelf in the ſaddle; but he found he muſt either ſtand, or leave his arm for a ranſom. A hundred times he wiſh'd for Amadis's ſword, on which no inchantment had power; then he fell a curſing his ſtars; then reflected on the great loſs the world would ſuſtain all the time he ſhould continue under this inchantment, as he really believ'd it; then his adorable Dulcinea came a-freſh into his thoughts; many a time did he call to his truſty ſquire Sancho Pança, who, bury'd in a profound ſleep, lay ſtretch'd at length on his aſs's pannel, never ſo much as dreaming of the pangs his mother felt when ſhe bore him; then the aid of the necromancers Lirgandeo and Alquife was invok'd by the unhappy knight. And, in fine, the morning ſurpriz'd him, rack'd with deſpair and confuſion, bellowing like a bull; for he cou'd not hope from day-light any cure, or mitigation of his pain, which he believ'd wou'd be eternal, being abſolutely perſuaded he was inchanted, ſince he perceived that Rozinante mov'd no more than a mountain; and therefore he was of opinion, that neither he nor his horſe ſhould eat, drink, or ſleep, but remain in that ſtate

till the malignancy of the ſtars were o'er-paſt, or till ſome more powerful magician ſhould break the charm.

But it was an erroneous opinion; for it was ſcarce day-break, when four horſe-men, very well accoutred, their firelocks hanging at the pommels of their ſaddles, came thither, and finding the inn-gates ſhut, call'd and knock'd very loud and hard; which Don Quixote perceiving from the poſt where he ſtood centinel, cry'd out with a rough voice and a haughty mein, Knights or ſquires, or of whatſoever other degree you are, knock no more at the gates of this caſtle, ſince you may aſſure yourſelves, that thoſe who are within at ſuch an hour as this, are either taking their repoſe, or not accuſtom'd to open their fortreſs, 'till Phoebus has diplay'd himſelf upon the globe: retire therefore, and wait till it is clear day, and then we will ſee whether it is juſt or no, that they ſhou'd open their gates to you. What a devil (cry'd one of them) what caſtle or fortreſs is this, that we ſhou'd be obliged to ſo long a ceremony? Pr'ythee, friend, if thou art the inn-keeper, bid them open the door to us; for we ride poſt, and can ſtay no longer than juſt to bait our horſes. Gentlemen, ſaid Don Quixote, do I look like an inn-keeper then? I can't tell what thou art like, reply'd another, but I'm ſure thou talk'ſt like a madman, to call this inn a caſtle. It is a caſtle, return'd Don Quixote, ay, and one of the beſt in the province, and contains one who has held a ſcepter in her hand, and wore a crown on her head. It might more properly have been ſaid exactly contrary, reply'd the traveller, a ſcepter in her tail, and

a crown in her hand: yet it is not unlikely that there may be a company of ſtrolers within, and thoſe do frequently hold ſuch ſcepters, and wear ſuch crowns as thou prateſt of: for certainly no perſon worthy to ſway a ſcepter, or wear a crown, would condeſcend to take up a lodging in ſuch a paltry inn as this, where I hear ſo little noiſe. Thou haſt not been much converſant in the world (ſaid Don Quixote) ſince thou art ſo miſerably ignorant of accidents ſo frequently met with in knight-errantry. The companions of him that held this tedious diſcourſe with Don Quixote, were tired with their fooliſh chattering ſo long together, and therefore they return'd with greater fury to the gate, where they knock'd ſo violently, that they wak'd both the inn-keeper and his gueſts; and ſo the hoſt roſe to aſk who was at the door.

In the mean time Rozinante, penſive and ſad, with ears hanging down, and motionleſs, bore up his outſtretch'd lord, when one of the horſes thoſe four men rode upon, walk'd towards Rozinante, to ſmell him, and he truly being real fleſh and blood, though very like a wooden block, cou'd not chuſe but be ſenſible of it, nor forbear turning to ſmell the other, which ſo ſeaſonably came to comfort and divert him; but he had hardly ſtir'd an inch from his place, when Don Quixote's feet, that were cloſe together, ſlipt aſunder, and tumbling from the ſaddle, he had inevitably fallen to the ground, had not his wriſt been ſecurely faſten'd to the rope; which put him to ſo great a torture, that he cou'd not imagine, but that his hand was cutting

off, or his arm tearing from his body; yet he hung ſo near the ground, that he cou'd juſt reach it with the tips of his toes, which added to his torment; for perceiving how little he wanted to the ſetting his feet wholly on the ground, he ſtrove and tugg'd as much as he cou'd to effect it; not much unlike thoſe that ſuffer the ſtrapado, who put themſelves to greater pain in ſtriving to ſtretch their limbs, deluded by the hopes of touching the ground, if they could but inch themſelves out a little longer.

CHAP. XVII.

A continuation of the ſtrange adventures in the inn.

THE miſerable outcries of Don Quixote preſently drew the inn-keeper to the door, which he haſtily opening, was ſtrangely affrighted to hear ſuch a terrible roaring, and the ſtrangers ſtood no leſs ſurpriz'd. Maritornes, whom the cries had alſo rouz'd, gueſſing the cauſe, ran ſtreight to the loft, and ſlipping the halter, releas'd the Don, who made her a very proſtrate acknowledgment, by an unmerciful fall on the ground. The inn-keeper and ſtrangers crowded immediately round him to know the cauſe of his misfortune. He, without regard to their queſtions, unmanacles his wriſt, bounces from the ground, mounts Rozinante, braces his target, couches his lance, and taking a large circumference in the field, came up with a hand-gallop: Whoever, ſaid he, dare affirm, aſſert, or declare that I have been juſtly inchanted, in caſe my lady, the prin-

ceſs Micomicona will but give me leave, I will tell him he lies, and will maintain my aſſertion by immediate combat. The travellers ſtood amaz'd at Don Quixote's words, till the hoſt remov'd their wonder, by informing them of his uſual extravagancies of this kind, and that his behaviour was not to be minded. They then aſk'd the inn-keeper if a certain youth, near the age of fifteen, had ſet up at his houſe, clad like a muleteer: adding withal ſome farther marks and tokens, denoting Donna Clara's lover: he told them, that among the number of his gueſts, ſuch a perſon might paſs him undiſtinguiſh'd; but one of them accidentally ſpying the coach which the judge rid in, call'd to his companions; O gentlemen, gentlemen, here ſtands the coach which we were told my young maſter follow'd, and here he muſt be, that's certain: let's loſe no time, one guard the door, the reſt enter the houſe to look for him——hold——ſtay——(continu'd he) ride one about to the other ſide o'th'houſe, leſt he 'ſcape us through the back-yard. Agreed, ſays another: and they poſted themſelves accordingly, The inn-keeper, though he might gueſs that they ſought the young gentleman whom they had deſcrib'd, was nevertheleſs puzzl'd as to the cauſe of their ſo diligent ſearch. By this time, the day-light and the out-cries of Don Quixote had rais'd the whole houſe, particularly the two ladies, Clara and Dorothea, who had ſlept but little, the one with the thoughts her lover was ſo near her, and the other thro' an earneſt deſire ſhe had to ſee him. Don Quixote, ſeeing the travellers neither regard him nor his chal-

lenge, was ready to burſt with fury and indignation; and could he have diſpens'd with the rules of chivalry, which oblige a knight-errant to the finiſhing one adventure before his embarking in another, he had aſſaulted them all, and forced them to anſwer them to their coſt; but being unfortunately engaged to reinſtate the princeſs Micomicona, his hands were ty'd up, and he was compell'd to deſiſt, expecting where the ſearch and diligence of the four travellers would terminate: one of them found the young gentleman faſt aſleep by a footman, little dreaming of being follow'd or diſcover'd: the fellow lugging him by the arm, cries out, Ay, ay, Don Lewis, theſe are very fine clothes you have got on, and very becoming a gentleman of your quality, indeed; this ſcurvy bed too is very ſuitable to the care and tenderneſs your mother brought you up with. The youth having rubbed his drouſy eyes, and fixing them ſtedfaſtly on the man, knew him preſently for one of his father's ſervants, which ſtruck him ſpeechleſs with ſurprize. The fellow went on; There is but one way, Sir, pluck up your ſpirits, and return with us to your father, who is certainly a dead man unleſs you be recover'd. How came my father to know, anſwer'd Don Lewis, that I took this way and this diſguiſe? One of your fellow ſtudents, reply'd the ſervant, whom you communicated your deſign to, mov'd by your father's lamentation of your loſs, diſcover'd it; the good old gentleman diſpatch'd away four of his men in ſearch of you; and here we are all at your ſervice, Sir, and the joyfulleſt men alive; for

our old maſter will give us a hearty welcome, having ſo ſoon reſtor'd him what he lov'd ſo much. That, next to heaven, is as I pleaſe, ſaid Don Lewis. What would you, or heaven either, pleaſe, Sir, but return to your father? Come, come, Sir, talk no more on't, home you muſt go, and home you ſhall go. The foot-man that lay with Don Lewis, hearing this diſpute, roſe, and related the buſineſs to Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the reſt that were now dreſs'd; adding withal, how the man gave him the title of Don, with other circumſtances of their conference. They, being already charm'd with the ſweetneſs of his voice, were curious to be inform'd more particularly of his circumſtances, and reſolving to aſſiſt him, in caſe any violence ſhould be offer'd him, went preſently to the place where he was ſtill contending with his father's ſervant.

By this Dorothea had left her chamber, and with her Donna Clara in great diſorder. Dorothea beckoning Cardenio aſide, gave him a ſhort account of the muſician and Donna Clara; and he told her that his father's ſervants were come for him. Donna Clara overhearing him, was ſo exceedingly ſurpriz'd, that had not Dorothea run and ſupported her, ſhe had ſunk to the ground. Cardenio promiſing to bring the matter to a fair and ſucceſsful end, adviſ'd Dorothea to retire with the indiſpos'd lady to her chamber. All the four that purſu'd Don Lewis were now come about him, preſſing his return without delay, to comfort his poor father; he anſwer'd it was impoſſible, being engaged to

put a buſineſs in execution firſt, on which depended no leſs than his honour, and his preſent and future happineſs. They urg'd, that ſince they had found him, there was no returning for them without him, and if he would not go, he ſhould be carry'd; not unleſs you kill me, anſwer'd the young gentleman; upon which all the company were join'd in the diſpute, Cardenio, Don Ferdinand and his companions, the judge, the curate, the barber, and Don Quixote, who thought it needleſs now to guard the caſtle any longer. Cardenio who knew the young gentleman's ſtory, aſk'd the fellows upon what pretence, or by what authority they could carry the youth away againſt his will: Sir, anſwer'd one of them, we have reaſon good for what we do; no leſs than his father's life depends upon his return. Gentlemen, ſaid Don Lewis, it is not proper perhaps to trouble you with a particular relation of my affairs; only thus much, I am a gentleman, and have no dependance that ſhould force me to any thing beſide my inclination: Nay, but ſir, anſwer'd the ſervant, reaſon, I hope, will force you; and though it cannot move you, it muſt govern us, who muſt execute our orders, and force you back; we only act as we are order'd, ſir. Hold, ſaid the judge, and let us know the whole ſtate of the caſe. O lord, ſir, anſwer'd one of the ſervants that knew him, my lord judge, does not your worſhip know your next neighbour's child? ſee here, ſir, he has run away from his father's houſe, and has put on theſe dirty tatter'd rags to the ſcandal of his family, as your worſhip may ſee. The judge then viewing him

more attentively knew him, and ſaluting him, What jeſt is this, Don Lewis cry'd he? What mighty intrigue are you carrying on, young ſir, to occaſion this metamorphoſis, ſo unbecoming your quality? The young gentleman could not anſwer a word, and the tears ſtood in his eyes; the judge perceiving his diſorder, deſir'd the four ſervants to trouble themſelves no farther, but leave the youth to his management, engaging his word to act to their ſatisfaction: and retiring with Don Lewis, he begg'd to know the occaſion of his flight.

During their conference, they heard a great noiſe at the inn-door, occaſion'd by two ſtrangers, who, having lodg'd there over night, and ſeeing the whole family ſo buſied in a curious enquiry into the four horſemen's buſineſs, thought to have made off without paying their reckoning; but the inn-keeper, who minded no man's buſineſs more than his own, ſtopp'd them in the nick, and demanding his money, upbraided their ungenteel deſign very ſharply: they return'd the compliment with kick and cuff ſo roundly, that the poor hoſt cry'd out for help; his wife and daughter ſaw none ſo idle as Don Quixote, whom the daughter addreſſing, I conjure you, ſir knight, ſaid ſhe, by that virtue deliver'd to you from heaven, to ſuccour my diſtreſs'd father, whom two villains are beating to jelly. Beautiful damſel, anſwer'd Don Quixote with a ſlow tone and profound gravity, your petition cannot at the preſent juncture prevail, I being withheld from undertaking any new adventure, by promiſe firſt to finiſh

what I am engag'd in; and all the ſervice you can expect, is only my counſel in this important affair; go with all ſpeed to your father, with advice to continue and maintain the battle with his utmoſt reſolution, till I obtain permiſſion from the princeſs Micomicona to reinforce him, which once granted you need make no doubt of his ſafety. Unfortunate wretch that I am, ſaid Maritornes, who overheard him, before you can have this leave, my maſter will be ſent to the other world. Then, madam, ſaid he, procure me the permiſſion I mention'd, and though he were ſent into the other world, I'll bring him back in ſpite of hell and the devil, or at leaſt ſo revenge his fall on his enemies, as ſhall give ample ſatisfaction to his ſurviving friends; whereupon breaking off the diſcourſe, he went and threw himſelf proſtrate before Dorothea, imploring her, in romantic ſtile, to grant him a commiſſion to march and ſuſtain the governor of that caſtle, who was juſt fainting in a dangerous engagement. The princeſs diſpatch'd him very willingly; whereupon preſently buckling on his target, and taking up his ſword, he ran to the inn-door, where the two gueſts were ſtill handling their landlord very unmercifully: he there made a ſudden ſtop, though Maritornes and the hoſteſs preſs'd him twice or thrice to tell the cauſe of his delay in his promis'd aſſiſtance to his hoſt. I make a pauſe, ſaid Don Quixote, becauſe I am commanded by the law of arms to uſe my ſword againſt none under the order of knighthood; but let my ſquire be call'd, this affair is altogether his province. In the mean time drubs and

bruiſes were inceſſant at the inn-gate, and the poor hoſt ſoundly beaten. His wife, daughter and maid, who ſtood by, were like to run mad at Don Quixote's hanging back, and the inn-keeper's unequal combat; where we ſhall leave him, with a deſign to return to his aſſiſtance preſently, though his fool-hardineſs deſerves a ſound beating, for attempting a thing he was not likely to go through with. We now return to hear what Don Lewis anſwer'd the judge, whom we left retir'd with him, and aſking the reaſon of his travelling on foot, and in ſo mean a diſguiſe. The young gentleman graſping his hands very paſſionately, made this reply, not without giving a proof of the greatneſs of his ſorrow by his tears.

Without ceremony or preamble, I muſt tell you, dear ſir, that from the inſtant that heaven made us neighbours, and I ſaw Donna Clara, your daughter and my miſtreſs, I reſign'd to her the whole command of my affections; and unleſs you, whom I moſt truly call my father, prevent it, ſhe ſhall be my wife this very day; for her ſake I abandon'd my father's houſe; for her have I thus diſguis'd my quality; her would I thus have follow'd through the world: ſhe was the north-ſtar, to guide my wandering courſe, and the mark at which my wiſhes flew. Her ears indeed are utter ſtrangers to my paſſion; but yet her eyes may gueſs, by the tears ſhe ſaw flowing from mine. You know my fortune and my quality; if theſe can plead ſir, I lay them at her feet; then make me this-inſtant your happy ſon; and if my father, biaſs'd by contrary deſigns,

ſhould not approve my choice, yet time may produce ſome favourable turn, and alter his mind. The amorous youth having done ſpeaking, the judge was much ſurpriz'd at the handſome diſcovery he made of his affections, but was not a little puzzled how to behave himſelf in ſo ſudden and unexpected a matter; he therefore, without any poſitive anſwer, advis'd him only to compoſe his thoughts, to divert himſelf with his ſervants, and to prevail with them to allow him that day to conſider on what was proper to be done. Don Lewis expreſs'd his gratitude by forcibly kiſſing the judge's hands, and bathing them with his tears, enough to move a heart of a Cannibal, much more a judge's, who, (being a man of the world) had preſently the advantage of the match and preferment of his daughter in the wind; though he much doubted the conſent of Don Lewis's father, who he knew deſign'd to match his ſon into the nobility.

By this time Don Quixote's intreaties more than threats had parted the fray at the inn-door; the ſtrangers paying their reckoning went off, and Don Lewis's ſervants ſtood expecting the reſult of the judge's diſcourſe with their young maſter; when (as the devil would have it) who ſhould come into the inn but the barber whom Don Quixote had robb'd of Mambrino's helmet, and Sancho of the pack-ſaddle. As he was leading his beaſt very gravely to the ſtable, he ſpies Sancho mending ſomething about the pannel; he knew him preſently, and ſetting upon him very roughly, Ay, Mr. Thief, Mr. Rogue, ſaid he, have I caught you at laſt,

and all my aſs's furniture in your hands too? Sancho finding himſelf ſo unexpectedly aſſaulted, and nettled at the diſhonourable terms of his language, laying faſt hold on the pannel with one hand, gave the barber ſuch a douſe on the chops with the other, as ſet all his teeth a bleeding; for all this the barber ſtuck by his hold, and cried out ſo loud, that the whole houſe was alarm'd at the noiſe and ſcuffle; I command you, gentlemen, continu'd he, to aſſiſt me in the king's name; for this rogue has robb'd me on the king's high-way, and would now murder me, becauſe I ſeize upon my goods: That's a lie, cry'd Sancho, it was no robbery on the king's high-way, but lawful plunder, won by my lord Don Quixote fairly in the field. The Don himſelf was now come up very proud of his ſquire's behaviour on this occaſion, accounting him thenceforth a man of ſpirit, and deſigning him the honour of knighthood on the firſt opportunity, thinking his courage might prove a future ornament to the order. Among other things which the barber urg'd to prove his claim; Gentlemen, ſaid he, this pack-ſaddle is as certainly my pack-ſaddle, as I hope to die in my bed; I know it as well as if it had been bred and born with me; nay, my very aſs will witneſs for me; do but try the ſaddle on him, and if it does not fit him as cloſe as can be, then call me a liar — Nay more than that, gentlemen, that very day when they robb'd me of my pack-ſaddle, they took away a ſpecial new baſon which was never us'd, and which coſt me a crown. Here Don Quixote could no longer contain himſelf; but thruſting between them,

he parted them; and having caus'd the pack-ſaddle to be depoſited on the ground to open view, till the method came to a final deciſion: That this honourable company may know, cry'd he, in what a manifeſt error this honeſt ſquire perſiſts, take notice how he degrades that with the name of baſon, which was, is, and ſhall be the helmet of Mambrino, which I fairly won from him in the field, and lawfully made myſelf lord of by force of arms. As to the pack-ſaddle, it is a concern that is beneath my regard; all I have to urge in that affair, is, that my ſquire begg'd my permiſſion to ſtrip that vanquiſh'd coward's horſe of his trappings to adorn his own; he had my authority for the deed, and he took them: and now for his converting it from a horſe's furniture to a pack-ſaddle, no other reaſon can be brought, but that ſuch transformations frequently occur in the affairs of chivalry. For a confirmation of this, diſpatch, run Sancho and produce the helmet which this ſquire would maintain to be a baſon. O' my faith, ſir, ſaid Sancho, if this be all you can ſay for yourſelf, Mambrino's helmet will prove as arrant a baſon, as this ſame man's furniture is a meer pack-ſaddle. Obey my orders, ſaid Don Quixote, I cannot believe that every thing in this caſtle will be guided by inchantment. Sancho brought the baſon, which Don Quixote holding up in his hands, Behold, gentlemen, continu'd he, with what force can this impudent ſquire affirm this to be a baſon, and not the helmet I mention'd? Now I ſwear before you all, by the order of knighthood, which I profeſs, that that is the ſame individual

helmet which I won from him, without the leaſt addition or diminution. That I'll ſwear, ſaid Sancho; for ſince my lord won it, he never fought but once in it, and that was the battle wherein he freed thoſe ungracious gally-ſlaves, who by the ſame token would have knock'd out his brains with a ſhower of ſtones, had not this ſame honeſt baſon helmet ſav'd his ſkull.

CHAP. XVIII.

The controverſy about Mambrino's helmet and the pack-ſaddle, diſputed and decided; with other accidents, not more ſtrange than true.

PRAY good gentlemen (ſaid the barber) let's have your opinion in this matter, I ſuppoſe you will grant this ſame helmet to be a baſon. He that dares grant any ſuch thing, ſaid Don Quixote, muſt know that he lies plainly, if a knight; but if a ſquire, he lies abominably. Our barber (who was privy to the whole matter) to humour the jeſt, and carry the diverſion a little higher, took up the other ſhaver. Mr. Barber, you muſt pardon me, ſir, if I don't give you your titles. I muſt let you underſtand, ſaid he, that I have ſerv'd an apprenticeſhip to your trade, and have been a freeman in the company theſe thirty years, and therefore am not to learn what belongs to ſhaving. You muſt likewiſe know that I have been a ſoldier too in my younger days, and conſequently underſtand the differences between a helmet, a morion, and a cloſe-helmet, with all other accoutrements belonging to a man of arms. Yet I ſay,

with ſubmiſſion ſtill to better judgment, that this piece, here in diſpute before us, is as far from being a baſon, as light is from darkneſs. Withal I affirm, on the other hand, that although it be a helmet, it is not a complete one: Right (ſaid the Don) for the lower part and the beaver are wanting. A clear caſe, a clear caſe, ſaid the curate, Cardenio, Don Ferdinand and his companions, and the judge himſelf (had not Lewis's concern made him thoughtful) would have humour'd the matter. Lord have mercy upon us now (ſaid the poor barber half diſtracted) is it poſſible that ſo many fine honourable gentlemen ſhould know a baſon or a helmet no better than this comes to? Gadzookers, I defy the wiſeſt univerſity in all Spain with their ſcholarſhip, to ſhew me the like. Well—if it muſt be a helmet, it muſt be a helmet, that's all.—And by the ſame rule my pack-ſaddle muſt troop too, as this gentleman ſays. I muſt confeſs, ſaid Don Quixote, as to outward appearance it is a pack-ſaddle; but as I have already ſaid, I will not pretend to determine the diſpute as to that point. Nay, ſaid the curate, if Don Quixote ſpeak not, the matter will never come to a deciſion; becauſe in all affairs of chivalry, we muſt all give him the preference. I ſwear, worthy gentlemen, ſaid Don Quixote, that the adventures I have encounter'd in this caſtle are ſo ſtrange and ſupernatural, that I muſt infallibly conclude them the effects of pure magic and enchantment. The firſt time I ever enter'd its gates, I was ſtrangely embarraſs'd by an inchanted Moor that inhabited it, and Sancho himſelf had no better entertainment from his

attendants; and laſt night I hung ſuſpended almoſt two hours by this arm, without the power of helping myſelf, or of aſſigning any reaſonable cauſe of my misfortune. So that for me to meddle or give my opinion in ſuch confus'd and intricate events, would appear preſumption; I have already given my final determination as to the helmet in controverſy, but dare pronounce no definitive ſentence on the pack-ſaddle, but ſhall remit it to the diſcerning judgment of the company; perhaps the power of inchantment may not prevail on you that are not dubb'd knights, ſo that your underſtandings may be free, and your judicial faculties more piercing to enter into the true nature of theſe events, and not conclude upon them from their appearances. Undoubtedly, anſwer'd Don Ferdinand, the deciſion of this proceſs depends upon our ſentiments, according to Don Quixote's opinion; that the matter therefore may be fairly diſcuſs'd, and that we may proceed upon ſolid and firm grounds, we'll put it to the vote. Let every one give me his ſuffrage in my ear, and I will oblige myſelf to report them faithfully to the board.

To thoſe that knew Don Quixote this proved excellent ſport; but to others unacquainted with his humour, as Don Lewis and his four ſervants, it appeared the moſt ridiculous ſtuff in nature; three other travellers too that happen'd to call in by the way, and were found to be officers of the holy brotherhood, or purſuivants, thought the people were all bewitch'd in good earneſt. But the barber was quite at his wit's end, to

think that his baſon, then and there preſent before his eyes, was become the helmet of Mambrino; and that his pack-ſaddle was likewiſe going to be chang'd into rich horſe-furniture. Every body laugh'd very heartily to ſee Don Ferdinand whiſpering each particular perſon very gravely to have his vote upon the important contention of the pack-ſaddle. When he had gone the rounds among his own faction, that were all privy to the jeſt, Honeſt fellow, ſaid he very loudly, I grow weary of aſking ſo many impertinent queſtions; every man has his anſwer at his tongue's end, that it is mere madneſs to call this a pack-ſaddle, and that it is poſitively, *nemine contradicente*, right horſe-furniture, and great horſe-furniture, too; beſides, friend, your allegations and proofs are of no force, therefore in ſpight of your aſs and you too, we give it for the defendant, that this is, and will continue the furniture of a horſe, nay and of a great horſe too. Now the devil take me, ſaid the barber *, if you be not all damnably deceiv'd; and may I be hang'd if my conſcience does not plainly tell me it is a down-right pack-ſaddle; but I have loſt it according to law, and ſo fare it well.—But I am neither mad nor drunk ſure, for I am freſh and faſting this morning from every thing but ſin.

The barber's raving was no leſs diverting than Don Quixote's clamours; Sentence is paſs'd, cry'd he; and let every man take poſſeſſion of his goods and chattels,

* In the original it is *el ſobrebarbero*, i. e. the ſupernumerary or additional barber, in contradiſtinction to the other barber who appears firſt in the hiſtory.

and heaven give him joy. This is a jeſt, a mere jeſt, ſaid one of the four ſervants; certainly, gentlemen, you can't be in earneſt, you're too wiſe to talk at this rate: for my part, I ſay and will maintain it, for there's no reaſon the barber ſhould be wrong'd, that this is a baſon, and that the pack-ſaddle, of a he-aſs. Mayn't it be a ſhe-aſs's pack-ſaddle, friend, ſaid the curate? That's all one, ſir, ſaid the fellow, the queſtion is not whether it be a he or ſhe-aſs's pack-ſaddle, but whether it be a pack-ſaddle or not, that's the matter, ſir. One of the officers of the holy brotherhood, who had heard the whole controverſy, very angry to hear ſuch an error maintain'd: Gentlemen, ſaid he, this is no more a horſe's ſaddle than it is my father, and he that ſays the contrary is drunk or mad. You lie like an unmannerly raſcal, ſaid the knight, and at the ſame time with his lance, which he had always ready for ſuch occaſions, he offer'd ſuch a blow at the officer's head, that had not the fellow leap'd aſide it would have laid him flat. The lance flew into pieces, and the reſt of the officers ſeeing their comrade ſo abus'd, cry'd out for help, charging every one to aid and aſſiſt the holy brotherhood *. The inn-keeper being one of the fraternity, ran for his ſword and rod, and then joined his fellows. Don Lewis's ſervants got round their maſter to defend him from harm, and ſecure him leſt he ſhould make his eſcape in the ſcuffle. The barber ſeeing the whole

* All theſe troops of the holy brotherhood carry wands or rods as a mark of their office.

houſe turn'd topſy-turvy, laid hold again on his pack-ſaddle: but Sancho, who watch'd his motions, was as ready as he, and ſecur'd t'other end of it.

Don Quixote drew and aſſaulted the officers pell-mell. Don Lewis call'd to his ſervants to join Don Quixote and the gentleman that ſided with him; for Cardenio, Don Ferdinand and his friends had engag'd on his ſide. The curate cry'd out, the landlady ſhriek'd, her daughter wept, Maritornes howl'd, Dorothea was diſtracted with fear, Lucinda could not tell what to do, and Donna Clara was ſtrangely frighted; the barber pommell'd Sancho, and Sancho belabour'd the barber. One of Don Lewis's ſervants went to hold him, but he gave him ſuch a rebuke on his jaws, that his teeth had like to have forſook their ſtation; and then the judge took him into his protection. Don Ferdinand had got one of the officers down, and laid him on back and ſide. The inn-keeper ſtill cry'd out, Help the holy brotherhood; ſo that the whole houſe was a medley of wailings, cries, ſhrieks, confuſions, fears, terrors, diſaſters, ſlaſhes, buffets, blows, kicks, cuffs, battery, and blood-ſhed.

In the greateſt heat of this hurly-burly it came into Don Quixote's head, that he was certainly involv'd in the diſorder and confuſion of king Agramant's camp; and calling out with a voice that ſhook the whole houſe; Hold, valorous knights, ſaid he, all hold your furious hands, ſheath all your ſwords, let none preſume to ſtrike on pain of death, but hear me ſpeak. The loud and monſtrous voice ſurpriz'd every body into obedi-

ence, and the Don proceeded: I told you before, gentlemen, that this caſtle was inchanted, and that ſome legion of devils did inhabit it: now let your own eyes confirm my words: don't you behold the ſtrange and horrid confuſion of king Agramant's army remov'd hither, and put in execution among us? ſee, ſee how they fight for the ſword, and yonder for the horſe; behold how ſome contend for the helmet, and here others battle it for the ſtandard; and all fight we don't know how, nor can tell why. Let therefore my lord judge, and his reverence Mr. Curate, repreſent, one, king Agramant, and the other king Sobrino, and by their wiſdom and conduct appeaſe this tumult: for, by the powers divine, it were a wrong to honour, and a blot on chivalry, to let ſo many worthies, as are here met, kill one another for ſuch trifles.

Don Quixote's words were Hebrew to the officers, who having been roughly handled by Cardenio, Ferdinand, and his friends, would not give it over ſo. But the barber was content; for Sancho had demoliſh'd his beard, and pack-ſadle both in the ſcuffle: the ſquire dutifully retreated at the firſt ſound of his maſter's voice; Don Lewis's ſervants were calm, finding it their beſt way to be quiet; but the inn-keeper was refractory. He ſwore that madman ought to be puniſhed for his ill-behaviour, and that every hour he was making ſome diſturbance or another in his houſe. But at laſt, the matter was made up, the pack-ſaddle was agreed to be horſe-furniture, the baſon a helmet, and the inn a caſtle, till the day of judgment, if Don Quixote would

have it ſo. Don Lewis's buſineſs came next in play. The judge, in concert with Don Ferdinand, Cardenio, and the curate, reſolv'd that Don Ferdinand ſhould interpoſe his authority on Don Lewis's behalf, and let his ſervants know, that he would carry him to Andaluſia, where he ſhould be entertain'd according to his quality by his brother the marquis; and they ſhould not oppoſe this deſign, ſeeing Don Lewis was poſitively reſolv'd not to be forc'd to go back to his father yet. Don Ferdinand's quality, and Don Lewis's reſolution prevail'd on the fellows to order matters ſo, that three of them might return to acquaint their old maſter, and the fourth wait on Don Lewis. Thus this monſtrous heap of confuſion and diſorder was digeſted into form, by the authority of Agramant, and wiſdom of king Sobrino.

But the enemy of peace, finding his project of ſetting them all by the ears ſo eluded, reſolv'd once again to have another trial of ſkill, and play the devil with them all the ſecond bout: for though the officers, underſtanding the quality of their adverſaries, were willing to deſiſt, yet one of them, whom Don Ferdinand had kick'd moſt unmercifully, remembring that among other warrants, he had one to apprehend Don Quixote for ſetting free the galley-ſlaves (which Sancho was ſadly afraid would come about) he reſolv'd to examine if the marks and tokens given of Don Quixote agreed with this perſon; then drawing out a parchment, and opening his warrant, he made a ſhift to read it, and every other word looking cunningly on Don Quixote's

face; whereupon having folded up the parchment, and taking his warrant in his left hand, he clapt his right hand faſt in the knight's collar, crying You're the king's priſoner: gentlemen, I am an officer, here's my warrant. I charge you all to aid and aſſiſt the holy brotherhood. Don Quixote, finding himſelf us'd ſo rudely, by one whom he took to be a pitiful ſcoundrel, kindl'd up into ſuch a rage, that he ſhook with indignation, and catching the fellow by the neck with both his hands, ſqueez'd him ſo violently, that if his companions had not preſently freed him, the knight would certainly have throttled him before he had quitted his hold.

The inn-keeper being oblig'd to aſſiſt his brother-officer, preſently join'd him: the hoſteſs ſeeing her huſband engaging a ſecond time, rais'd a new outcry, her daughter and Maritornes bore the burden of the ſong, ſometimes praying, ſometimes crying, ſometimes ſcolding: Sancho, ſeeing what paſs'd, By the lord, ſaid he, my maſter is in the right; this place is haunted, that's certain; there's no living quietly an hour together. At laſt Don Ferdinand parted Don Quixote and the officer, who were both pretty well pleas'd to quit their bargain. However, the officers ſtill demanded their priſoner, and to have him deliver'd bound into their hands, commanding all the company a ſecond time to help and aſſiſt them in ſecuring that public robber upon the king's high road.

Don Quixote ſmil'd at the ſuppos'd ſimplicity of the fellows; at laſt, with ſolemn gravity, Come hither, ſaid he, you offſpring of filth and extraction of dung-

hills, dare you call looſing the fetter'd, freeing the captiv'd, helping the miſerable, raiſing the fall'n, and ſupplying the indigent, dare you, I ſay, baſe-ſpirited raſcals, call theſe actions robbery? Your thoughts, indeed, are too groveling and ſervile, to underſtand, or reach the pitch of chivalry, otherwiſe you had underſtood, that even the ſhadow of a knight-errant had claim to your adoration. You a band of officers; you're a pack of rogues indeed, and robbers on the highway by authority. What blockhead of a magiſtrate durſt iſſue out a warrant to apprehend a knight-errant like me? Could not his ignorance find out that we are exempt from all courts of judicature? That our valour is the bench, our will the common law, and our ſword the executioner of juſtice. Could not his dulneſs inform him that no rank of nobility or peerage enjoys more immunities and privileges? Has he any precedent that a knight-errant ever paid taxes, ſubſidy, poll-money, or ſo much as fare or ferry? What taylor ever had money for his cloaths, or what conſtable ever made him a reckoning for lodging in his caſtle? What kings are not proud of his company; and what damſels of his love? And laſtly, did you ever read of any knight-errant that ever was, is, or ſhall be, that could not, with his ſingle force, cudgel four hundred ſuch rogues as you to pieces, if they have the impudence to oppoſe him?

CHAP. XIX.

The notable adventure of the officers of the holy brotherhood, *with Don Quixote's great ferocity and inchantment.*

WHILST Don Quixote talk'd at this rate, the curate endeavour'd to perſuade the officers that he was diſtracted, as they might eaſily gather from his words and actions; and therefore, though they ſhould carry him before a magiſtrate, he would be preſently acquitted, as being a madman. He that had the warrant made anſwer, that it was not his buſineſs to examine whether he were mad or not? he was an officer in commiſſion, and muſt obey orders; and accordingly was reſolv'd to deliver him up to the ſuperior power, which once done, they might acquit him five hundred times if they would. But for all that, the curate perſiſted they ſhould not carry Don Quixote away with them this time, adding, that the knight himſelf would by no means be brought to it; and in ſhort, ſaid ſo much, that they had been greater fools than he, could they not have plainly ſeen his madneſs. They therefore not only deſiſted, but offer'd their ſervice in compounding the difference between Sancho and the barber; their mediation was accepted, they being officers of juſtice, and ſucceeded ſo well, that both parties ſtood to their arbitration, though not entirely ſatisfy'd with their award, which order'd them to change their pannels, but not their halters nor the girths. The cu-

rate made up the buſineſs of the baſon, paying the barber under-hand, eight reals for it, and getting a general releaſe under his hand of all claims or actions concerning it, and all things elſe. Theſe two important differences being ſo happily decided, the only obſtacles to a general peace were Don Lewis's ſervants and the inn-keeper; the firſt were prevail'd upon to accept the propoſals offer'd, which were, that three of them ſhould go home, and the fourth attend Don Lewis, where Don Ferdinand ſhould appoint. Thus this difference was made up, to the unſpeakable joy of Donna Clara. Zoraida not well underſtanding any thing that paſt, was ſad and chearful by turns, as ſhe obſerv'd others to be by their countenances, eſpecially her beloved Spaniard, on whom her eyes were more particularly fix'd. The inn-keeper made a hideous bawling; having diſcover'd that the barber had receiv'd money for his baſon, he knew no reaſon, he ſaid, why he ſhould not be paid as well as other folks, and ſwore that Rozinante and Sancho's aſs ſhould pay for their maſter's extravagance before they ſhould leave his ſtable; the curate pacify'd him, and Don Ferdinand paid him his bill. All things thus accommodated, the inn no longer reſembled the confuſion of Agramant's camp, but rather the univerſal peace of Auguſtus's reign: upon which the curate and Don Ferdinand had the thanks of the houſe, as a juſt acknowledgment for their ſo effectual mediation.

Don Quixote being now free from the difficulties and delays that lately embarraſs'd him, held it high time to proſecute his voyage, and bring to ſome deciſion

the general enterprize which he had the voice and election for. He therefore fully reſolv'd to preſs his departure, and fell on his knees before Dorothea, but ſhe would not hear him in that poſture, but prevail'd upon him to riſe: he then addreſſing her in his uſual forms; Moſt beautiful lady, ſaid he, it is a known proverb, That diligence is the mother of ſucceſs; and we have found the greateſt ſucceſſes in war ſtill to depend on expedition and diſpatch, by preventing the enemy's deſign, and forcing a victory before an aſſault is expected. My inference from this, moſt high and illuſtrious lady, is, that our reſidence in this caſtle appears nothing conducive to our deſigns, but may prove dangerous; for we may reaſonably ſuppoſe that our enemy the giant may learn by ſpies, or ſome other ſecret intelligence, the ſcheme of our intentions, and conſequently fortify himſelf in ſome inexpugnable fortreſs, againſt the power of our utmoſt endeavours, and ſo the ſtrength of my invincible arm may be ineffectual. Let us therefore, dear madam, by our diligence and ſudden departure hence, prevent any ſuch his deſigns, and force our good fortune, by miſſing no opportunity that we may lay hold of. Here he ſtopt, waiting the princeſs's anſwer. She, with a grave aſpect, and ſtile ſuiting his extravagance, reply'd, The great inclination and indefatigable deſire you ſhew, worthy knight, in aſſiſting the injur'd, and reſtoring the oppreſs'd, lay a fair claim to the praiſes and univerſal thanks of mankind; but your ſingular concern, and induſtrious application in aſſiſting me, deſerve my particular acknowledgments and gratification;

and I ſhall make it my peculiar requeſt to Heaven, that your generous deſigns, in my favour, may be ſoon accompliſh'd, that I may be enabled to convince you of the honour and gratitude that may be found in ſome of our ſex. As to our departure, I ſhall depend upon your pleaſure, to whoſe management I have not only committed the care of my perſon, but alſo reſign'd the whole power of command. Then by the aſſiſtance of the divine power, anſwer'd he, I will loſe no opportunity of re-inſtating your highneſs, ſince you condeſcend to humble yourſelf to my orders; let our march be ſudden, for the eagerneſs of my deſires, the length of the journey, and the dangers of delay, are great ſpurs to my diſpatch; ſince therefore heaven has not created, nor hell ſeen the man I ever fear'd; fly Sancho, ſaddle Rozinante, harneſs your aſs, and make ready the lady's palfry; let us take leave of the governor here, and theſe other lords, and ſet out from hence immediately.

Poor Sancho hearing all that paſs'd, ſhook his head. Lord, lord, maſter, ſaid he, there's always more tricks in a town than are talk'd of (with reverence be it ſpoken.) Ho! villain, cry'd Don Quixote, what tricks can any town or city ſhew to impair my credit? Nay, Sir, quoth Sancho, if you grow angry, I can hold my tongue, if that be all; but there are ſome things which you ought to hear, and I ſhould tell as becomes a truſty ſquire, and honeſt ſervant. Say what thou wilt, ſaid the knight, ſo it tend not to cowardice; for if thou art afraid, keep it to thyſelf, and trouble not me with the mention of fear, which my ſoul abhors. Pſhaw, hang fear, an-

ſwer'd Sancho, that's not the matter; but I muſt tell you, Sir, that which is as certain and plain as the noſe on your face. This ſame madam here, that calls herſelf the queen of the great kingdom of Micomicon, is no more a queen than my grandam. For, do but conſider, Sir, if ſhe were ſuch a fine queen as you believe, can you imagine ſhe would always be ſucking of ſnouts*, and kiſſing and ſlabbering a certain perſon, that ſhall be nameleſs in this company? Dorothea bluſh'd at Sancho's words, for Don Ferdinand had, indeed, ſometimes, and in private, taken the freedom with his lips to reap ſome part of the reward his affection deſerv'd; which Sancho ſpying by chance made ſome conſtructions upon it, very much to the diſadvantage of her royalty; for, in ſhort he concluded her no better than a woman of pleaſure. She nevertheleſs would take no notice of his aſperſion, but let him go on; I ſay this, ſir, continu'd he, becauſe after our trudging through all weathers, fair after foul, day after night, and night after day, this ſame perſon in the inn here, is like to divert himſelf at our expence, and to gather the fruit of our labours. I think therefore, maſter, there is no reaſon, d'ye ſee, for ſaddling Rozinante, harneſſing my aſs, or making ready the lady's palfry; for we had better ſtay where we are; and let every whore brew as ſhe bakes, and every man that is hungry go to dinner.

* *Hocicando* in the original, from *hocico* the ſnout of any beaſt. *Hocico* quaſi *focico*, from the Latin *fauces* jaws. The Spaniſh form moſt Latin words by changing *f*, into *h*; thus *fenum* hay is *heno*, &c.

Heavens! Into what a fury did theſe direſpectful words of Sancho put the knight? His whole body ſhook, his tongue faulter'd, his eyes glow'd. Thou villanous, ignorant, raſh, unmannerly, blaſphemous detractor, ſaid he, how dar'ſt thou entertain ſuch baſe and diſhonourable thoughts, much more utter thy rude and contemptible ſuſpicions before me and this honourable preſence? Away from my ſight, thou monſter of nature, magazine of lies, cupboard of deceits, granary of guile, publiſher of follies, foe of all honour! Away, and never let me ſee thy face again, on pain of my moſt furious indignation. Then bending his angry brows, puffing his cheeks, and ſtamping on the ground, he gave Sancho ſuch a look as almoſt frighted the poor fellow to annihilation.

In the height of this conſternation, all that the poor ſquire could do, was to turn his back, and ſneak out of the room. But Dorothea knowing the knight's temper, undertook to mitigate his anger, Sir knight of the woful figure, ſaid ſhe, aſſwage your wrath, I beſeech you; it is below your dignity to be offended at theſe idle words of your ſquire; and I dare not affirm but that he has ſome colour of reaſon for what he ſaid; for it were uncharitable to ſuſpect his ſincere underſtanding, and honeſt principles, of any falſe or malicious ſlander or accuſation. We muſt therefore ſearch deeper into this affair, and believe, that as you have found all tranſactions in this caſtle govern'd by inchantment, ſo ſome diabolical illuſion has appear'd to Sancho, and repreſented to his inchanted ſight what he aſſerts to my

diſhonour. Now by the powers ſupreme, ſaid the knight, your highneſs has cut the knot. The miſdemeanor of that poor fellow muſt be attributed purely to inchantment, and the power of ſome malicious apparition; for the good-nature and ſimplicity of the poor wretch could never invent a lye, or be guilty of an aſperſion to any one's diſadvantage. It is evident, ſaid Don Ferdinand, we therefore all intercede in behalf of honeſt Sancho, that he may be again reſtor'd to your favour, *ſicut erat in principio*, before theſe illuſions had impos'd upon his ſenſe. Don Quixote comply'd, and the curate brought in poor Sancho trembling, who on his knees made an humble acknowledgment of his crime, and begg'd to have his pardon confirmed by a gracious kiſs of his maſter's hand. Don Quixote gave him his hand and his bleſſing. Now Sancho, ſaid he, will you hereafter believe what I ſo often have told you, that the power of inchantment over-rules every thing in this caſtle? I will, an't like your worſhip, quoth Sancho, all but my toſſing in a blanket; for really, ſir, that happen'd according to the ordinary courſe of things. Believe it not, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote, for were I not convinc'd of the contrary, you ſhould have plentiful revenge; but neither then, nor now, could I ever find any object to wreck my fury or reſentment on. Every one deſir'd to know what was the buſineſs in queſtion; whereupon the inn-keeper gave them an account of Sancho's toſſing, which ſet them all a laughing, and would have made Sancho angry, had not his maſter afreſh aſſur'd him it was only a meer illuſion, which

though the ſquire believ'd not, he held his tongue. The whole company having paſs'd two days in the inn, bethought themſelves of departing; and the curate and barber found out a device to carry home Don Quixote, without putting Don Ferdinand and Dorothea to the trouble of humouring his impertinence any longer. They firſt agreed with a waggoner that went by with his team of oxen, to carry him home: then had a kind of a wooden cage made, ſo large that the knight might conveniently ſit, or lie in it. Preſently after, all the company of the inn diſguis'd themſelves, ſome with maſks, others by diſfiguring their faces, and the reſt by change of apparel, ſo that Don Quixote ſhould not take them to be the ſame perſons. This done, they all ſilently enter'd his chamber, where he was ſleeping very ſoundly after his late fatigues: they immediately laid hold on him ſo forcibly, and held his arms and legs ſo hard, that he was not able to ſtir, or do any thing but ſtare on thoſe odd figures which ſtood round him. This inſtantly confirm'd him in the ſtrange fancy that had ſo long diſturb'd his craz'd underſtanding, and made him believe himſelf undoubtedly inchanted; and thoſe frightful figures to be the ſpirits and demons of the inchanted caſtle. So far the curate's invention ſucceeded to his expectation. Sancho being the only perſon there in his right ſhape and ſenſes, beheld all this very patiently, and though he knew them all very well, yet was reſolv'd to ſee the end on't ere he ventur'd to ſpeak his mind. His maſter likewiſe ſaid nothing, patiently expecting his fate, and

waiting the event of his misfortune. They had by this lifted him out of bed, and placing him in the cage, they ſhut him in, and nail'd the bars of it ſo faſt, that no ſmall ſtrength could force them open. Then mounting him on their ſhoulders, as they convey'd him out of the chamber-door, they heard as dreadful a voice as the barber's lungs could bellow, ſpeak theſe words:

Be not impatient, O knight of the woful figure, at your impriſonment, ſince it is ordain'd by the fates, for the more ſpeedy accompliſhment of that moſt noble adventure, which your incomparable valour has intended. For accompliſh'd it ſhall be, when the rampant Manchegan lion *, and the white Toboſian dove ſhall be united, by humbling their lofty and erected cheſts to the ſoft yoke of wedlock, from whoſe wonderful coition ſhall be produced and ſpring forth brave whelps which ſhall imitate the rampant paws of their valorous ſire. And this ſhall happen before the bright purſuer of the fugitive nymph ſhall, by his rapid and natural courſe, take a double circumference in viſitation of the luminous ſigns. And thou, the moſt noble and faithful ſquire that ever had ſword on thigh, beard on face, or ſenſe of ſmell in noſe, be not diſpirited or diſcontented at this captivity of the flower of all chivalry; for very ſpeedily, by the eternal will of the world's Creator, thou ſhalt find thyſelf ennobled and exalted

* It may be tranſlated the rampant *ſpotted* lion as well as the rampant *Manchegan* lion: for the Spaniſh word *Mancha* ſignifies both a *ſpot* and the country *La Mancha*. An untranſlatable *double entendre*.

beyond the knowledge of thy greatneſs. And I confirm to thee, from the ſage Mentironiana †, that thou ſhalt not be defrauded of the promiſes made by thy noble lord. I therefore conjure thee to follow cloſely the ſteps of the courageous and enchanted knight; for it is neceſſarily enjoin'd, that you both go where you both ſhall ſtay. The fates have commanded me no more, farewell. For I now return, I well know whither.

The barber managed the cadence of his voice ſo artificially towards the latter end of his prophecy, that even thoſe who were made acquainted with the jeſt, had almoſt taken it for ſupernatural.

Don Quixote was much comforted at the prophecy, apprehending preſently the ſenſe of it, and applying it to his marriage with Dulcinea del Toboſo, from whoſe happy womb ſhould iſſue the cubs (ſignifying his ſons) to the eternal glory of La Mancha; upon the ſtrength of which belief raiſing his voice, and heaving a profound ſigh; whatſoever thou art, ſaid he, whoſe happy prognoſtication I own and acknowledge, I deſire thee to implore (in my name) the wiſe magician, whoſe charge I am, that his power may protect me in this captivity, and not permit me to periſh before the fruition of theſe grateful and incomparable promiſes made to me; for the confirmation of ſuch hopes, I would think my priſon a palace, my fetters freedom, and this hard field-bed on which I lie, more eaſy than the ſofteſt down, or

† *Mentironiana* is a fram'd word from *mentira* a lye, as if we ſhould ſay *Fibberiana*.

moſt luxurious lodgings. And as to the conſolation offer'd my ſquire Sancho Panza, I am ſo convinced of his honeſty, and he has proved his honour in ſo many adventures, that I miſtruſt not his deſerting me, thro' any change of fortune. And tho' his or my harder ſtars ſhould diſable me from beſtowing on him the iſland I have promis'd, or ſome equivalent, his wages at leaſt are ſecured to him by my laſt will and teſtament, tho' what he will receive is more anſwerable, I confeſs, to my eſtate and ability, than to his ſervices and great deſerts. Sancho Panza made him three or four very reſpectful bows, and kiſs'd both his hands (for one alone he could not, being both ty'd together) and in an inſtant the demons hoiſted up the cage, and yoked it very handſomely to the team of oxen.

CHAP. XX.

Proſecuting the courſe of Don Quixote's inchantment, with other memorable occurrences.

DON Quixote was not ſo much amaz'd at his inchantment, as at the manner of it: among all the volumes of chivalry that I have turn'd over, ſaid he, I never read before of knights-errant drawn in carts, or tugg'd along ſo leiſurely, by ſuch ſlothful animals as oxen. For they us'd to be hurry'd along with prodigious ſpeed, invelop'd in ſome dark and duſky cloud; or in ſome fiery chariot drawn by winged griffins, or ſome ſuch expeditious creatures; but I muſt confeſs, to be drawn thus by a teamof oxen, ſtaggers my under-

ſtanding not a little; tho' perhaps the inchanters of our times take a different method from thoſe in former ages. Or rather the wiſe magicians have invented ſome courſe in their proceedings for me, being the firſt reviver and reſtorer of arms, which have ſo long been loſt in oblivion, and ruſted thro' the diſuſe of chivalry. What is thy opinion, my dear Sancho? Why truly, ſir, ſaid Sancho, I can't tell what to think, being not ſo well read in theſe matters as your worſhip; yet for all that, I'm poſitive and can take my oath on't, that theſe ſame phantoms that run up and down here are not orthodox. Orthodox, my friend, ſaid Don Quixote, how can they be orthodox, when they are devils, and have only aſſumed theſe phantaſtical bodies to ſurprize us into this condition? To convince you, endeavour to touch them, and you will find their ſubſtances are not material, but only ſubtile air, and outward appearance. Gadzookers, ſir, ſaid Sancho, I have touch'd them, and touch'd them again, ſir; and I find this ſame buſy devil here, that's fidling about, is as plump and fat as a capon: beſides, he has another property very different from a devil; for the devils, they ſay, ſmell of brimſtone and other filthy things, and this ſpark has ſuch a fine ſcent of eſſence about him, that you may ſmell him at leaſt half a league. (Meaning Don Ferdinand, who in all probability, like other gentlemen of his quality, had his cloaths perfum'd.)

Alas, honeſt Sancho, anſwer'd Don Quixote, the cunning of theſe fiends is above the reach of thy ſimplicity; for you muſt know, the ſpirits, as ſpirits, have

no ſcent at all; and if they ſhould, it muſt neceſſarily be ſome unſavoury ſtench, becauſe they ſtill carry their hell about them, and the leaſt of a perfume or grateful odour were inconſiſtent with their torments; ſo that this miſtake of yours muſt be attributed to ſome farther deluſion of your ſenſe. Don Ferdinand and Cardenio, upon theſe diſcourſes between maſter and man, were afraid that Sancho would ſpoil all, and therefore ordered the inn keeper privately to get ready Rozinante and Sancho's aſs, while the curate agreed with the officers for ſo much a day to conduct them home. Cardenio having hung Don Quixote's target on the pommel of Rozinante's ſaddle, and the baſon on t'other ſide, he ſignify'd to Sancho by ſigns, that he ſhould mount his aſs, and lead Rozinante by the bridle; and laſtly plac'd two officers with their firelocks on each ſide of the cart.

Being juſt ready to march, the hoſteſs, her daughter, and Maritornes, came to the door to take their leave of the knight, pretending unſupportable grief for his misfortune. Reſtrain your tears, moſt honourable ladies, ſaid Don Quixote, for theſe miſchances are incident to thoſe of my profeſſion; and from theſe diſaſters it is we date the greatneſs of our glory and renown; they are the effects of envy, which ſtill attends virtuous and great actions, and brought upon us by the indirect means of ſuch princes and knights as are emulous of our dignity and fame: but ſpite of all oppreſſion, ſpite of all the magic, that ever its firſt inventor Zoroaſtres underſtood, virtue will come off victorious;

and triumphing over every danger, will at laſt ſhine out in its proper luſtre like the ſun to enlighten the world. Pardon me, fair ladies, if (thro' ignorance or omiſſion of the reſpects due to your qualities) I have not behav'd myſelf to pleaſe you; for to the beſt of my knowledge I never committed a wilful wrong. And I crave the aſſiſtance of your prayers, towards my enlargement from this priſon, which ſome malicious magician has confin'd me to; and the firſt buſineſs of my freedom, ſhall be a grateful acknowledgment for the many and obliging favours confer'd upon me in this your caſtle. Whilſt the ladies were thus entertain'd by Don Quixote, the curate and barber were buſy taking their leaves of their company; and after mutual compliments and embraces, they engaged to acquaint one another with their ſucceeding fortunes. Don Ferdinand intreated the curate to give him a particular relation of Don Quixote's adventures, aſſuring him, that nothing would be a greater obligation, and at the ſame time engaged to inform him of his own marriage and Lucinda's return to her parents; with an account of Zoraida's baptiſm, and Don Lewis's ſucceſs in his amour.

The curate having given his word and honour, to ſatisfy Don Ferdinand, and the laſt compliments being paſt, was juſt going, when the inn-keeper made him a proffer of a bundle of papers found in the folds of the ſame cloak-bag, where he got the Curious Impertinent, telling him withal, that they were all at his ſervice; becauſe ſince the owner was not like to come and demand them, and he could not read, they could not better be

diſpos'd of. The curate thank'd him heartily, and opening the papers, found them entitled, The Story of Rinconete, and Cortadillo. The title ſhewing it to be a novel, and probably written by the author of the Curious Impertinent, becauſe found in the ſame wallet, he put it in his pocket, with a reſolution to peruſe it the very firſt opportunity: then mounting with his friend the barber, and both putting on their maſks, they follow'd the proceſſion, which march'd in this order. The carter led the van, and next his cart, flank'd on right and left with two officers with their firelocks; then follow'd Sancho on his aſs, leading Rozinante; and laſtly the curate and barber on their mighty mules brought up the rear of the body, all with a grave and ſolemn air, marching no faſter than the heavy oxen allow'd. Don Quixote ſat leaning againſt the back of the cage, with his hands ty'd and his legs at length; but ſo ſilent and motionleſs, that he ſeem'd rather a ſtatue than a man.

They had travell'd about two leagues this ſlow and leiſurely pace, when their conductor ſtopping in a little valley, propos'd it as a fit place to bait in; but he was prevail'd upon to defer halting a little longer, being inform'd by the barber of a certain valley beyond a little hill in their view, better ſtored with graſs, and more convenient for their purpoſe: they had not travell'd much farther, when the curate ſpy'd coming a round pace after them, ſix or ſeven men very well accoutred: they appear'd, by their briſk riding, to be mounted on church-mens mules, not carry'd as the Don

was, by a team of ſluggiſh oxen: they endeavour'd before the heat of the day to reach their inn, which was about a league farther. In ſhort, they ſoon came up with our ſlow itinerants; and one of them, that was a canon of Toledo, and maſter of thoſe that came along with him, marking the formal proceſſion of the cart, guards, Sancho, Rozinante, the curate, and the barber, but chiefly the in-cag'd Don Quixote, could not forbear aſking what meant their ſtrange method of ſecuring that man; though he already believ'd (having obſerv'd the guards) that he was ſome notorious criminal in cuſtody of the Holy Brotherhood. One of the fraternity told him, that he could not tell the cauſe of that knight's impriſonment, but that he might anſwer for himſelf, becauſe he beſt could tell.

Don Quixote over-hearing their diſcourſe, gentlemen, ſaid he, if you are converſant and ſkill'd in matters of knight-errantry, I will communicate my misfortunes to you; if you are not, I have no reaſon to give myſelf the trouble. Truly, friend, anſwer'd the canon, I am better acquainted with books of chivalry than with Villalpando's divinity; and if that be all your objection, you may ſafely impart to me what you pleaſe. With heaven's permiſſion be it ſo, ſaid Don Quixote; you muſt then underſtond, ſir knight, that I am borne away in this cage by the force of inchantments, thro' the envious ſpite and malice of ſome curſed magicians; for virtue is more zealouſly perſecuted by ill men, than it is belov'd by the good. I am by profeſſion, a knight-errant, and none of thoſe, I aſſure you,

whoſe deeds never merited a place in the records of fame; but one, who in ſpite of envy's ſelf, in ſpite of all the Magi of Perſia, the Brachmans of India, or the Gymnoſophiſts of Ethiopia, ſhall ſecure to his name a place in the temple of immortality, as a pattern and model to following ages, that enſuing knights-errant, following my ſteps, may be guided to the top and higheſt pitch of heroic honour. The noble Don Quixote de la Mancha ſpeaks truth, ſaid the curate, coming up to the company, he is indeed inchanted in this cart, not thro' his own demerits or offences, but the malicious treachery of thoſe whom virtue diſpleaſes and valour offends. This is, ſir, the Knight of the woful Figure, of whom you have undoubtedly heard, whoſe mighty deeds ſhall ſtand engrav'd in laſting braſs and time-ſurviving marble, till envy grows tir'd with labouring to deface his fame, and malice to conceal them.

The canon hearing the priſoner and his guard talk thus in the ſame ſtile, was in amaze, and bleſs'd himſelf for wonder, as did the reſt of the company, till Sancho Panza coming up, to mend the matter, Look ye, ſirs, ſaid he, I will ſpeak the truth, take it well, or take it ill. My maſter here, is no more inchanted than my mother: he's in his ſober ſenſes, he eats and drinks, and does his needs, like other folks, and as he us'd to do; and yet they'll perſuade me that a man, who can do all this, is inchanted forſooth; he can ſpeak too, for if they'll let him alone, he'll prattle you more than thirty attorneys. Then turning towards the curate, O Mr. Curate, Mr. Curate, continu'd he, do you think I

don't know you, and that I don't gueſs what all theſe new inchantments drive at! Yes I do know you well enough, for all you hide your face; and underſtand your deſign, for all your ſly tricks, ſir. But it is an old ſaying, there's no ſtriving againſt the ſtream; and the weakeſt ſtill goes to the wall. The devil take the luck on't; had not your reverence ſpoil'd our ſport, my maſter had been marry'd before now to the princeſs Micomicona, and I had been an earl at leaſt; nay, that I was ſure of, had the worſt come to the worſt; but the old proverb is true again, fortune turns round like a mill-wheel, and he that was yeſterday at the top, lies to-day at the bottom. I wonder Mr. Curate, you that are a clergyman ſhould not have more conſcience; conſider, ſir, that I have a wife and family who expect all to be great folks, and my maſter here is to do a world of good deeds: and don't you think, ſir, that you won't be made to anſwer for all this one day? Snuff me thoſe candles, ſaid the barber, hearing Sancho talk at this rate: what, fool, are you brain-ſick of your maſter's diſeaſe too? If you be, you are like to bear him company in his cage, I'll aſſure you, friend. What inchanted iſland is this that floats in your ſcull, or what ſuccubus has been riding thy fancy, and got it with child of theſe hopes? With child! ſir, what d'ye mean, ſir? ſaid Sancho, I ſcorn your words, ſir; the beſt lord in the land ſhould not get me with child, no, not the king himſelf, heaven bleſs him. For tho' I'm a poor man, yet I'm an honeſt man, and an old Chriſtian, and don't owe any man a farthing; and though I

deſire iſlands, there are other folks, not far off, that deſire worſe things. Every one is the ſon of his own works; I am a man, and may be Pope of Rome, much more governor of an iſland; eſpecially conſidering my maſter may gain ſo many as he may want perſons to beſtow them on. Therefore pray Mr. Barber, take heed what you ſay; for all conſiſts not in ſhaving of beards, and there's ſome difference between a hawk and a handſaw. I ſay ſo, becauſe we all know one another, and no body ſhall put a falſe card upon me. As to my maſter's inchantment, let it ſtand as it is, Heaven knows beſt: and a ſtink is ſtill worſe for the ſtirring. The barber thought ſilence the beſt way to quiet Sancho's impertinence; and the curate, doubting that he might ſpoil all, intreated the canon to put on a little before, and he would unfold the myſtery of the encag'd knight, which perhaps he would find one of the pleaſanteſt ſtories he had ever heard: the canon rid forward with him, and his men follow'd, while the curate made them a relation of Don Quixote's life and quality, his madneſs and adventures, with the original cauſe of his diſtraction, and the whole progreſs of his affairs, till his being ſhut up in the cage to get him home, in order to have him cur'd. They all admir'd at this ſtrange account; and then the canon turning to the curate: Believe me, Mr. Curate, ſaid he, I am fully convinced, that theſe they call books of knight-errantry are very prejudicial to the public. And though I have been led away with an idle and falſe pleaſure, to read the beginnings of almoſt as many of them as have been print-

ed, I could never yet perſuade myſelf to go through with any one to the end; for to me they all ſeem to contain one and the ſame thing; and there is as much in one of them as in all the reſt. The whole compoſition and ſtile reſemble that of the Mileſian Fables, which are a ſort of idle ſtories, deſign'd only for diverſion, and not for inſtruction. It is not ſo with thoſe fables which are called apologues, that at once delight and inſtruct. But tho' the main deſign of ſuch books is to pleaſe; yet I cannot conceive how it is poſſible they ſhould perform it, being fill'd with ſuch a multitude of unaccountable extravagancies. For the pleaſure which ſtrikes the ſoul, muſt be deriv'd from the beauty and congruity it ſees or conceives in thoſe things the ſight or imagination lay before it; and nothing in itſelf deform'd or incongruous can give us any real ſatisfaction. Now what beauty can there be, or what proportion of the parts to the whole, or of the whole to the ſeveral parts, in a book, or fable, where a ſtripling of ſixteen years of age, at one cut of a ſword, cleaves a giant, as tall as a ſteeple, through the middle, as eaſily as if he were made of paſte-board? Or when they give us the relation of a battle, having ſaid the enemy's power conſiſted of a million of combatants, yet provided the hero of the book be againſt them, we muſt of neceſſity, tho' never ſo much againſt our inclination, conceive that the ſaid knight obtain'd the victory only by his own valour, and the ſtrength of his powerful arm? And what ſhall we ſay of the great eaſe and facility with which an abſolute queen or empreſs caſts herſelf into the arms

of an errant and unknown knight? What mortal, not altogether barbarous and unpoliſh'd, can be pleaſed to read, that a great tower, full of armed knights, cuts through the ſea like a ſhip before the wind, and ſetting out in the evening from the coaſt of Italy, lands by break of day in Preſter John's country, or in ſome other, never known to Ptolemy or ſeen by Marcus Paulus‡? If it ſhould be anſwer'd, that the perſons who compoſe theſe books, write them as confeſs'd lies; and therefore are not obliged to obſerve niceties, or to have regard to truth; I ſhall make this reply, that falſhood is ſo much the more commendable, by how much more it reſembles truth; and is the more pleaſing the more it is doubtful and poſſible. Fabulous tales ought to be ſuited to the reader's underſtanding, being ſo contrived, that all impoſſibilities ceaſing, all great accidents appearing feaſible, and the mind wholly hanging in ſuſpence, they may at once ſurpriſe, aſtoniſh, pleaſe and divert; ſo that pleaſure and admiration may go hand in hand. This cannot be performed by him that flies from probability and imitation, which is the perfection of what is written. I have not ſeen any book of knight-errantry that compoſes an entire body of a fable with all its parts, ſo that the middle is anſwerable to the beginning, and the end to the beginning and middle; but on the contrary, they form them of

‡ A Venetian, and a very great traveller. He liv'd in the thirteenth century, 1272. He had travell'd over Syria, Perſia, and the Indies. An account of his travels has been printed, and one of his books is entitled, *De Regionibus Orientis.*

ſo many limbs, that they rather ſeem a chimera or monſter, than a well-proportion'd figure. Beſides all this, their ſtile is uncouth, their exploits incredible, their love immodeſt, their civility impertinent, their battles tedious, their language abſurd, their voyages prepoſterous; and in ſhort, they are altogether void of ſolid ingenuity, and therefore fit to be baniſh'd a Chriſtian commonwealth as uſeleſs and prejudicial. The curate was very attentive, and believ'd him a man of a ſound judgment, and much in the right in all he had urged; and therefore told him, that being of the ſame opinion, and an enemy to the books of knight-errantry, he had burnt all that belong'd to Don Quixote, which were a conſiderable number. Then he recounted to him the ſcrutiny he had made among them, what he had condemn'd to the flames, and what ſpar'd; at which the canon ‖ laugh'd heartily, and ſaid, that notwithſtanding all he had ſpoken againſt thoſe books, yet he found one good thing in them, which was the ſubject they furniſh'd a man of underſtanding with to exerciſe his parts, becauſe they allow a large ſcope for the pen to dilate upon without any check, deſcribing ſhipwrecks, ſtorms, ſkirmiſhes and battles; repreſenting to us a brave commander, with all the qualifications requiſite in ſuch a one, ſhewing his prudence in diſappointing the deſigns of the enemy, his eloquence in perſuading or diſſuading his ſoldiers, his judgment in council, his celerity in execution, and his valour in aſſailing or repulſing an aſſault; laying before us ſometimes a

‖ This canon of Toledo is Cervantes himſelf all along.

diſmal and melancholy accident, ſometimes a delightful and unexpected adventure; in one place, a beautiful, modeſt, diſcreet, and reſerv'd lady; in another, a Chriſtian-like, brave and courteous gentleman; here a boiſterous, inhuman, boaſting ruffian; there an affable, warlike and wiſe prince; livelily expreſſing the fidelity and loyalty of ſubjects, generoſity and bounty of ſovereigns. He may no leſs, at times, make known his ſkill in aſtrology, coſmography, muſic, and policy; and if he pleaſes, he cannot want an opportunity of appearing knowing even in necromancy. He may deſcribe the ſubtility of Ulyſſes, the piety of Aeneas, the valour of Achilles, the misfortunes of Hector, the treachery of Sinon, the friendſhip of Euryalus, the liberality of Alexander, the valour of Caeſar, the clemency and ſincerity of Trajan, the fidelity of Zopyrus, the prudence of Cato; and in fine, all thoſe actions that may make up a compleat hero, ſometimes attributing them all to one perſon, and at other times dividing them among many. This being ſo perform'd in a grateful ſtile, and with ingenious invention, approaching as much as poſſible to truth, will doubtleſs compoſe ſo beautiful and various a work, that, when finiſh'd, its excellency and perfection muſt attain the beſt end of writing, which is at once to delight and inſtruct, as I have ſaid before: for the looſe method practis'd in theſe books, gives the author liberty to play the epic, the lyric, and the dramatic poet, and to run through all the parts of poetry and rhetoric; for epics may be as well writ in proſe as in verſe †.

† The Adventures of Telemachus is a proof of this.

CHAP. XXI.

Containing a continuation of the canon's diſcourſe upon books of knight-errantry, and other curious matters.

YOU are much in the right, ſir, reply'd the curate; and therefore thoſe who have hitherto publiſh'd books of that kind, are the more to be blam'd, for having had no regard to good ſenſe, art, or rules, by the obſervation of which they might have made themſelves as famous in proſe, as the two princes of Greek and Latin poetry are in verſe. I muſt confeſs, ſaid the canon, I was once tempted to write a book of knight-errantry myſelf, obſerving all thoſe rules; and to ſpeak the truth, I write above one hundred pages, which for the better trial, whether they anſwer'd my expectation, I communicated to ſome learned and judicious men fond of thoſe ſubjects, as well as to ſome of thoſe ignorant perſons, who only are delighted with extravagancies; and they all gave me a ſatisfactory approbation. And yet I made no farther progreſs, as well in regard I look upon it to be a thing no way agreeable with my profeſſion, as becauſe I am ſenſible the illiterate are much more numerous than the learned; and though it were of more weight to be commended by the ſmall number of the wiſe, than ſcorn'd by the ignorant multitude, yet would I not expoſe myſelf to the confus'd judgement of the giddy vulgar, who principally are thoſe who read ſuch books. But the greateſt motive I had to lay aſide, and think no more of finiſhing it, was the argument I

form'd to myſelf deduced from the plays now uſually acted: for thought I, if plays now in uſe, as well thoſe which are altogether of the poet's invention, as thoſe that are grounded upon hiſtory, be all of them, or, however, the greateſt part, made up of moſt abſurd extravagancies and incoherencies; things that have neither head nor foot, ſide nor bottom; and yet the multitude ſees them with ſatisfaction, eſteems and approves them, tho' they are ſo far from being good; and if the poets who write, and the players who act them, ſay they muſt be ſo contriv'd and no otherwiſe, becauſe they pleaſe the generality of the audience; and if thoſe which are regular and according to art, ſerve only to pleaſe half a ſcore judicious perſons who underſtand them, whilſt the reſt of the company cannot reach the contrivance, nor know any thing of the matter; and therefore the poets and actors ſay, they had rather get their bread by the greater number, than the applauſe of the leſs: then may I conclude the fame will be the ſucceſs of this book; ſo that when I have rack'd my brains to obſerve the rules, I ſhall reap no other advantage, than to be laugh'd at for my pains. I have ſometimes endeavour'd to convince the actors that they are deceiv'd in their opinion, and that they will draw more company and get more credit by regular plays, than by thoſe prepoſterous repreſentations now in uſe; but they are ſo poſitive in their humour, that no ſtrength of reaſon, nor even demonſtration, can beat this opinion into their heads. I remember I once was talking to one of thoſe obſtinate fellows; do you not remember, ſaid I, that within theſe

few years, three tragedies were acted in Spain, written by a famous poet of ours, which were ſo excellent, that they ſurpriz'd, delighted, and rais'd the admiration of all that ſaw them, as well the ignorant and ordinary people as the judicious and men of quality; and the actors got more by thoſe three, than by thirty of the beſt that have been writ ſince? Doubtleſs, ſir, ſaid the actor, you mean the tragedies of Iſabella, Phillis, and Alexandra: the very ſame, I reply'd, and do you judge whether they obſerv'd the rules of the drama; and whether by doing ſo, they loſt any thing of their eſteem, or fail'd of pleaſing all ſorts of people. So that the fault lies not in the audience's deſiring abſurdities, but in thoſe who know not how to give them any thing elſe. Nor was there any thing prepoſterous in ſeveral other plays, as for example, Ingratitude reveng'd, Numancia, the Amorous Merchant, and the favourable She-enemy; nor in ſome others, compos'd by judicious poets to their honour and credit, and to the advantage of thoſe that acted them. Much more I added, which did indeed ſomewhat confound him, but no way ſatisfy'd or convinc'd him, ſo as to make him change his erroneous opinion. You have hit upon a ſubject, ſir, ſaid the curate, which has ſtirr'd up in me an old averſion I have for the plays now in uſe, which is not inferior to that I bear to books of knight-errantry. For whereas plays, according to the opinion of Cicero, ought to be mirrors of human life, patterns of good manners, and the very repreſentatives of truth; thoſe now acted are mirrors of abſurdities, patterns of follies, and images of ribaldry.

For inſtance, what can be more abſurd, than for the ſame perſon to be brought on the ſtage a child in ſwadlingbands, in the firſt ſcene of the firſt act; and to appear in the ſecond grown a man? what can be more ridiculous than to repreſent to us a fighting old fellow, a cowardly youth, a rhetorical footman, a politic page, a churliſh king, and an unpoliſh'd princeſs? what ſhall I ſay of their regard to the time in which thoſe actions they repreſent, either might or ought to have happen'd, for I have ſeen a play, in which the firſt act began in Europe, the ſecond was in Aſia, and the third ended in Africa *? probably, if there had been another act, they would have carry'd it into America; and thus it would have been acted in the four parts of the world. But if imitation is to be a principal part of the drama, how can any tolerable judgment be pleas'd, when repreſenting an action that happen'd in the time of king Pepin or Charlemaign, they ſhall attribute it to the emperor Heraclius, and bring him in carrying the croſs into Jeruſalem, and recovering the holy ſepulchre, like Godfrey of Boulogne, there being a vaſt diſtance of time betwixt theſe actions? Thus they will clap together pieces of true hiſtory in a play of their own framing, and grounded upon fiction, mixing in it relations of things that have happen'd to different people, and in ſeveral ages. This they do without any contrivance that might make it appear probable, and with ſuch viſible miſtakes

* It is to be obſerv'd that the Spaniſh plays have only three jornadas or acts.

as are altogether inexcuſable; but the worſt of it is, that there are idiots who look upon this as perfection, and think every thing elſe to be mere pedantry. But if we look into the pious plays, what a multitude of falſe miracles ſhall we find in them? how many errors and contradictions, how often the miracles wrought by one ſaint attributed to another? nay, ev'n in the profane plays, they preſume to work miracles upon the bare imagination and conceit that ſuch a ſupernatural work, or a machine, as they call it, will be ornamental, and draw the common ſort to ſee the play. Theſe things are a reflection upon truth itſelf, a leſs'ning and depreciating of hiſtory, and a reproach to all Spaniſh wits; becauſe ſtrangers, who are very exact in obſerving the rules of the drama, look upon us as an ignorant and barbarous people, when they ſee the abſurdities and extravagancies of our plays. Nor would it be any excuſe to alledge, that the principal deſign of all good governments, in permitting plays to be publicly acted, is to amuſe the commonalty with ſome lawful recreation, and ſo to divert thoſe ill humours which idleneſs is apt to breed: and that ſince this end is attain'd by any ſort of plays, whether good or bad, it is needleſs to preſcribe laws to them, or oblige the poets or actors to compoſe and repreſent ſuch as are ſtrictly conformable to the rules. To this I would anſwer, that this end would be infinitely better attain'd by good plays, than by bad ones. He who ſees a play that is regular and anſwerable to the rules of poetry, is pleas'd with the comic part, inform'd by the ſerious, ſupriz'd at the variety of accidents, im-

prov'd by the language, warn'd by the frauds, inſtructed by examples, incens'd againſt vice, and enamour'd with virtue; for a good play muſt cauſe theſe emotions in the ſoul of him that ſees it, though he were never ſo inſenſible and unpoliſh'd. And it is abſolutely impoſſible, that a play which has theſe qualifications, ſhould not infinitely divert, ſatisfy and pleaſe beyond another that wants them, as moſt of them do, which are now uſually acted. Neither are the poets who write them in fault, for ſome of them are very ſenſible of their errors, and extreamly capable of performing their duty; but plays being now altogether becoming venal and a ſort of merchandize, they ſay, and with reaſon, that the actors would not purchaſe them, unleſs they were of that ſtamp; and therefore the poet endeavours to ſuit the humour of the actors, who is to pay him for his labour. For proof of this let any man obſerve that infinite number of plays compos'd by an exuberant Spaniſh wit †, ſo full of gaiety and humour, in ſuch elegant verſe and choice language, ſo ſententious, and to conclude, in ſuch a majeſtic ſtile, that his fame is ſpread through the univerſe: yet becauſe he ſuited himſelf to the fancy of the actors, many of his pieces have fall'n ſhort of their due perfection, though ſome have reach'd it. Others write plays ſo inconſiderately, that after they have appear'd on the ſtage, the actors have been forc'd to fly and abſcond, for fear of being puniſh'd, as it has often happen'd, for having af-

† *Lopes de Vega*, who writ an incredible number of Spaniſh plays.

fronted kings, and diſhonour'd whole families. Theſe, and many other ill conſequences, which I omit, would ceaſe, by appointing an intelligent and judicious perſon at court to examine all plays before they were acted, that is, not only thoſe which are repreſented at court, but throughout all Spain; ſo that, without his licence, no magiſtrate ſhould ſuffer any play to appear in public. Thus players would be careful to ſend their plays to court, and might then act them with ſafety, and thoſe who writ would be more circumſpect, as ſtanding in awe of an examiner that could judge of their works. By theſe means we ſhould be furniſh'd with good plays, and the end they are deſign'd for would be attain'd, the people diverted, the Spaniſh wits eſteem'd, the actors ſafe, and the government ſpar'd the trouble of puniſhing them. And if the ſame perſon, or another, were intruſted to examine all the new books of knight-errantry, there is no doubt but ſome might be publiſh'd with all that perfection you, ſir, have mention'd, to the increaſe of eloquence in our language, to the utter extirpation of the old books, which would be borne down by the new; and for the innocent paſtime, not only of idle perſons, but even of thoſe who have moſt employment; for the bow cannot always ſtand bent, nor can human frailty ſubſiſt without ſome lawful recreation.

The canon and curate were come to this period, when the barber overtaking them, told the latter, that this was the place he had pitch'd on for baiting, during the heat of the day. The canon, induced by the pleaſant-

neſs of the valley, and the ſatisfaction he found in the curate's converſation, as well as to be farther inform'd of Don Quixote, bore them company, giving order to ſome of his men to ride to the next inn, and if his ſumpter-mule were arriv'd, to ſend him down proviſions to that valley, where the coolneſs of the ſhade, and the beauty of the proſpect gave him ſuch a fair invitation to dine; and that they ſhould make much of themſelves and their mules with what the inn could afford.

In the mean time Sancho having diſengag'd himſelf from the curate and barber, and finding an opportunity to ſpeak to his maſter alone, he bruſh'd up to the cage where the knight ſat. That I may clear my conſcience, ſir, ſaid he, it is fitting that I tell you the plain truth of your inchantment here. Who, would you think now, are theſe two fellows that ride with their faces cover'd? Even the parſon of our pariſh and the barber; none elſe I'll aſſure you, ſir. And they are in a plot againſt you, out of meer ſpite becauſe your deeds will be more famous than theirs: this being ſuppos'd, it follows, that you are not inchanted, but only cozen'd and abus'd; and if you'll but anſwer me one queſtion fairly and ſquarely, you ſhall find this out to be a palpable cheat, and that there is no inchantment in the caſe, but merely your ſenſes turn'd topſy turvy.

Aſk me what queſtions you pleaſe, dear Sancho, ſaid the knight, and I will as willingly reſolve them. But for thy aſſertion, that thoſe who guard us are my old companions the curate and barber, it is illuſion all. The power of magic indeed, as it has an art to clothe

any thing in any ſhape, may have dreſs'd theſe demons in their appearances to infatuate thy ſenſe, and draw thee into ſuch a labyrinth of confuſion, that even Theſeus's clue could not extricate thee out of it; and this with a deſign, perhaps, to plunge me deeper into doubts, and make me endanger my underſtanding, in ſearching into the ſtrange contrivance of my inchantment, which in every circumſtance is ſo different from all I ever read. Therefore reſt ſatisfy'd that theſe are no more what thou imagineſt, than I am a Turk. But now to thy queſtions; propoſe them, and I will endeavour to anſwer.

Bleſs me, ſaid Sancho, this is madneſs upon madneſs; but ſince it is ſo, anſwer me one queſtion. Tell me, as you hope to be delivered out of this cage here, and as you hope to find yourſelf in my lady Dulcinea's arms, when you leaſt think on't; as you—Conjure me no more, anſwer'd Don Quixote, but aſk freely, for I have promis'd to anſwer punctually. That's what I want, ſaid Sancho, and you muſt tell me the truth, and the whole truth, neither more nor leſs, upon the honour of your knighthood. Pr'ythee, no more of your preliminaries or preambles, cry'd Don Quixote, I tell thee I will anſwer to a tittle. Then, ſaid Sancho, I aſk, with reverence be it ſpoken, whether your worſhip, ſince your being cag'd up, or inchanted, if you will have it ſo, has not had a motion, more or leſs, as a man may ſay? I underſtand not that phraſe, anſwer'd the knight. Heighday! quoth Sancho, don't you know what I mean? Why there's ne'er a child in our coun-

try, that underſtands the Chriſt-croſs-row, but can tell you. I mean, have you a mind to do what another can't do for you? O now I underſtand thee, Sancho, ſaid the knight; and to anſwer directly to thy queſtion, poſitively yes, very often; and therefore pr'ythee help me out of this ſtrait; for, to be free with you, I am not altogether ſo ſweet and clean as I could wiſh.

CHAP. XXII.

A relation of the wiſe conference between Sancho and his maſter.

AH! ſir, ſaid Sancho, have I caught you at laſt? This is what I wanted to know from my heart and ſoul. Come ſir, you can't deny, that when any body is out of ſorts, ſo as not to eat, or drink, or ſleep, or do any natural occaſions that you gueſs, then we ſay commonly they're bewitch'd or ſo; from whence may be gather'd, that thoſe who can eat their meat, drink their drink, ſpeak when they're ſpoken to, and go to the back ſide when they have occaſion for't, are not bewitch'd or inchanted. Your concluſion is good, anſwer'd Don Quixote, as to one ſort of inchantment, but as I ſaid to thee, there's variety of inchantments, and the changes in them through the alterations of times and cuſtoms branch them into ſo many parts, that there's no arguing from what has been to what may be now. For my part I am verily perſuaded of my inchantment, and this ſuppreſſes any uneaſineſs in my conſcience, which might ariſe upon any ſuggeſtion to

the contrary. To ſee myſelf thus idly and diſhonourably borne about in a cage, and withheld like a lazy idle coward from the great offices of my function, when at this hour perhaps hundreds of wretches may want my aſſiſtance, would be unſupportable, if I were not inchanted. Yet, for all that, your worſhip ſhould try to get your heels at liberty, ſaid Sancho. Come, ſir, let me alone, I'll ſet you free I warrant you; and then get you on your truſty Rozinante's back, and a ſig for them all. The poor thing here jogs on as drooping and heartleſs, as if he were inchanted too. Take my advice for once now, and if things don't go as your heart could wiſh, you have time enough to creep into your cage again, and on the word of a loyal ſquire I'll go in with you, and be content to be inchanted as long as you pleaſe.

I commit the care of my freedom to thy management, ſaid Don Quixote: lay hold on the opportunity, friend Sancho, and thou ſhalt find me ready to be govern'd in all particulars; though I am ſtill afraid thou wilt find thy cunning ſtrangely over-reach'd in thy pretended diſcovery. The knight and ſquire had laid their plot, when they reach'd the place that the canon, curate and barber had pitch'd upon to alight in. The cage was taken down, and the oxen unyoak'd to graze; when Sancho addreſſing the curate, Pray, ſaid he, will you do ſo much, as let my lord and maſter come out a little to ſlack a point, or elſe the priſon will not be ſo clean as the preſence of ſo worthy a knight as my maſter's requires. The curate underſtanding him, anſwer'd

that he would comply, but that he fear'd Don Quixote, finding himſelf once at liberty, would give them the ſlip. I'll be bail for him, ſaid Sancho, body for body, ſir; and I, ſaid the canon, upon his bare parole of honour. That you ſhall have, ſaid the knight; beſides, you need no ſecurity beyond the power of art, for inchanted bodies have no power to diſpoſe of themſelves, nor to move from one place to another, without permiſſion of the necromancer, in whoſe charge they are: the magical charms might rivet them for three whole centuries to one place, and fetch them back ſwift as the wind, ſhould the inchanted have fled to ſome other region. Laſtly, as a moſt convincing argument for his releaſe, he urg'd, that unleſs they would free him, or get farther off, he ſhould be neceſſitated to offend their ſenſe of ſmelling. They gueſs'd his meaning preſently, and gave him his liberty; and the firſt uſe he made of it, was to ſtretch his benumb'd limbs three or four times; then marching up to Rozinante, ſlapp'd him twice or thrice on the buttocks: I truſt in heaven, thou flower and glory of horſe-fleſh, ſaid he, that we ſhall ſoon be reſtor'd to our former circumſtances; I, mounted on thy back, and thou between my legs, while I exerciſe the function for which heaven has beſtow'd me on the world. Then walking a little aſide with Sancho, he return'd, after a convenient ſtay, much lighter in body and mind, and very full of his ſquire's project.

The canon gaz'd on him, admiring his unparallel'd ſort of madneſs, the rather becauſe in all his words and anſwers he diſplay'd an excellent judgment; and, as

we have already obſerv'd, he only rav'd when the diſcourſe fell upon knight errantry: which moving the canon to compaſſion, when they had all ſeated themſelves on the graſs, expecting the coming up of his ſumpter-mule: Is it poſſible, ſir, ſaid he, addreſſing himſelf to Don Quixote, that the unhappy reading of books of knight-errantry ſhould have ſuch an influence over you as to deſtroy your reaſon, making you believe you are now inchanted, and many other ſuch extravagancies, as remote from truth, as truth itſelf is from falſhood? How is it poſſible that human ſenſe ſhould conceive there ever were in the world ſuch multitudes of famous knights-errant, ſo many emperors of Trebizond, ſo many Amadis's, Felixmartes of Hircania, palfreys, rambling damſels, ſerpents, monſters, giants, unheard-of adventures, ſo many ſorts of inchantments, ſo many battles, terrible encounters, pompous habits and tournaments, amorous princeſſes, earls, ſquires and jeſting dwarfs, ſo many love-letters and gallantries, ſo many Amazonian ladies, and, in ſhort, ſuch an incredible number of extravagant paſſages, as are contain'd in books of knight-errantry? As for my own particular, I confeſs, that while I read them, and do not reflect that they are nothing but falſhood and folly, they give me ſome ſatisfaction; but I no ſooner remember what they are, but I caſt the beſt of them from me, and would deliver them up to the flames if I had a fire near me; as well deſerving that fate, becauſe, like impoſtors, they act contrary to the common courſe of nature. They are like broachers of new ſects, and a new

manner of living, that ſeduce the ignorant vulgar to give credit to all their abſurdities: nay, they preſume to diſturb the brains of ingenious and well-bred gentlemen, as appears by the effect they have wrought on your judgment, having reduced you to ſuch a condition, that it is neceſſary to ſhut you up in a cage, and carry you in a cart drawn by oxen, like ſome lion or tiger that is carry'd about from town to town to be ſhewn. Have pity on yourſelf, good Don Quixote, retrieve your loſt judgment, and make uſe of thoſe abilities heav'n has bleſt you with, applying your excellent talent to ſome other ſtudy, which may be ſafer for your conſcience, and more for your honour: but, if led away by your natural inclination, you will read books of heroiſm and great exploits, read in the holy ſcripture the book of Judges, where you will find wonderful truths and glorious actions not to be queſtion'd. Luſitania had a Viriatus, Rome a Caeſar, Carthage an Hannibal, Greece an Alexander, Caſtile a Count Fernan Gonzalez *, Valencia a Cid, Andaluſia a Gonzalo Fernandez, Eſtremadura a Diego Garcia de Peredez, Xerez a Gracia Perez de Vargas, Toledo a Garcilaſſo, and Sevil a Don Manuel de Leon, the reading of whoſe brave actions diverts, inſtructs, pleaſes, and ſurprizes the moſt judicious readers. This will be a ſtudy worthy your talent, and by which you will become well read in hiſtory, in love with virtue, knowing in goodneſs, improv'd in

* Fernan Gonzalez, Cid, and the reſt here mention'd were Spaniſh commanders of note of whom as many fables have been written, as there ever were of knights-errant.

manners, brave without raſhneſs, and cautious without cowardice; all which will redound to the glory of God, your own advancement, and the honour of the province of La Mancha, whence I underſtand you derive your original. Don Quixote liſten'd with great attention to the canon's diſcourſe, and perceiving he had done, after he had fixed his eyes on him for a conſiderable ſpace; Sir, ſaid he, all your diſcourſe, I find, tends to ſignify to me, there never were any knights-errant; that all the books of knight-errantry are falſe, fabulous, uſeleſs, and prejudicial to the public; that I have done ill in reading, err'd in believing, and been much to blame in imitating them, by taking upon me the moſt painful profeſſion of chivalry. And you deny that ever there were any Amadis's of Gaul or Greece, or any of thoſe knights mention'd in thoſe books. Even as you have ſaid, ſir, quoth the canon. You alſo were pleas'd to add, continu'd Don Quixote, that thoſe books had been very hurtful to me, having depriv'd me of my reaſon, and reduced me to be carry'd in a cage; that therefore it would be for my advantage to take up in time, and apply myſelf to the reading of other books, where I might find more truth, more pleaſure, and better inſtruction. You are in the right, ſaid the canon. Then I am ſatisfy'd, reply'd Don Quixote, you yourſelf are the man that raves and is inchanted, ſince you have thus boldly blaſphem'd againſt a truth ſo univerſally receiv'd, that whoſoever preſumes to contradict it, as you have done, deſerves the puniſhment you would inflict on thoſe books, which in reading offend and tire you. For it

were as eaſy to perſuade the world that the ſun does not enlighten, the froſt cool, and the earth bear us, as that there never was an Amadis, or any of the other adventurous knights, whoſe actions are the ſubjects of ſo many hiſtories. What mortal can perſuade another, that there is no truth in what is recorded of the Infanta Floripes, and Guy of Burgundy: as alſo Fierabras at the bridge of Mantible in the reign of Charlemaign? which paſſages, I dare ſwear, are as true as that now it is day. But if this be falſe, you may as well ſay there was no Hector, nor Achilles; nor a Trojan war, nor twelve peers of France, nor a king Arthur of Britain, who is now converted into a crow, and hourly expected in his kingdom. Some alſo may preſume to ſay, that the hiſtory of Guerino Meſchino, and that the attempt of St. Grial are both falſe; that the amours of Sir Triſtan and Queen Iſeo are apocryphal, as well as thoſe of Guinever and Sir Lancelot of the Lake, whereas there are people living who can almoſt remember they have ſeen the old lady Quintanona, who had the beſt hand at filling a glaſs of wine of any woman in all Britain. This I am ſo well aſſur'd of, that I can remember my grand-mother, by my father's ſide, whenever ſhe ſaw an old waiting-woman with her reverend veil, us'd to ſay to me, Look yonder, grandſon, there's a woman like the old lady Quintanona; whence I infer, ſhe knew her, or at leaſt had ſeen her picture. Now, who can deny the veracity of the hiſtory of Pierres, and the lovely Malagona, when to this day the pin, with which the brave Pierres turn'd his wooden horſe that

carry'd him through the air, is to be ſeen in the king's armory? which pin is ſomewhat bigger than the pole of a coach, by the ſame token it ſtands juſt by Babieca's ſaddle. At Ronceſvalles they keep Orlando's horn, which is as big as a great beam; whence it follows, that there were twelve peers, that there were ſuch men as Pierres, and the famous Cid, beſides many other adventurous knights, whoſe names are in the mouths of all people. You may as well tell me that the brave Portugueſe, John de Merlo, was no knight-errant; that he did not go into Burgundy, where, in the city of Ras, he fought the famous Moſes Pierre, Lord of Charney, and in the city of Baſil, Moſes Henry de Rameſtan, coming off in both victorious, and loaded with honour. You may deny the adventures and combats of the two heroic Spaniards, Pedro Barba and Gutierre Quixada (from whoſe male line I am lineally deſcended) who in Burgundy overcame the ſons of the Earl of St. Paul. You may tell me that Don Ferdinand de Guevara never went into Germany to ſeek adventures, where he fought Sir George * a knight of the Duke of Auſtria's court. You may ſay the tilting of Suero de Quinones del Paſſo, and the exploits of Moſes Lewis de Falſes, againſt Don Gonzalo de Guzman a Caſtilian knight, are mere fables; and ſo of many other brave actions perform'd by Chriſtian knights, as well Spaniards as foreigners; which are ſo authentic and true, that I ſay it

* In the original it is *Micer George*. Oudin ſays *Micer* is a corrupt Spaniſh way both of ſpelling and pronouncing *Meſſire*, an honourable compellation in French.

ever again, he who denies them has neither ſenſe nor reaſon. The canon was much aſtoniſh'd at the medley Don Quixote made of truths and fables, and no leſs to ſee how well read he was in all things relating to the atchievements of knights-errant; And therefore I cannot deny ſir, anſwer'd he, but that there is ſome truth in what you have ſaid, eſpecially in what relates to the Spaniſh knights-errant †; and I will grant there were twelve peers of France, yet I will not believe they perform'd all thoſe actions archbiſhop Turpin aſcribes to them: I rather imagine they were brave gentlemen made choice of by the kings of France, and call'd peers, as being all equal in valour and quality; or if they were not, at leaſt they ought to have been ſo; and theſe compos'd a ſort of military order, like thoſe of Saint Jago, or Calatrava among us, into which all that are admitted, are ſuppos'd, or ought to be, gentlemen of birth and known valour. And as now we ſay a knight of Saint John, or of Alcantara, ſo in thoſe times they ſaid, a knight one of the twelve peers, becauſe there were but twelve of this military order. Nor is it to be doubted but that there were ſuch men as Bernardo del Carpio * and the Cid, yet we have reaſon to queſtion whether ever they perform'd thoſe great exploits that

† The author would impoſe the belief of theſe fabulous ſtories as far as there are Spaniards concern'd in them; but they are ridiculous, and he that allows of Spaniards, muſt alſo allow of knights-errant of other nations.

* It is a great queſtion whether there ever was ſuch a man as Bernard del Carpio.

are aſcrib'd to them. As to the pin, Count Pierre's pin which you ſpoke of, and which you ſay ſtands by Babieca's ſaddle, I own my ignorance, and confeſs I was ſo ſhort-ſighted, that though I ſaw the ſaddle, yet I did not perceive the pin, which is ſomewhat ſtrange, if it be ſo large as you deſcribe it. It is there without doubt, reply'd Don Quixote, by the ſame token they ſay it is kept in a leathern caſe to keep it from ruſting. That may very well be, ſaid the canon, but upon the word of a prieſt I do not remember I ever ſaw it: yet grant it were there, that does not enforce the belief of ſo many Amadis's, nor of ſuch a multitude of knights-errant as the world talks of; nor is there any reaſon ſo worthy a perſon, ſo judicious, and ſo well qualify'd as you are, ſhould imagine there is any truth in the wild extravagancies contain'd in all the fabulous nonſenſical books of knight-errantry.

CHAP. XXIII.

The notable diſpute between the canon and Don Quixote; with other matters.

VERY well, cry'd Don Quixote, then all thoſe books muſt be fabulous, though licens'd by kings, approv'd by the examiners, read with general ſatisfaction, and applauded by the better ſort and the meaner, rich and poor, learned, and unlearned, gentry and commonalty; and, in ſhort, by all ſorts of perſons of what ſtate and condition ſoever, and though they carry ſuch an appearance of truth, ſetting down the fa-

ther, mother, country, kindred, age, place and actions to a tittle, and day, by day, of the knight and knights of whom they treat? For ſhame, ſir, continu'd he, forbear uttering ſuch blaſphemies; and believe me, in this I adviſe you to behave yourſelf as becomes a man of ſenſe, or elſe read them and ſee what ſatisfaction you will receive. As for inſtance, pray tell me, can there be any thing more delightful, than to read a lively deſcription, which, as it were, brings before your eyes the following adventure? A vaſt lake of boiling pitch, in which an infinite multitude of ſerpents, ſnakes, crocodiles, and other ſorts of fierce and terrible creatures, are ſwimming and traverſing backwards and forwards, appears to a knight-errant's ſight. Then from the midſt of the lake a moſt doleful voice is heard to ſay theſe words: O knight, whoever thou art, who gazeſt on this dreadful lake, if thou wilt purchaſe the bliſs conceal'd under theſe diſmal waters, make known thy valour, by caſting thyſelf into the midſt of theſe black burning ſurges; for unleſs thou doſt ſo, thou art not worthy to behold the mighty wonders enclos'd in the ſeven caſtles of the ſeven fairies, that are ſeated under theſe gloomy waves. And no ſooner have the laſt accents of the voice reach'd the knight's ear, but he, without making any further reflection, or conſidering the danger to which he expoſes himſelf, and even without laying aſide his ponderous armour, only recommending himſelf to heaven and to his lady, plunges headlong into the middle of the burning lake; and when leaſt he imagines it, or can gueſs where he ſhall

ſtop, he finds himſelf on a ſudden in the midſt of verdant fields, to which the Elyſian bear no compariſon. There the ſky appears to him more tranſparent, and the ſun ſeems to ſhine with a redoubl'd brightneſs. Next he diſcovers a moſt delightful grove made up of beautiful ſhady trees, whoſe verdure and variety regale his ſight, while his ears are raviſh'd with the wild, and yet melodious notes of an infinite number of pretty painted birds, that hop and bill and ſport themſelves on the twining boughs. Here he ſpies a pleaſant rivulet, which, through its flowery banks, glides along over the brighteſt ſand, and remurmurs over the whiteſt pebbles that bedimple its ſmooth ſurface, while that other, through its liquid cryſtal, feaſts the eye with a proſpect of gold and orient pearl. There he perceives an artificial fountain, form'd of party-colour'd jaſper and poliſh'd marble; and hard by another, contriv'd in groteſque, where the ſmall cockle-ſhells, plac'd in orderly confuſion among the white and yellow ſhells, and mix'd with pieces of bright cryſtal and counterfeit emeralds, yield a delectable ſight; ſo that art imitating nature, ſeems here to outdo her. At a diſtance, on a ſudden, he caſts his eyes upon a ſtrong caſtle, or ſtately palace, whoſe walls are of maſſy gold, the battlements of diamonds, and the gates of hyacinths; in ſhort, its ſtructure is ſo wonderful, that though all the materials are no other than diamonds, carbuncles, rubies, pearls, gold and emeralds, yet the workmanſhip exceeds them in value. But having ſeen all this, can any thing be ſo charming as to behold a numerous train

of beautiful damſels come out of the caſtle in ſuch glorious and coſtly apparel, as would be endleſs for me to deſcribe, were I to relate theſe things as they are to be found in hiſtory? Then to ſee the beauty that ſeems the chief of all the damſels, take the bold knight, who caſt himſelf into the burning lake, by the hand, and without ſpeaking one word, lead him into a ſumptuous palace, where he is cauſed to ſtrip as naked as he was born, then put into a delicious bath, and perfum'd with precious eſſences and odoriferous oils; after which he puts on a fine ſhirt, deliciouſly ſcented; and this done, another damſel throws over his ſhoulders a magnificent robe, worth at leaſt a whole city, if not more. What a ſight is it, when in the next place they lead him into another room of ſtate, where he finds the tables ſo orderly cover'd, that he is ſurpriz'd and aſtoniſh'd? there they pour over his hands, water diſtill'd from amber and odoriferous flowers: he is ſeated in an ivory chair; and while all the damſels that attend him obſerve a profound ſilence, ſuch variety of dainties is ſerv'd up, and all ſo incomparably dreſs'd, that his appetite is at a ſtand, doubting on which to ſatisfy its deſire; at the ſame time his ears are ſweetly entertain'd with variety of excellent muſic, none perceiving who makes it, or from whence it comes. But above all, what ſhall we ſay to ſee, after the dinner is ended, and tables taken away, the knight left leaning back in his chair, perhaps picking his teeth, as is uſual; and then another damſel, much more beautiful than any of the former, comes unexpectedly into the room, and ſitting down by the

knight, begins to inform him what caſtle that is, and how ſhe is inchanted in it; with many other particulars, which ſurprize the knight, and aſtoniſh thoſe that read his hiſtory. I will enlarge no more upon this matter, ſince from what has been ſaid, it may ſufficiently be inferr'd, that the reading of any paſſage in any hiſtory of knight-errantry, muſt be very delightful and ſurpriſing to the reader. And do you, good ſir, believe me, and as I ſaid to you before, read theſe books, which you may find will baniſh all melancholy, if you are troubl'd with it, and ſweeten your diſpoſition if it be harſh. This I can ſay for myſelf, that ſince my being a knight-errant, I am brave, courteous, bountiful, well-bred, generous, civil, bold, affable, patient, a ſufferer of hardſhips, impriſonment and inchantments: and though I have ſo lately been ſhut up in a cage, like a madman, I expect, through the valour of my arm, heaven favouring, and fortune not oppoſing my deſigns, to be a king of ſome kingdom in a very few days, that ſo I may give proofs of my innate gratitude and liberality. For on my word, ſir, a poor man is incapable of exerting his liberality, though he be naturally never ſo well inclined. Now that gratitude which only conſiſts in wiſhes, may be ſaid to be dead, as faith without good works is dead. Therefore it is, I wiſh fortune would ſoon offer ſome opportunity for me to become an emperor, that I might give proofs of my generoſity, by advancing my friends, but eſpecially this poor Sancho Panza my ſquire, who is the harmleſſeſt fellow in the world; and I would willingly give him an earldom,

which I have long ſince promis'd him, but that I fear he has not ſenſe and judgment enough to manage it.

Sancho hearing his maſter's laſt words: Well, well, ſir, ſaid he, never do you trouble your head about that matter; all you have to do is to get me this ſame earldom, and let me alone to manage it: I can do as my betters have done before me, I can put in a deputy or a ſervant, that ſhall take all trouble off my hands, while I, as a great man ſhould, loll at my eaſe, receive my rents, mind no buſineſs, live merrily, and ſo let the world rub for Sancho. As to the management of your revenue, ſaid the canon, a deputy or ſteward may do well, friend: but the lord himſelf is obliged to ſtir in the adminiſtration of juſtice, to which there is not only an honeſt ſincere intention required, but a judicious head alſo to diſtinguiſh nicely, conclude juſtly, and chuſe wiſely; for if this be wanting in the principal, all will be wrong in the medium and end. I don't underſtand your philoſophy, quoth Sancho; all I ſaid, and I'll ſay it again, is, that I wiſh I had as good an earldom as I could govern; for I have as great a ſoul as another man, and as great a body as moſt men. And the firſt thing I would do in my government, I would have no body to controul me, I would be abſolute; and who but I: now, he that's abſolute, can do what he likes; he that can do what he likes, can take his pleaſure; he that can take his pleaſure, can be content; and he that can be content, has no more to deſire; ſo the matter's over, and come what will come, I'm ſatisfy'd: if an iſland, welcome; if no iſland, fare it well; we

ſhall ſee ourſelves in no worſe a condition, as one blind man ſaid to another. This is no ill reaſoning of yours, friend, ſaid the canon, though there is much more to be ſaid on this topic of earldoms, than you imagine. Undoubtedly, ſaid Don Quixote; but I ſuit my actions to the example of Amadis de Gaul, who made his ſquire Gandalin earl of Firm-iſland; which is a fair precedent for preferring Sancho to the ſame dignity to which his merit alſo lays an unqueſtionable claim. The canon ſtood amaz'd at Don Quixote's methodical and orderly madneſs, in deſcribing the adventure of the knight of the lake, and the impreſſion made on him by the fabulous conceits of the books he had read; as likewiſe at Sancho's ſimplicity in ſo eagerly contending for his earldom, which made the whole company very good ſport.

By this time the canon's ſervants had brought the proviſion, and ſpreading a carpet on the graſs under the ſhady trees, they ſat down to dinner; when preſently they heard the tinkling of a little bell among the copſes cloſe by them, and immediately afterwards they ſaw bolt out of the thicket a very pretty ſhe-goat, ſpeckled all over with black, white and brown ſpots, and a goatherd running after it; who, in his familiar dialect, call'd to it to ſtay and return to the fold; but the fugitive ran towards the company, frighted and panting, and ſtopt cloſe by them, as if it had begg'd their protection. The goatherd overtaking it, caught it by the horns, and in a chiding way, as if the goat underſtood his reſentments, You little wanton Nanny, ſaid he, you ſpotted

elf, what has made you trip it ſo much of late? what wolf has ſcar'd you thus, huzzy? tell me, little fool, what is the matter? but the cauſe is plain; thou art a female, and therefore never can'ſt be quiet: curſe on thy freakiſh humours, and all theirs whom thou ſo much reſembleſt; turn back, my love, turn back, and tho' thou can'ſt not be content with thy fold, yet there thou may'ſt be ſafe among the reſt of thy fellows; for if thou, that ſhouldſt guide and direct the flock, loveſt wandring thus, what muſt they do, what will become of them? The goatherd's talk to his goat was entertaining enough to the company, eſpecially to the canon, who calling to him, pr'ythee, honeſt fellow, ſaid he, have a little patience, and let your goat take its liberty a while; for ſince it is a female, as you ſay, ſhe will follow her natural inclination the more for your ſtriving to confine it; come then, and take a bit, and a glaſs of wine with us, you may be better-humour'd after that. He then reach'd him the leg of a cold rabbet, and, ordering him a glaſs of wine, the goatherd drank it off, and returning thanks, was pacify'd. Gentlemen, ſaid he, I would not have you think me a fool, becauſe I talk ſo ſeriouſly to this ſenſeleſs animal, for my words bear a myſterious meaning; I am indeed, as you ſee, ruſtical and unpoliſh'd, tho' not ſo ignorant, but that I converſe with men, as well as brutes. That is no miracle, ſaid the curate, for I have known the woods breed learned men, and ſimple ſheepcots contain philoſophers. At leaſt, ſaid the goatherd, they harbour men that have ſome knowledge of the world: and to make

good this truth, if I thought not the offer impertinent, or my company troubleſome, you ſhould hear an accident which but too well confirms what you have ſaid. For my part, anſwer'd Don Quixote, I will hear you attentively, becauſe, methinks, your coming has ſomething in it that looks like an adventure of knight-errantry; and I dare anſwer, the whole company will not ſo much bring their parts in queſtion, as to refuſe to hear a ſtory ſo pleaſing, ſurpriſing and amuſing, as I fancy yours will prove. Then pr'ythee friend begin, for we will all give you our attention. You muſt excuſe me for one, ſaid Sancho, I muſt have a word or two in private with this ſame paſty at yon little brook; for I deſign to fill my belly for to-morrow and next day; having often heard my maſter Don Quixote ſay, that whenever a knight-errant's ſquire finds good belly-timber, he muſt fall to and feed till his ſides are ready to burſt, becauſe they may happen to be bewilder'd in a thick wood for five or ſix days together; ſo that if a man has not his belly full beforehand, or his wallet well provided, he may chance to be crows-meat himſelf, as many times it falls out. You're in the right, Sancho, ſaid the knight; but I have, for my part, ſatisfy'd my bodily appetite, and now want only refreſhmeni for my mind, which I hope this honeſt fellow's ſtory will afford me. All the company agreed with Don Quixote: the goatherd then ſtroaking his pretty goat one or twice; lie down, thou ſpeckled fool, ſaid he, lie by me here; for we ſhall have time enough to return home. The creature ſeem'd to underſtand him, for as ſoon as her

maſter ſat down, ſhe ſtretch'd herſelf quietly by his ſide, and look'd up in his face as if ſhe would let him know that ſhe minded what he ſaid; and then he began thus.

CHAP. XXIV.

The goatherd's tale.

ABOUT three leagues from this valley, there is a village, which, though ſmall, yet is one of the richeſt hereabouts. In it there liv'd a farmer in very great eſteem; and, tho' tis common for the rich to be reſpected, yet was this perſon more conſider'd for his virtue, than for the wealth he poſſeſs'd. But what he accounted himſelf happieſt in, was a daughter of ſuch extraordinary beauty, prudence, wit and virtue, that all who knew or beheld her, could not but admire to ſee how heaven and nature had done their utmoſt to embelliſh her. When ſhe was but little ſhe was handſome, till at the age of ſixteen ſhe was moſt compleatly beautiful. The fame of her beauty began to extend to the neighbouring villages; but why ſay I neighbouring villages? it extended to the remoteſt cities, and enter'd the palaces of kings, and the ears of all manner of perſons, who from all parts flock'd to ſee her, as ſomething rare, or as a ſort of prodigy. Her father was ſtrictly careful of her, nor was ſhe leſs careful of herſelf; for there are no guards, bolts or locks which preſerve a young woman like her own care and caution—The father's riches and the daughter's beauty, drew

a great many, as well ſtrangers as inhabitants of that country, to ſue for her in marriage; but ſuch was the vaſt number of the pretenders, as did but the more confound and divide the old man in his choice, upon whom to beſtow ſo valuable a treaſure. Among the crowd of her admirers, was I; having good reaſon to hope for ſucceſs, from the knowledge her father had of me, being a native of the ſame place, of a good family, and in the flower of my years, of a conſiderable eſtate, and not to be deſpis'd for my underſtanding. With the very ſame advantages, there was another perſon of our village who made court to her at the ſame time. This put the father to a ſtand, and held him in ſuſpence, till his daughter ſhould declare in favour of one of us: to bring this affair therefore to the ſpeedier iſſue, he reſolv'd to acquaint Leandra, for ſo was this fair-one call'd, that ſince we were equals in all things, he left her entirely free to chuſe which of us was moſt agreeable to herſelf. An example worthy of being imitated by all parents, who have any regard for their children. I don't mean that they ſhould be allow'd to chuſe in things mean or miſchievous; but only that propoſing to them ever thoſe things which are good, they ſhould be allow'd in them to gratify their inclination. I don't know how Leandra approv'd this propoſal; this I only know, that her father put us both off, with the excuſe of his daughter's being too young to be yet diſpos'd of; and that he treated us both in ſuch general terms, as could neither well pleaſe nor diſpleaſe us.—My rival's name is Anſelmo, mine Eugenio, for 'tis neceſſary

you ſhould know the names of the perſons concern'd in this tragedy, the concluſion of which, tho' depending yet, may eaſily be perceiv'd likely to be unfortunate. About that time there came to our village one Vincent de la Roſa, the ſon of a poor labouring man of the neighbourhood. This Vincent came out of Italy, having been a ſoldier there, and in other foreign parts. When he was but twelve years old, a captain, that happen'd to paſs by here, with his company, took him out of this country, and at the end of other twelve years he return'd hither, habited like a ſoldier, all gay and glorious, in a thouſand various colours, bedeck'd with a thouſand toys of cryſtal, and chains of ſteel. To-day he put on one piece of finery, to-morrow another; but all falſe, counterfeit and worthleſs. The country people, who by nature are malicious, and who living in idleneſs are ſtill more inclin'd to malice, obſerv'd this preſently, and counting all his fine things, they found that indeed he had but three ſuits of cloaths, which were of a very different colour with the ſtockings and garters belonging to them; yet did he manage them with ſo many tricks and inventions, that if one had not counted them, one would have ſworn he had above ten ſuits, and above twenty plumes of feathers.——Let it not ſeem impertinent that I mention this particular of his cloaths and trinkets, ſince ſo much of the ſtory depends upon it. Seating himſelf upon a bench, under a large ſpreading poplar-tree, which grows in our ſtreet, he us'd to entertain us with his exploits, while we ſtood gaping and liſtening at the wonders he recounted: there

was not that country, as he ſaid, upon the face of the earth, which he had not ſeen, nor battle which he had not been engag'd in; he had kill'd more Moors, for his own ſhare, than were in Morocco and Tunis together; and had fought more duels than Gante, Luna, Diego, Garcia de Peredez ‡, or a thouſand others that he nam'd, yet in all of them had the better, and never got a ſcratch, or loſt a drop of blood. Then again he pretended to ſhew us the ſcars of wounds he had receiv'd, which tho' they were not to be perceiv'd, yet he gave us to underſtand they were ſo many muſket-ſhots, which he had got in ſeveral ſkirmiſhes and rencounters. In ſhort, he treated all his equals with an unparallel'd arrogance; and even to thoſe who knew the meanneſs of his birth, he did not ſtick to affirm, that his own arm was his father, his actions were his pedigree, and that except as to his being a ſoldier, he ow'd no part of his quality to the king himſelf, and that in being a ſoldier, he was as good as the king.

Beſides theſe aſſum'd accompliſhments, he was a piece of a muſician, and cou'd thrum a guittar a little, but what his excellency chiefly lay in was poetry; and ſo fond was he of ſhewing his parts that way, that upon every trifling occaſion, he was ſure to make a copy of verſes a league and a half long. This ſoldier whom I have deſcrib'd, this Vincent de la Roſa, this hero, this gallant, this muſician, this poet, was often ſeen and view'd by Leandra, from a window of her houſe

‡ Spaniards famous for duelling.

which look'd into the ſtreet; ſhe was ſtruck with the tinſel of his dreſs; ſhe was charm'd with his verſes, of which he took care to diſperſe a great many copies; her ears were pleas'd with the exploits he related of himſelf; and in ſhort, as the devil would have it, ſhe fell in love with him, before ever he had the confidence to make his addreſſes to her; and, as in all affairs of love, that is the moſt eaſily manag'd, where the lady's affection is pre-engag'd; ſo was it here no hard thing for Leandra and Vincent to have frequent meetings to concert their matters; and before ever any one of her many ſuitors had the leaſt ſuſpicion of her inclination, ſhe had gratify'd it; and leaving her father's houſe (for ſhe had no mother) had run away with this ſoldier, who came off with greater triumph in this enterprize, than in any of the reſt he made his boaſts of.

The whole village was ſurpriz'd at this accident, as was every one that heard it. I was amaz'd, Anſelmo diſtracted, her father in tears, her relations outrageous; juſtice is demanded; a party with officers is ſent out, who traverſe the roads, ſearch every wood, and, at three days end, find the poor fond Leandra in a cave of one of the mountains, naked to her ſhift, and robb'd of a great deal of money and jewels which ſhe took from home. They bring and preſent her to her father; upon enquiry made into the cauſe of her misfortune, ſhe confeſs'd ingenuouſly, that Vincent de la Roſa had deceiv'd her, and upon promiſe of marriage had prevail'd with her to leave her father's houſe, with the aſſurance of carrying her to the richeſt and moſt delicious city of the

world, which was Naples; that ſhe fooliſhly had given credit to him, and robbing her father, had put herſelf into his hands the firſt night ſhe was miſt: that he carry'd her up a ſteep wild craggy mountain, and put her in that cave where ſhe was found. In fine, ſhe ſaid, that tho' he had rifl'd her of all ſhe had, yet he had never attempted her honour; but leaving her in that manner he fled. It was no eaſy matter to make any of us entertain a good opinion of the ſoldier's continence; but ſhe affirm'd it with ſo many repeated aſſeverations, that in ſome meaſure it ſerv'd to comfort her father in his affliction, who valu'd nothing ſo much as his daughter's reputation. The very ſame day that Leandra appear'd again, ſhe alſo diſappear'd from us, for her father immediately clapp'd her up in a monaſtery, in a town not far off, in hopes that time might wear away ſomething of her diſgrace. Thoſe who were not intereſted in Leandra, excus'd her upon the account of her youth. But thoſe who were acquainted with her wit and ſenſe, did not attribute her miſcarriage to her ignorance, but to the levity and vanity of mind, natural to woman-kind. Since the confinement of Leandra, Anſelmo's eyes could never meet with an object which could give him either eaſe or pleaſure; I too could find nothing but what look'd ſad and gloomy to me in the abſence of Leandra. Our melancholy increas'd, as our patience decreas'd: we curſt a thouſand times the ſoldier's finery and trinkets, and rail'd at the father's want of precaution: at laſt we agreed, Anſelmo and I, to leave the village, and to retire to this valley, where, he feeding a large flock of

ſheep, and I as large a herd of goats, all our own, we paſs our time under the trees, giving vent to our paſſions, ſinging in conſort the praiſes or reproaches of the beauteous Leandra, or elſe ſighing alone, make our complaints to heaven on our misfortune. In imitation of us, a great many more of Leander's lovers have come hither into theſe ſteep and craggy mountains, and are alike employ'd; and ſo many there are of them, that the place ſeems to be turn'd to the old Arcadia we read of. On the top of that hill there is ſuch a number of ſhepherds and their cottages, that there is no part of it in which is not to be heard the name of Leandra. This man curſes and calls her wanton and laſcivious, another calls her light and fickle; one acquits and forgives her, another arraigns and condemns her; one celebrates her beauty, another rails at her ill qualities; in ſhort, all blame, but all adore her: nay, ſo far does this extravagance prevail, that here are thoſe who complain of her diſdain who never ſpoke to her; and others who are jealous of favours which ſhe never granted to any; for as I intimated before, her inclination was not known before her diſgrace. There is not a hollow place of a rock, a bank of a brook, or a ſhady grove, where there is not ſome or other of theſe amorous ſhepherds telling their doleful ſtories to the air and winds. Echo has learnt to repeat the name of Leandra, Leandra all the hills reſound, the brooks murmur Leandra, and 'tis Leandra that holds us all inchanted, hoping without hope, and fearing without knowing what we fear. Of all theſe fooliſh people, the perſon who ſhews the leaſt,

and yet has the moſt ſenſe, is my rival Anſelmo, who forgetting all other cauſes of complaint, complains only of her abſence; and to his lute, which he touches to admiration, he joins his voice in verſes of his own compoſing, which declare the greatneſs of his genius. For my part, I take another courſe, I think a better, I'm ſure an eaſier, which is to ſay all the ill things I can of women's levity, inconſtancy, their broken vows and vain deceitful promiſes, their fondneſs of ſhow and diſregard of merit. This, gentlemen, was the occaſion of thoſe words, which, at my coming hither, I addreſt to this goat; for being a ſhe, I hate her, though ſhe is the beſt of my herd. This is the ſtory which I promis'd to tell you; if you have thought it too long, I ſhall endeavour to requite your patience in any thing I can ſerve you. Hard by is my cottage, where I have ſome good freſh milk and excellent cheeſe, with ſeveral ſorts of fruits, which I hope you will find agreeable both to the ſight and taſte.

CHAP. XXV.

Of the combat between Don Quixote and the goatherd: with the rare adventure of the penitents, which the knight happily accompliſh'd with the ſweat of his brows.

THE goatherd's ſtory was mightily lik'd by the whole company, eſpecially by the canon, who particularly minded the manner of his relating it, that had more of a ſcholar and gentleman, than of a rude

goatherd; which made him conclude the curate had reaſon to ſay, that even the mountains bred ſcholars and men of ſenſe. They all made large proffers of their friendſhip and ſervice to Eugenio, but Don Quixote exceeded them all, and addreſſing himſelf to him: were I, ſaid he, at this time in a capacity of undertaking any adventure, I would certainly begin from this very moment to ſerve you. I would ſoon releaſe Leandra out of the nunnery, where undoubtedly ſhe is detain'd againſt her will; and in ſpite of all the oppoſition could be made by the lady abbeſs and all her adherents I would return her to your hands, that you might have the ſole diſpoſal of her, ſo far, I mean, as is conſiſtent with the laws of knighthood, which expreſly forbid that any man ſhould offer the leaſt violence to a damſel; yet (I truſt in heaven) that the power of a friendly magician will prevail againſt the force of a malicious inchanter; and whenever this ſhall happen, you may aſſure yourſelf of my favour and aſſiſtance, to which I am oblig'd by my profeſſion, that injoins me to relieve the oppreſſed.

The goatherd, who till then had not taken the leaſt notice of Don Quixote in particular, now looking earneſtly on him, and finding his diſmal countenance and wretched habit were no great encouragement for him to expect a performance of ſuch mighty matters, whiſper'd the barber who ſat next him: Pray, ſir, ſaid he, who is this man that talks ſo extravagantly? For I proteſt I never ſaw ſo ſtrange a figure in all my life. Whom can you imagine it ſhould be, reply'd the barber, but

the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the eſtabliſher of juſtice, the avenger of injuries, the protector of damſels, the terror of giants, and the invincible gainer of battles. The account you give of this perſon, return'd the goatherd, is much like what we read in romances and books of chivalry of thoſe doughty dons, who, for their mighty proweſs and atchievements, were call'd knights-errant; and therefore I dare ſay you do but jeſt, and that this gentleman's brains have deſerted their quarters.

Thou art an impudent inſolent varlet, cry'd Don Quixote, it is thy paper-ſcull is full of empty rooms; I have more brains than the proſtitute thy mother had about her when ſhe carry'd thy lump of nonſenſe in her womb. With that, ſnatching up a loaf that was near him, he ſtruck the goatherd ſo furious a blow with it, that he almoſt levell'd his noſe with his face. The other, not accuſtom'd to ſuch ſalutations, no ſooner perceiv'd how ſcurvily he was treated, but without any reſpect to the table-cloth, napkins, or to thoſe who were eating, he leap'd furiouſly on Don Quixote, and graſping him by the throat with both his hands, had certainly ſtrangl'd him, had not Sancho Panza come in that very nick of time, and griping him faſt behind, pull'd him backwards on the table, bruiſing diſhes, breaking glaſſes, ſpilling and overturning all that lay upon it. Don Quixote ſeeing himſelf freed, fell violently again upon the goatherd, who, all beſmear'd with blood, and trampl'd to pieces under Sancho's feet, grop'd here and there for ſome knife or fork to take a fatal revenge;

but the canon and curate took care to prevent his purpoſe, and in the mean while, by the barber's contrivance, the goatherd got Don Quixote under him, on whom he let fall ſuch a tempeſt of blows, as caus'd as great a ſhower of blood to pour from the poor knight's face as had ſtream'd from his own. The canon and curate were ready to burſt with laughing, the officers danc'd and jump'd at the ſport, every one cry'd hallow! as men uſe to do when two dogs are ſnarling or fighting; Sancho Panza alone was vex'd, fretted himſelf to death, and rav'd like a madman becauſe he could not get from one of the canon's ſerving-men, who kept him from aſſiſting his maſter. In ſhort, all were exceedingly merry, except the bloody combatants, who had maul'd one another moſt miſerably, when on a ſudden they heard the ſound of a trumpet ſo doleful, that it made them turn to liſten towards that part from whence it ſeem'd to come: but he who was moſt troubl'd at this diſmal alarm, was Don Quixote; therefore, though he lay under the goatherd, full ſore againſt his will, and was moſt lamentably bruis'd and batter'd, Friend devil, cry'd he to him (for ſure nothing leſs could have ſo much valour and ſtrength as to ſubdue my forces) let us have a ceſſation of arms but for a ſingle hour; for the dolorous ſound of that trumpet ſtrikes my ſoul with more horror, than thy hard fiſts do my ears with pain, and methinks excite me to ſome new adventure. With that the goatherd, who was as weary of beating, as of being beaten, immediately gave him a truce; and the knight once more getting on his feet, directed his then

not haſty ſteps to the place whence the mournful ſound ſeem'd to come, and preſently ſaw a number of men all in white, like penitents, deſcending from a riſing ground. The real matter was this: the people had wanted rain for a whole year together, wherefore they appointed rogations, proceſſions and diſciplines throughout all that country, to implore heaven to open its treaſury, and ſhow'r down plenty upon them; and to this end, the inhabitants of a village near that place came in proceſſion to a devout hermitage built on one of the hills which ſurrounded that valley.

Don Quixote taking notice of the ſtrange habit of the penitents, and never reminding himſelf that he had often ſeen the like before, fancy'd immediately it was ſome new adventure, and he alone was to engage in it, as he was obliged by the laws of knight-errantry; and that which the more increas'd his frenzy, was his miſtaking an image which they carry'd (all cover'd with black) for ſome great lady, whom theſe miſcreant and diſcourteous knights, he thought were carrying away againſt her will. As ſoon as this whimſy took him in the head, he mov'd with what expedition he could towards Rozinante, who was feeding up and down upon the plains, and whipping off his bridle from the pommel, and his target which hung hard by, he bridl'd him in an inſtant; then taking his ſword from Sancho, he got in a trice on Rozinante's back; where bracing his target, and addreſſing himſelf aloud to all there preſent, O valorous company, cry'd he, you ſhall now perceive of how great importance it is to mankind, that ſuch il-

luſtrious perſons as thoſe who profeſs the order of knight-errantry ſhould exiſt in the world; now, I ſay, you ſhall ſee by my freeing that noble lady, who is there baſely and barbarouſly carry'd away captive, that knight adventurers ought to be held in the higheſt and greateſt eſtimation. So ſaying, he punch'd Rozinante with his heels for want of ſpurs; and forcing him to a hand-gallop (for it was never read in any part of this true hiſtory that Rozinante did ever run full ſpeed) he poſted to encounter the penitents, in ſpite of all the curate, canon and barber could do to hinder him; much leſs could Sancho Panza's outcries detain him. Maſter! ſir! Don Quixote! baul'd out the poor ſquire: whither are you poſting? are you bewitch'd? does the devil drive and ſet you on, thus to run againſt the church? ah wretch that I am!—See, ſir? that is a proceſſion of penitents, and the lady they carry is the image of the immaculate virgin, our bleſſed lady. Take heed what you do, for at this time it may be certainly ſaid you are out of your wits.—But Sancho might as well have kept his breath for another uſe, for the knight was urg'd with ſo vehement a deſire to encounter the white men, and releaſe the mourning lady, that he heard not a ſyllable he ſaid, or if he had he would not have turn'd back, even at the king's expreſs command. At laſt being come near the proceſſion, and ſtopping Rozinante, that already had a great deſire to reſt a little, in a diſmal tone, and with a hoarſe voice, Ho! cry'd he, you there, who cover your faces, perhaps becauſe you are aſham'd of yourſelves, and of the crime you

are now committing, give heed and attention to what I have to ſay!——The firſt who ſtopp'd at this alarm, were thoſe who carry'd the image; when one of the four prieſts that ſung the litanies, ſeeing the ſtrange figure that Don Quixote made, and the leanneſs of Rozinante, with other circumſtances which he obſerv'd in the knight ſufficient to have forc'd laughter, preſently made him this anſwer; Good ſir! if you have any thing to ſay to us ſpeak it quickly; for theſe poor men whom you ſee are very much tir'd, therefore we neither can, nor is it reaſonable we ſhould ſtand thus in pain to hear any thing that can't be deliver'd in two words. I will ſay it in one, reply'd Don Quixote, which is this; I charge you immediately to releaſe that beautiful lady, whoſe tears and looks full of ſorrow evidently ſhew you carry her away by violence, and have done her ſome unheard of injury. This do, or I, who was born to puniſh ſuch outrages, will not ſuffer you to advance one ſtep with her, till ſhe is entirely poſſeſs'd of that liberty ſhe ſo earneſtly deſires, and ſo juſtly deſerves. This laſt ſpeech made them all conclude that the knight was certainly diſtracted, and caus'd a general laughter; but this prov'd like oil to fire, and ſo inflam'd Don Quixote, that laying his hand on his ſword, without more words, he preſently aſſaulted thoſe who carry'd the image. At the ſame time one of them quitting his poſt, came to encounter our hero with a wooden fork, on which he ſupported the bier whenever they made a ſtand, and warding with it a weighty blow which Don Quixote deſign'd and aim'd at him, the fork was cut in two;

but the other who had the remaining piece in his hand, return'd the knight ſuch a thwack on his left ſhoulder, that his target not being able to reſiſt ſuch ruſtic force, the poor unfortunate Don Quixote was ſtruck to the ground and miſerably bruis'd.

Sancho Panza, who had follow'd him as faſt as his breath and legs would permit, ſeeing him fall, cry'd out to his adverſary to forbear ſtriking him, urging that he was a poor inchanted knight, and one who in his whole life had never done any man harm. But it was not Sancho's arguments that held the country fellow's hands, the only motive was, that he fear'd he had kill'd him, ſince he could not perceive he ſtirr'd either hand or foot; wherefore tucking his coat up to his girdle, with all poſſible expedition, he ſcour'd over the fields like a greyhound. Mean while Don Quixote's companions haſten'd to the place where he lay, when thoſe of the proceſſion ſeeing them come running towards them, attended by the officers of the holy brotherhood with their croſs-bows along with them, began to have apprehenſions of ſome diſaſter from the approaching party, wherefore drawing up in a body about the image, the diſciplinants lifting up their hoods, and graſping faſt their whips, as the prieſts did their tapers, they expected the aſſault with the greateſt bravery, reſolving to defend themſelves and offend their enemy as long and as much as poſſible: but providence had order'd the matter much better than they could hope; for while Sancho, who had thrown himſelf on his maſter's body, was lamenting his loſs, and the ſuppos'd death

of ſo noble and generous a lord, in the moſt ridiculous manner that e'er was heard, the curate of the knight's party was come up with the other who came in the proceſſion, and was immediately known by him, ſo that their acquaintance put an end to the fears which both ſides were in of an engagement. Don Quixote's curate in few words acquainted the other with the knight's circumſtances; whereupon he and the whole ſquadron of penitents went over to ſee whether the unfortunate knight were living or dead, and heard Sancho Panza with tears in his eyes bewailing over his maſter; O flower of knighthood, cry'd he, that with one ſingle perilous knock art come to an untimely end! Thou honour of thy family, and glory of all La Mancha! nay, and of the whole varſal world beſide; which, now it has loſt thee, will be over-run by miſcreants and outlaws, who will no longer be afraid to be maul'd for their miſdeeds. O bountiful above all the Alexanders in the world! thou who haſt rewarded me but for poor eight months ſervice with the beſt iſland that is waſh'd by ſalt water! Thou who wert humble to the proud, and haughty to the humble! Thou who durſt undertake perils, and patiently endure affronts! Thou who wert in love, no body knows why! True patron of good men, and ſcourge of the wicked, ſworn foe to all reprobates! and to ſay all at once that man can ſay, thou knight-errant!

The woful accents of the ſquire's voice at laſt recall'd Don Quixote to himſelf; when after a deep ſigh, the firſt thing he thought of was his abſent Dulcinea. O

charming Dulcinea, cry'd he, the wretch that lingers baniſh'd from thy ſight, endures far greater miſeries than this! And then looking on his faithful ſquire, good Sancho, ſaid he, help me once more into the inchanted car: for I am not in a condition to preſs the back of Rozinante: this ſhoulder is all broke to pieces. With all my heart, my good lord, reply'd Sancho, and pray let me adviſe you to go back to our village with theſe gentlemen, who are your ſpecial friends. At home we may think of ſome other journey that may be more profitable and honourable than this. With reaſon haſt thou ſpoken, Sancho, reply'd Don Quixote: it will become our wiſdom to be unactive, till the malevolent aſpects of the planets, which now reign, be over. This grave reſolution was highly commended by the canon, curate, and barber, who had been ſufficiently diverted by Sancho Panza's ridiculous lamentation. Don Quixote was plac'd in the waggon as before, the proceſſioners recover'd their former order, and paſt on about their buſineſs. The goatherd took his leave of the whole company. The curate ſatisfy'd the officers for their attendance, ſince they would ſtir no farther. The canon deſir'd the curate to ſend him an account of Don Quixote's condition from that time forward, having a mind to know whether his phrenzy abated or increas'd; and then took his leave, to continue his journey. Thus the curate, the barber, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza were left together; as alſo the good Rozinante, that bore all theſe paſſages as patiently as his maſter. The waggoner then yoak'd his oxen, and hav-

ing ſet Don Quixote on a truſs of hay, jogg'd on after his ſlow accuſtom'd pace that way the curate had directed. In ſix days time they reach'd the knight's village. It was about noon when they enter'd the town; and as it happen'd to be on a Sunday, all the people were in the market-place, through the middle of which Don Quixote's car muſt of neceſſity paſs. Every body was curious to know what was in it; and the people were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd when they ſaw and knew their townſman. While they were gaping and wondering, a little boy ran to the knight's houſe, and gave intelligence to the houſe-keeper and niece, that their maſter and uncle was return'd, and very lean, pale and frightful as a ghoſt, ſtretch'd out at length on a bundle of hay, in a waggon, and drawn along by a team of oxen.

It was a piteous thing to hear the wailings of thoſe two poor creatures; the thumps too which they gave their faces, with the curſes and execrations they thunder'd out againſt all books of chivalry, were almoſt as numerous as their ſighs and tears: but the height of their lamenting was when Don Quixote enter'd the door. Upon the noiſe of his arrival Sancho Panza's wife made haſte thither to enquire after her good man, who, ſhe was inform'd, went a ſquiring with the knight. As ſoon as ever ſhe ſet eyes on him, the queſtion ſhe aſk'd him was this: Is the aſs in health, or no? Sancho anſwer'd, he was come back in better health than his maſter. Well, ſaid ſhe, heaven be prais'd for the good news. But hark you, my friend, continu'd ſhe, what have you got by this new ſquireſhip? Have you

brought me home e'er a gown or petticoat, or ſhoes for my children? In troth, ſweet wife, reply'd Sancho, I have brought thee none of thoſe things; I am loaded with better things. Ay, ſaid his wife, that's well. Pr'ythee let me ſee ſome of them fine things; for I vow I've a hugeous mind to ſee them; the ſight of them will comfort my poor heart, which has been like to burſt with ſorrow and grief ever ſince thou went'ſt away. I'll ſhew them thee when we come home, return'd Sancho: in the mean time reſt ſatisfy'd; for if heaven ſee good that we ſhould once again go abroad in ſearch of other adventures, within a little time after, at my return, thou ſhalt find me ſome earl, or the governor of ſome iſland; ay, of one of the very beſt in the whole world. I wiſh with all my heart this may come to paſs, reply'd the good wife; for, by my troth, huſband, we want it ſorely. But what do you mean by that ſame word iſland? For believe me I don't underſtand it. All in good time wife, ſaid Sancho; honey is not made for an aſs's mouth: I'll tell thee what it is hereafter. Thou wilt be amaz'd to hear all thy ſervants and vaſſals ne'er ſpeak a word to thee without, an't pleaſe you madam, an't like your ladyſhip, and your honour. What doſt thou mean, Sancho, by ladyſhip, iſlands and vaſſals quoth Joan Panza, for ſo ſhe was call'd, tho' her huſband and ſhe were nothing a-kin, only it is a cuſtom in La Mancha that the wives are there call'd by their huſbands ſir names. Pr'ythee Joan, ſaid Sancho, don't trouble thy head to know theſe matters all at once, and in a heap, as a body may ſay: it is enough,

I tell thee the truth, therefore hold thy tongue *. Yet, by the way, one thing I will aſſure thee, that nothing in the varſal world is better for an honeſt man, than to be a ſquire to a knight-errant while he's hunting of adventures. It is true, moſt adventures he goes about do not anſwer a man's expectation ſo much as he could wiſh: for of a hundred that are met with, ninety-nine are wont to be crabbed and unlucky ones. This I know to my coſt: I myſelf have got well kick'd and toſt in ſome of them, and ſoundly drubb'd and belaboured in others; yet, for all that, it is rare ſport to be a watching for ſtrange chances, to croſs foreſts, to ſearch and beat up and down in woods, to ſcramble over rocks, to viſit caſtles, and to take up quarters at an inn at pleaſure, and all the while the devil a croſs to pay.

Theſe were the diſcourſes with which Sancho Panza and his wife Joan entertain'd one another, while the houſe-keeper and niece undreſt Don Quixote and put him into his bed; where he lay looking aſquint on them, but could not imagine where he was. The curate charg'd the niece to be very careful and tender of her uncle, and to be very watchful, leſt he ſhould make another ſally; telling her the trouble and charge he had been at to get him home. Here the women began their outcries again: here the books of knight-errantry were again execrated and damn'd to the bottomleſs pit. Here they begg'd thoſe curſed bewitching chimeras and lies might be thrown down into the very centre, to the

* *Coſe la boca*, i. e. ſew up thy mouth.

helliſh father of them: for, they were ſtill almoſt diſtracted with the fear of loſing their maſter and uncle again, ſo ſoon as ever he recover'd; which indeed fell out according to their fear. But though the author of this hiſtory has been very curious and diligent in his inquiry after Don Quixote's atchievements in his third expedition in queſt of adventures, yet he could never learn a perfect account of them, at leaſt from any author of credit: fame and tradition alone have preſerv'd ſome particulars of them in the memoirs and antiquities of La Mancha; as, that after the knight's third ſally, he was preſent at certain famous tilts and tournaments made in the city of Saragoſa, where he met with occaſions worthy the exerciſe of his ſenſe and valour: but how the knight dy'd, our author neither could nor ever ſhould have learn'd, if by good fortune he had not met with an antient phyſician, who had a leaden box in his poſſeſſion, which, as he averr'd, was found in the ruins of an old hermitage, as it was rebuilding. In this box were certain ſcrolls of parchment written in Gothic characters, but containing verſes in the Spaniſh tongue, in which many of his noble acts were ſung, and Dulcinea del Toboſo's beauty celebrated, Rozinante's figure deſcrib'd, and Sancho Panza's fidelity applauded. They likewiſe gave an account of Don Quixote's ſepulchre, with ſeveral epitaphs and encomiums on his life and converſation. Thoſe that could be throughly read and tranſcrib'd, are here added by the faithful author of this new and incomparable hiſtory; deſiring no other recompence or reward of the readers, for all his labour

and pains, in ſearching all the numerous and old records of La Mancha to perfect this matchleſs piece, but that they will be pleas'd to give it as much credit as judicious men uſe to give to books of knight-errantry, which are now-a-days ſo generally taking. This is the utmoſt of his ambition, and will be ſufficient ſatisfaction for him, and likewiſe encourage him to furniſh them with other matter of entertainment; which, though poſſibly not altogether ſo true as this, yet it may be as well contriv'd and diverting. The firſt words in the parchment found in the leaden box are theſe.

Monicongo, Academic of Argamaſilla, on Don Quixote's Monument.

EPITAPH.

'HERE lies a doughty knight,
'Who, bruis'd, and ill in plight,
'Jogg'd over many a track
'On Rozinante's back.
'Cloſe by him Sancho's laid;
'Whereat let none admire:
'He was a clown, 'tis ſaid,
'But ne'er the worſe a ſquire.

Paniaguado, Academic of Argamaſilla, on Dulcinea del Toboſo's Monument.

EPITAPH.

'HERE Dulcinea lies,
'Once brawny, plump and luſty;
'But now to death a prize,
'And ſomewhat lean and muſty.
'For her the country fry,
'Like Quixote, long ſtood ſteady.
'Well might ſhe carry't high;
'Far leſs has made a lady.

Theſe were the verſes that could be read: as for the reſt, the characters being defac'd, and almoſt eaten away, they were deliver'd to a univerſity ſtudent, in order that he might give us his conjectures concerning their meaning. And we are inform'd, that after many lucubrations, and much pains, he has effected the work, and intends to oblige the world with it, giving us at the ſame time ſome hopes of Don Quixote's third ſally.

'Por ſi altro cantera con miglior pletro.'

The end of the Firſt Part, and of the Second Volume.

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